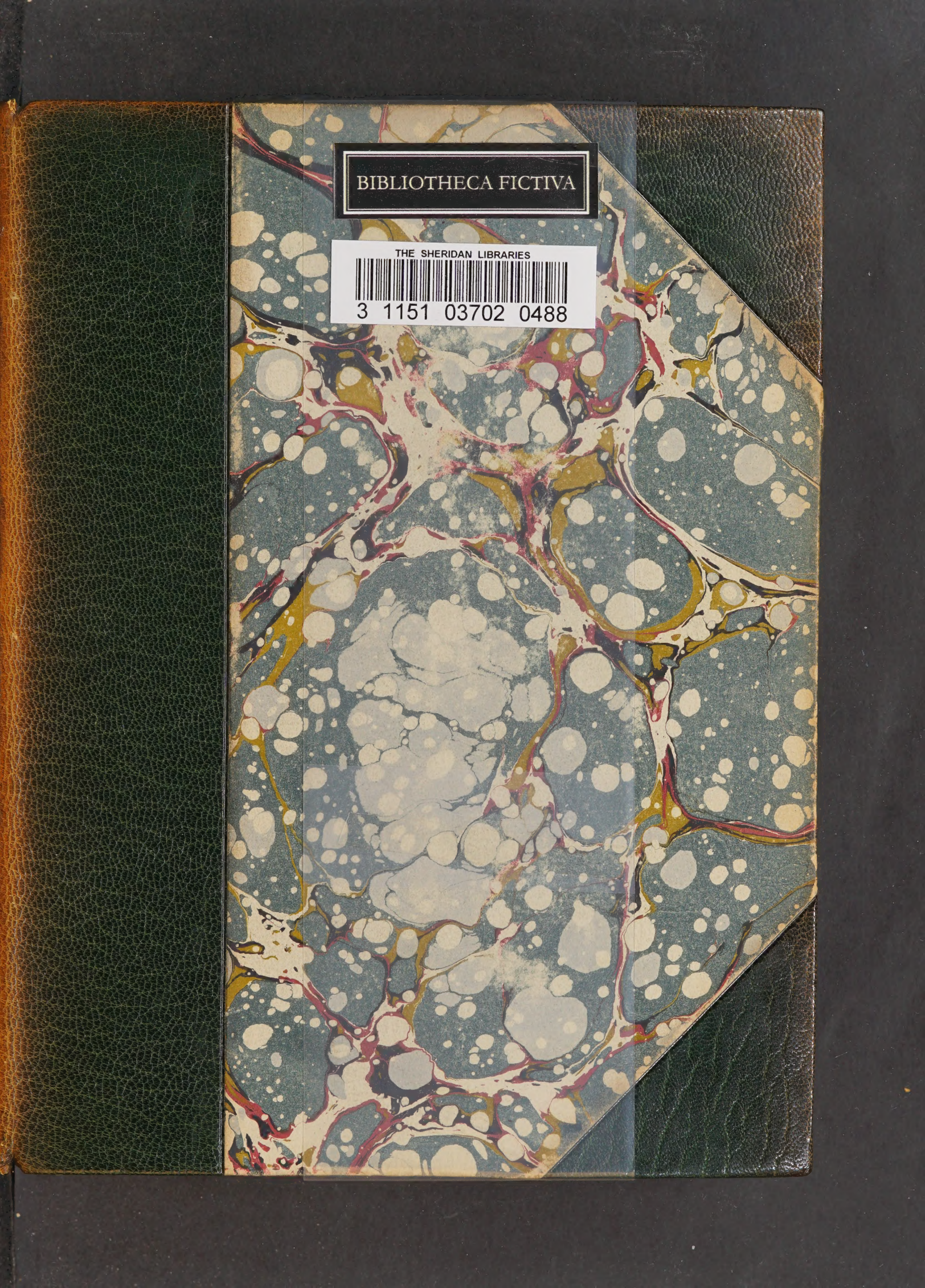
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VOL. III.

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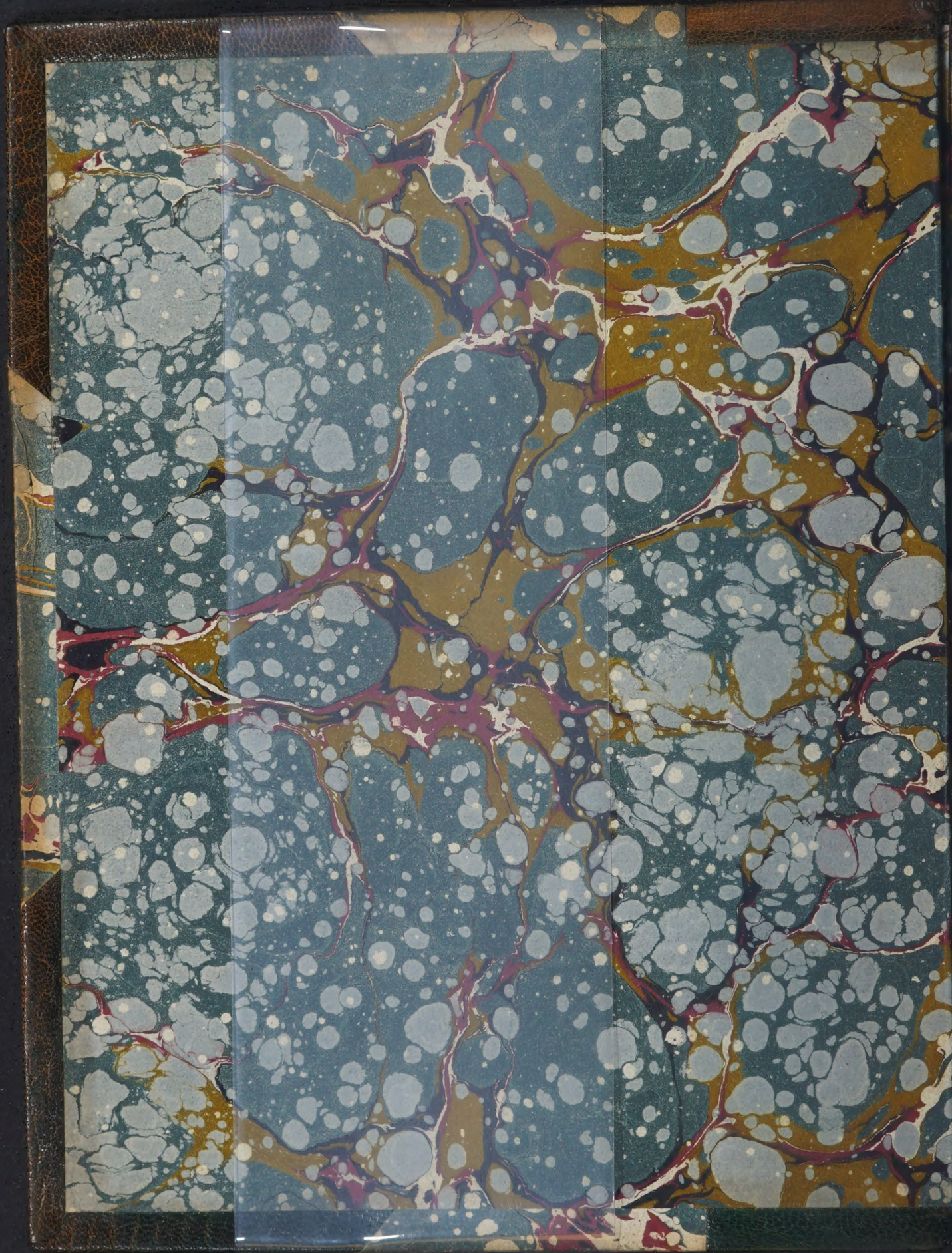

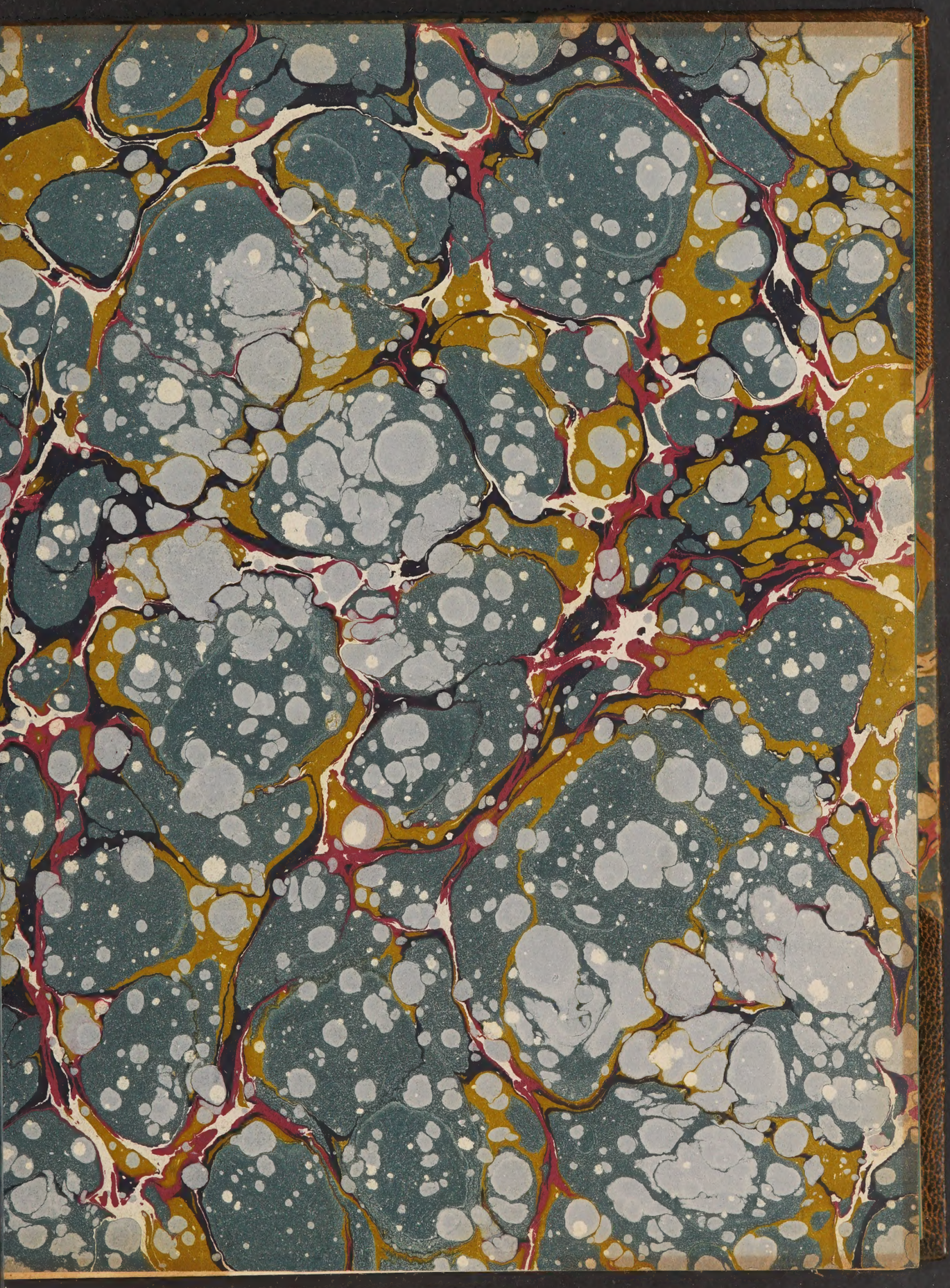

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Old English Literature.

ILLUSTRATIONS

OF

Old English Literature.

EDITED BY

J. PAYNE COLLIER.

VOL. III.

LONDON:

PRIVATELY PRINTED.

1866.

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INTRODUCTION.

THERE is little to be said of this tract, but that it is unique, and that it was by the most popular author of the day when it was originally published. The Rev. Mr. Dyce (*Works of Robert Greene*, I, xxxiv) incautiously states that "the date of the earliest of Greene's publications yet discovered is 1584;" while on a subsequent page (cviii) he inserts the title of Greene's first novel of 1583; and in fact "Mamillia, a Mirror or Looking-glass for the Ladies of England" made its appearance in that year. "The Mirror for Modesty" came out, as it were in natural sequence, in the next year, and the subject of it is a not very happy enlargement of the story of "Susanna and the Elders," though the narrative is marked by most of the peculiarities of Greene's artificial style. We have already reprinted, in this series, Salter's "Mirror for Modesty," which is without date, but certainly preceded Greene's work with a similar title: Greene at one time obviously wished not to have his performance confounded with that of Salter, and, therefore, in one place called it "The Mirror of Chastity," and in another "A princely Mirror of peerless Modesty." There is no resemblance between the two, if we except the titles and size of the two small volumes.

The Rev. Mr. Dyce, not having had, as he fairly states, an opportunity of seeing "News both from Heaven and Hell," erroneously imputes it to Greene, when it is known, by those who have inspected it, that it was written by B. R., *i. e.*, Barnaby Rich. The "Maiden's Dream," a poem by Greene on the death

of Sir C. Hatton in 1591, of which only one copy has reached our day, is not noticed by anybody: the Rev. Mr. Dyce did not know of its existence, and although it was reprinted by the Shakespeare Society in 1845, it has strangely escaped the attention of the compiler of the second edition of "Lowndes's Bibliographical Manual" in 1859. It is the longest, and, perhaps, the best poem Greene ever wrote, unless we are to impute to him a capital production in "The Phœnix Nest" of 1593.

He was a little older than Shakespeare, and some have fixed his birth in 1550 and others in 1560. He was a native of Norwich, and subscribes the dedication of his "Maiden's Dream" "R. Greene *Nordovicensis*," but no registration of his birth has yet been discovered. He died in the autumn of 1592; and just afterwards his friend Nash, (who had composed an Epistle before Greene's "Menaphon," 1587) thus wrote of him: "Of force I must graunt that Greene came oftener in print than men of judgement allowed of; but, neverthelesse, he was a daintie slave to content the taile of a Tearme, and stuff serving-mens pockets." *Strange News*, 1592, sign. L 4.

This reads like a somewhat disparaging character of a literary friend, but it is in the main a true one, and we have quoted it here as we do not recollect to have seen it elsewhere. Greene may be truly said to have been a "slave" to his pen, always writing for bread, and producing nearly every kind of literary commodity; but his genius was essentially narrative and undramatic, although the author of several extant plays. We need hardly add, at this time of day, that he wrote the story upon which Shakespeare founded his "Winter's Tale."

J. P. C.

THE

MYRROVR OF MODESTIE,

wherein appeareth as in

a perfēct Glasse howe the

Lorde deliuereth the innocent

from all imminent perils, and
plagueth the bloudthirſtie hypocrites with
deſerued puniſhments.

Shewing that the graie heades of
**dooting adulterers ſhall not go with
grace to the graue, neither ſhall
the righteous be forſaken
in the daie of
trouble.**

By R. G. Maiſter of Artes.

Imprinted at London by Roger
Warde, dwelling at the ſigne of
the Talbot neere vnto Hol-
burne Conduit.
1584.

TO THE GENTLE READERS HEALTH.

BEING *requeſted, Gentlemen, of a certaine Gentlewoman, whoſe ſute I durſt not denie, to pen out this ſtorie of Suſanna more largelie then it is written among the Apopcripha, I ſtoode in doubt whether I ſhould denie hir requeſt or put my ſelfe to your iudgements: to ſtand vpon ſo ſmal a trifle with my freend ſeemed vnto hir curioſitie; to trouble your eares with ſuch traſh I thought was to ſtraine to much vpon your curteſie: fearing thus to diſpleaſe the one or offende the other, I determined rather to abide hir brunt then to ſeeme ouer raſhe; vntill at laſt ſhee perſwaded me that to trouble your patience was but a ſmall cracke, but to deny a Gentlewoman, and my freend, ſo reaſonable a requeſt, a great diſcredite. To proue this hir cenſure was a ſentence, and in this hir will ſtoode as a lawe, ſo that to feede hir fancie, I haue ſhewed my ſelf to be to fonde. But hoping when you weigh what a ſpur I had, yov will wink if you ſpie a ſpot, I reſt vpon this point and ſo bid you farewell.*

(***) *Yours to vſe R. G.*

To the Right Honorable and vertuous
Ladie, the Ladie Margaret, Counteſſe
of Darbie, Robert Greene wiſheth
happie health, with increaſe
of Honor and vertue.

THE Poet Homer (Right Honorable and vertuous Ladie) tooke paines to pen the trauels of Vliſſes bicauſe he was wiſe, and I haue applied my ſmall ſkill to leuell out the life of Suſanna bicauſe ſhe was chaſt. He ſought to pleaſure others by the ſhewe of Vliſſes wiſedome, and I (if I might) to profite all by Suſannaes chaſtite. Diuers followed Vliſſes ſteps (although they ſuſpected it for a fained tale); then I hope moſt will treade Suſannahs trace in that they knowe it an vnfeined truth. But your honor may thinke I play like Ezops Crowe, which deckt hir ſelfe with others feathers, or like the proud Poet Batyllus, which ſubſcribed his name to Virgils verſes, and yet preſented them to Auguſtus. In the behalfe, therefore, of this my offence, I excuſe myſelfe with the anſwere that Varro made, when he offred Ennius workes to the Emperour: I giue, quoth he, another mans picture, but freſhlie flouriſhed with mine owne coulours. Well, Dianas preſent

was euer a bowe, bicauſe ſhe loued hunting: Pallas gift was a ſhield in that ſhe was valiant; and I thinke no fitter preſent for your Ladiſhips perſonage then this *Mirrour of Chaſtitie*, bicauſe you are vertuous. The renowne of whoſe vertuous quallities is ſuch, and ſo great, that your verie foes, (if you haue anie) ſhall be forced, mauger their face, to ſpeake well, whatſoeuer their ſpightfull mindes do thinke. The fame, therefore (right honorable) of this your vertuous life, and the reporte of your Ladiſhips furpaſing curteſie, incouraged me to preſent this pamphlet to your honors protection; hoping that as the goddeſſe Themis thankefullie accepted the frankinſence which Dewcalion willinglie offered at hir altar, ſo your Ladiſhip will vouchſafe of my will whatſoeuer the worke be, and take this Pamphlet in good part, though for want of ſkill it be vnperfect. Reſting thus vpon your Ladiſhips curteſie, I commit your honor to the Almightie.

Your honors moſt humblie to
command Robert Greene.

A princelie Mirrovr

of peereleſſe modeſtie.

IN the dayes of King Aſtiages there dwelt in Babylon a certaine man called Ioachim, loued particularly of ech one for his vertue, and honored generallie of all men for his parentage and progenie; more adorned with vertuous perfections, then endued with wealthie poſſeſſions, and yet counted one of the greateſt wealth in all Babylon, ſo that hee was feared of moſt for his riches, and renowned aboue all for his iuſtice. This Ioachim, willing to take a wife, and to linke himſelfe in the holie league of Matrimonie, coueted carefullie to finde out ſuch a match that he might neither haue cauſe to rue his chaunce, nor repent him of his choice, knowing that after that knot was once knit (had I wiſt) would come to late. He therefore fought out one Suſanna, the daughter of Helchias, a man who carefullie fought to keepe the lawe, and tooke ſurpaſſing paines in the diligent inſtructing of his daughter, knowing that hir vertuous qualities would be a comfort to him, and a credit to hir ſelfe.

This Suſanna was indued with ſuch exquiſite beautie, and exceeding vertue, as it was heard to iudge whether the pure complexion of hir bodie, or the perfect conſtitution of hir minde held the ſupremacie. Ioachim, firſt noting the godlie diſpoſition of hir parents, began to thinke that ſuch tree ſuch fruit; that if the ſtocke were good, the graft woulde

be better, that ſeldome out of a right Oliue grewe a wilde branch, that the beſt vine beareth the beſt grapes, and the honeſteſt parents the moſt vertuous children: then, hearing the ſinguler report that al Babylon made of hir vertuous qualities (for he counted it the point of a wiſe man rather to loue by the eare than like by the eie) he thought himſelfe fortunate that it was his chaunce to make ſo good a choiſe, knowing that a peaceable woman and a good heart is a gift of the Lord, and there is nothing ſo much woorth as a woman well inſtructed; that a ſhamfaſt and faithful woman is a double grace, and there is no treaſure to be compared to hir continent mind; that as the glittering beames of the Sunne, when it aryſeth, decketh the Heauen, ſo the gliſtering beautie of a good wife adorneth the houſe; and that as golden pillers doe ſhine vpon the ſockets of ſiluer, ſo doth a faire face with a vertuous minde. Ioachim, I ſaie, conſidering this, and finding in Suſanna beautie to feede his fancie, and vertue to content his heart, by the conſent of hir parentes, tooke hir to his houſe, who whiles they lyued and loued togither in fortunate proſperitie, it happened that there were elected two of the moſt aunciente of the people to bee Judges, ſuch as the Lord ſpeaketh of, that the iniquitie came from Babilon, and from the auncient Judges that ſeemed to rule the people.

Theſe two patterns of vnrighteouſnes, and mirrours of miſchiefe, had vnder the pens of a dooue couered the hart of a kite, vnder their ſheepes ſkinnes hidden the bloudie nature of a woolfe, thinking vnder the ſhadowe of their graie haires to couer the ſubſtance of their trecherous mindes, in a painted ſheath to hide a ruſtie blade, in a ſiluer bell a leaden clapper, and in their aged complexion moſt

youthfull concupiſence, hoping their horie heares woulde keepe them without blame, and their graie heades without ſuſpition. Indeede, age is a crowne of glorie when it is adorned with righteouſneſſe, but the dregs of diſhonor when it is mingled with miſcheefe. For honorable age conſiſteth not in the tearme of yeares, nor is not meaſured by the date of a mans daies, but godlie wiſedome is the graie haire, and an vndefiled life is olde age. The herbe Grace, the older it is the rancker ſmell it hath; the ſea Star is moſt blacke being old; the older the Eagle is the more crooked is hir bil, and the more age in wicked men the more unrighteouſnes, which in time of theſe two Judges [was] tried true, for they dailie frequented the houſe of Ioachim, as alſo all other which had anie thing to doe in the lawe.

Nowe, Suſanna ſeeking oftentimes to be ſolitarie, whither to muſe vpon hir worldlie buſineſſe, or to meditate vpon ſome heauenlie motions, I know not, but it was hir cuſtome, continuallie about noone, to walke into hir husbandes garden, which was heard adioining to the houſe, and most pleaſantlie ſcituate, ſeeming a ſecond paradiſe, for the moſt fruitefull trees and flagrant flowers that there, paſſing curiouſlie, were planted. Theſe two elders ſeeing hir dailie to paſſe awaie the time with walking in that pleaſant plot, noting the exquiſite perfection of hir bodie, and how ſhe was adorned with moſt ſinguler gifts of nature, began to fixe their eies vppon the forme of hir feature, and to be ſnared within the fetters of luſt: laſciuious concupiſcence had alreadie charmed their thoughts, and they were droonken ſodenlie with the dregs of filthie deſire: they were ſcorched with the beames of hir beautie, and were

enflamed towardes hir with inordinate affection: fond fancie had alreadie giuen them the foyle, and their aged haire yeelded vnto vanitie, ſo that they tourned awaie their minds from God, and durſt not lift vppe their eies to heauen, leaſt it ſhould be a witneſſe of their wickedneſſe, or a coraſiue to their guiltie conſcience; for the remembraunce of God is a terrour to the vnrighteous, and the ſight of his creatures is a ſting to the minde of the reprobate.

Theſe, therefore, feeling their deuilliſh heartes to be perplexed with ſuch helliſh paſſions, caſt of careleſſelie the feare of God from before their eies, neither remembring that they were Elders to giue good example, nor Judges of the people to miniſter right: their hoarie haires could not hale them from ſinne, nor their calling conuert them from filthineſſe, but they greedilie droonke up the dregges of vnrighteouſneſſe, and carefullie buſied their braines to oppreſſe the ſimple. Yet although they had wholie ſould themſelues ouer to ſinne, and yeelded their neckes to the yoake of iniquitie, they durſt not, ſo much as in countenaunce, ſhewe what their wicked willes did pretende. For albeit they were lincked togither in the league of amitie, and were ſuch profeſſed freendes as the conſent of the one was the conſtraint of the other, and though they were both fettered in the ſnare of hir beautie, and ſcorched with the like flame, yet they durſt not bewray their greefe, howe fondlie fancie had bewitched them, neither vnfold how fleſhlie deſire had drawne them to diſordinate luſt; for the wicked is aſhamed more of man than of God, and feareth to be detected of that, which he careth not to commit to the ſight of the almightie.

While thus they ſtoode in dread to bewraie their doating

deſires, they dailie watched verie diligentlie to feede their eies with the ſighte of hir beautie, and to gaze on the perfection of hir bodie, neither fleeing that which bredde their owne bane, nor remembring the counsell of the wiſe, who wiſheth a man not to gaze vpon the glittering beautie of a woman, leaſt he fall through that which is precious in hir, nor to yeeld to the alarumes of inordinate luſt, that he both deſtroie not himſelfe, and his heritage. This holeſome doctrine nothing cooling their deſires, they ſtil walowed with the Sow in their wickedneſſe; yea, their former cuſtom in ſining had ſo taken away the feeling of their offence, that although their owne conſcience draue them from attempting openlie ſuch a fault, yet they greedilie ſought in ſecret to commit ſo haynous a fact, each of them carefullie coniecturing by what meanes he might beſt bring to paſſe his pretended purpoſe; ſo that the one ſaid to the other, Seeing that our buſineſſe is done, and our office diligentlie executed, let vs not delaie anie longer, but hie vs home to dinner, either of them ſeeking by this ſubtill ſhift to ſhake off the others companie, that hee might finde fit opportunitie to giue the onſet. They being therefore departed, and hauing taken their leaue, went home with a flea in their eares, hauing the pricke of laſciuious luſt as a cōtinuall ſpur in their ſide, neither of them taking anie reſt, till they returned and met in the ſame place from whence before they parted; which ſodaine and vnlookt for meeting draue them both into ſuch a dumpe, as they ſtood amazed at this ſtraunge chaunce, vntill at laſt the eldeſt of them burſt foorth into theſe ſpeeches.

Brother, quoth he, I cannot but both muſe and maruell what winde hath driuen you ſo ſodeinlie into this coaſt:

haue you ſuch ſerious buſineſſe with maiſter Ioachim, or are you peſtered with ſuch importunate ſutours that your returne is ſo ſpeedie? but tis hearde, brother, to delay when the deuill driues, or to pull backe the foote when loue or neceſſitie ſoundes the march. I am not ſuch a dunce, but I can deuine by a little motion what the minde meaneth, nor ſo bad a phyſitian but I can coniecture by the water what the patientes paine is. I ſee, brother, by imagination, what you fele in act, and tis heard to hault before a creeple: I therefore adiure you by the ſacred bond of freenſhip, which hath, and ſhall remaine vnuiolable betwixt vs, that you (without faining) vnfold vnto me the cauſe of your ſodaine comming, ſwearing vnto you by the God of our fathers, that be it neuer ſo weightie, I wil be as ſecret as a brother, and be it neuer ſo dangerous I wil helpe thee as a freend.

The other Judge hearing this ſtrange ſalutation made him this anſwere. Brother, quoth he, I ſmell your fetch, but tis heard to catch the fiſhe when the hooke is bare, and yll taking of the foxe when the traps is deſcried: hee that will iuggle without arte muſt plaie his feates vnder the boorde, leaſt want of cunning cracke his credite: you cannot by muſing at my ſpeedie arriuall, and by inquiring the cauſe, make me ceaſe from maruailing at your ſo ſodaine comming, and to examine the caſe, for your ſpeede is as ſuſpicious as my haſte. But in a needeful matter to leaue this needeleſſe niceneſſe, which bewitcheth freendes, is friuolous; truſting vpon your troth, and repoſing my confidence on your proteſted freendſhip, I will freelie, without faining, vnfolde vnto ȳou my vnfortunate ſtate. I call it vnfortunate, bicauſe I am halfe paſt hope to obtaine my

purpoſe; and if I get that I gape for, yet my greateſt gaine ſhall be loſſe. So it is, brother, that the beautie of Suſanna hath ſo bleared mine eies, and hir comelie perfection ſo bewitched my ſenſes, hir ſinguler feature hath ſo fiered my fancie, and hir ſweete face ſo fettered my freedome, that I am perplexed with a thouſand contrarie paſſions: the feare of God perſwades from ſuch wicked fondnes, but the deſire of hir beauty driues me to ſuch wretched follie, my conſcience continuallie exhorting me not to attempt ſuch a fact, but cōcupiſcence perſwadeth to perſiſt in my purpoſe: but he that is ſo ſcrupulous for the obſeruing of the law ſhall both paſſe his daies without pleaſure, and yet at laſt be found a ſinner. I meane, therefore, whatſoeuer the law wiſheth, at this time to have mine owne will.

In troth, quoth the other, tis follie to couer ſmoke, and more fondneſſe to conceale loue; but he is moſt foole of al that fereth to bewray a ſerious matter to a ſecret freend: know, therefore, brother, that we are both feathered of on wing, and thy loue exceedeth not my luſt: thou burneſt not more than I do. Suſanna is the ſaint whom I doe ſerue, and hir exquiſite perfection hath inchaunted mee: thy ſore is my ſorrowe, and the ſame pain doth pinch vs both alike. As therefore we haue one maladie, we will both haue one medicine; and as we haue both happened on one pretence, ſo we will freendlie hazard to extaine our purpoſe.

Theſe two curſed caitifes of the ſeede of Chanaan, ſouthing one another in this deuilliſh imagination, concluded, when they might finde hir alone, to ſucke the bloude of this innocent lambe, and with moſt deteſtable villanie aſſaile the ſimple minde of this ſillie Suſanna. Perſiſting, there-

fore, in this helliſh purpoſe, manie daies were not paſſed ere they ſpied fit opportunitie (as they thought) to obtaine their deſire; for the ſeaſon being very hot, and the tender bodie of Suſanna being ſore parched with heat, ſhe ſuppoſing that none of hir houſholde, much leſſe anie ſtranger had bin in the garden, went in, as hir vſe was, with two maidens onlie, thinking their ſecretlie to waſh hirſelfe ſolitarily, ſaid thus vnto them: Bring me, quoth ſhe, the oyle and ſope wherewith to waſhe, and ſee that you ſhut the doores ſurelie.

The maidens, carefullie obaieng their mistreſſe commaunde, ſhut the garden gates, and went out themſelves at a backe doore to get what their mistreſſe had willed them, not ſeeing the elders becauſe they were hid: who no ſooner ſawe the maidens gone, and Suſanna a fit pray for their filthy purpoſe, but they roſe up and ran unto hir, the one of them beginning to perſwade hir on this manner. Be not amazed, Mistreſſe Suſanna, quoth he, to ſee us thus ſodenlie and ſecretly arrived: neither let our preſence appale your ſenſes, for we come not cruellie as foes, but curteouſlie as freends: if our comming be strange, the cauſe is as ſtraight, and where neceſſitie forceth, there it is harde to ſtriue againſt the ſtreame: he that ſeeketh no waie against his owne will, oft times kicketh againſt the pricke; and he that ſtriveth to withſtand love hoppeth against the hill. Theſe things conſidered, if we offende in being to bould, your beautie ſhall beare the blame, as the onlie cauſe of this enterpriſe: for to omitte all frivolous circumſtances and to come to the matter, ſo it is that your devine hartes wee haue ſo beene perplexed with the paſſions of love, and haue been so deepely drowned in the

deſire of your person, that there is no torment ſo terrible, no paine ſo pinching, no woo ſo greevous, as the greefe which hath griped us ſince we haue burned in love towardes you. Sith, therefore, our liking is such, let it be repaide againe with love: let our firme fanſie be requited with mutuall affection, and in lieu of our good will, conſent unto us and lie with us. That sinne which is ſecretlie committed is alwaies half pardoned: ſhe liveth chaſtelie enough that liveth charely. The garden gates are ſurelie ſhut: no man can ſee us, whereby to detect us of the cryme. The credite which we carie in Babylon ſhall be sufficient to ſhrowd you from ſhame: our office ſhall be able to defende you from miſtrust, and our graie haires a ſhielde to defend you from ſuſpicion; and by this ſmall offence you ſhall both pleaſure us, and purchaſe to your selfe two ſuch truſty freends, as you may in all duetifull ſeruice commaunde.

Suſanna hearing this ſubtill ſerpent to breath out ſuch brutiſhe reaſons, woondered to ſee two of their calling ſo blinded with the vale of lasciuious luſts, as to blaspheme ſo divelliſhlie againſt there owne conſcience, inſomuch that for a good ſpace ſhe ſtoode astoniſhed, untill at laſt, gathering her wittes togither, ſhee burſt foorth into theſe ſpeeches.

'Tis a saieng, quoth ſhe, not ſo common as true, that who ſo ſinneth againſt his conſcience ſinneth againſt his owne ſoule; and he that knoweth the lawe, and willfullie disobeieth it, deserveth manie ſtripes, which ſacred ſentence I wyſhe you to conſider, and no doubt it will be a ſufficient cooling carde to your inordinate deſire. Hath God placed you as judges over his people to puniſh ſinne, and will you

maintaine wickednes? Is it your office to upholde the lawe, and will you deſtroy it? Naie, you are commanded to cut of this ſin with death, and yet will you perſwade a woman to defile her husbandes bed? Is it your dutie to drive us from all uncleane luſt, and will you ſeeke to drawe a daughter of Juda to ſuch follie? Is this the office of a Judge, or beſemeth ſuch unclean thoughts the minde of an elder? Doe the ſommons of Death appeare in your graie head, and yet fleſhlie deſire raine in the hart? Doth your old age import a cleare conſcience, and is your inwarde minde fraught with concupiſcence? Are you ſtil yoong in virtue, and olde in vice? Oh! how pleaſant a thing it is when gray headed men miniſter judgement, and the Elders can giue good counſaile; but howe perilous a thing is it for the Ruler to be unrighteous, and the Judge of the people to delight in ſinne: such a man shal haue coales heaped upon his head, and the wrath of the Lorde ſhall conſume his heritage. Three ſortes of men the Lorde hateth, and he utterlie abhorreth the life of them; a poore man that is proud, a rich man that is a lyar, and an olde adulterer that doateth and is unchaſt. Hath not God with his own finger ſet downe that who ſo committeth adultierie ſhall die the death, and will you wilfullie deſpiſe the Lord by neglecting his commaundements? Haue you ſo ſolde your ſelues unto ſinne, and ſworne to worke wickedneſſe, that you will prefer fading pleaſure before laſting paine; and for the fulfilling of your filthy luſt purchaſe perpetual damnation? But put caſe I were so careleſs of mine honor and honeſtie as to condiſcende to your request, ſhould not even your ſelves be witneſſes againſt my corrupt conſcience? woulde not mine owne works crie out for

vengeance to plague my wickednes? Yes, no doubt, after you had glutted your fanſie with the loathſomneſſe of the ſin, and the ſpirit of God had toucht your hart with the pricke of the offence, you would both deteſt me as a mirrour of immodeſtie, and account me for ever as a common harlot; for the Lord ſuffreth not the wicked to go unrewarded. She, ſaith the wiſe man, that is not continent but common in her love, and yieldeth that which is proper to hir husbande into the poſſeſſion of a ſtranger, diſobeieth the lawe, maketh a breach of hir plighted faith, and laſtlie plaieth the whoore in moſt hellish adulterie: hir children ſhall not take roote, nor hir braunches ſhall bring foorth no fruite: hir name ſhall bee ſpotted with infamie, and hir diſcredite shall not quight be forgotten. And shall I, then, knowing this, wilfullie worke mine owne woe? shall I repaye the troth my husband repoſeth in me with such treacherie? ſhall I requite his love with ſuch disloyaltie? ſhall ſuch guilefull diſcourteſie be a guerdon for his unfained good will? No, the feare of God is a fortreſse unto me againſt ſuch follie: the love I beare to my husbande is a ſhielde to fence me from ſuch shameleſſe fansie, and the care of mine owne honour is a conserve againſt ſuch filthy concupiſcence. Wheras you ſay that the sinne which ſecretly is committed is halfe pardoned, and that ſhe liveth *caſte* which liveth *caute*, that the gates are shut, and that no man can eſpie our follie, and that the place is ſo ſecret that the offence cannot be prejudiciall to my good name: I anſwere that I more eſteeme the wrath of God than the words of men, and I dread more to commit ſuch a deuilish fact before the ſight of the Almightie, than before the eies of all the worlde: man judgeth the bodie, but

God the ſoule; the one being but a ſmall pinch, the other perpetual paine. Hee, ſaieth the wyſe man, that breaketh wedlocke and thinketh thus in hys heart, who ſeeth mee, the miſtie clouds haue couered mee, and I am compaſſed about with a clowdie darkeneſſe, my offence shall not be an object vnto anie man's eyes, neither can anie man discerne my dooinges, I am ſecretlie cloſed with in the walles, whom neede I to feare; and as for the Lorde he is mercifull, and will not remember anie man's ſinnes; hee is ſlowe vnto wrath, and promiſeth ſpeedilie to pardon the faults of the wicked. Such a one that feareth more the eye of a mortall man than the ſight of the immortall God, and knoweth not that the eies of the Lord is ten thouſand times brighter than the glittering beames of the ſunne, beholding the verie thoughts of men and ſearching the hart and raines, the ſame man ſhall bee puniſhed with earthlie plagues and helliſh torments: he ſhall ſodainlie be taken in his owne trappe, and he ſhal fal before the face of euerie man, bicauſe hee preferred his owne pleaſure before the feare of the Lorde. But, alas, it is unfitt for the yoong fawne to lead the old bucke, for a blind man to be a guid to him which hath his ſight, nor meete for a feelie simple woman to inſtruct the Elders and Judges of the people: is it my part to exhort you unto vertue, or rather, is it not your dutie to perſwade me from vice? But I hope this proffer is but to make a triall of mine honeſtie, and to ſift out my ſecret intent: if otherwiſe your wils and your wordes be a like, ceaſe your ſute, for you may wel gape but never gaine [what] you looke for.

The Judges hearing feelie Suſanna thus cunninglie to confute their diuiliſh concluſions, ſeeing ſhe had infringed

their reasons, by the power of the law thought to wrest hir vpon a higher pin, and to lay ſuch a blot in hir way as she ſhoulde hardlie wipe out. For although they knewe she did rightlie repell their frantike follie, and perfectlie perceive hir goodlie counsel was a cooling carde to their inordinate deſires, yet they were ſo blinded with the vale of laſcivious vanitie, and ſo dimmed with the cloud of concupiſcence, that the feare of God was of no force to hale them from this helliſh follie, but that the other Elder gaue Suſanna this ſharpe and wicked anſwere.

Suſanna, quoth he, Helias' counſell did litle preuaile to perſwade Ahab from enjoieng the vineyarde of Naboth, but that he both obtained his deſire, and rewarded ſuch an obſtinate ſubject with cruell death. Barſabe coulde not withholde David both from ſacking hir honor and honeſtie, and alſo from murdering cruelly hir louing husbande Urias: neither ſhall theſe painted ſpeeches preuaile againſt our pretended purpoſe; for he is a cowarde that yeeldeth at the firſt shotte, and he not woorthie to weare the budde of beautie that is daunted with the firſt deniall: we haue the tree in our hande, and meane to injoie the fruite; we haue beaten the bushe, and will not nowe let the birdes eſcape; and ſeing we haue you here alone, your ſtearne lookes shall ſtande for no ſterling; but if you conſent, be aſſured of two truſtie frends; if not, hope for no other hap but death for your deniall. 'Tis a ſaieng not ſo common as true, that a woman's cheefeſt treaſure is hir good name, and that ſhe which hath crackt hir credite is halfe hanged; for death cutteth off all miſeries, but infamie is the beginning of all ſorrowes. Sith, then, loathſome diſcredit is woorſe then loſſe of life, aſſure thy ſelfe, if thou denie us, we will

beate thee with the rodde; for we both will witneſſe againſt thee, that we tooke thee committing adulterie with a yoong man, and that the more couertlie to cloake thy whoredome, thou didſt ſecretlie ſende awaie thy maides, that ſo thou mighteſt enjoy the pleaſure, and they not eſpie thy practiſe. Our office and authoritie, our age and honor, shall ſuffice to witnes our wordes to be true, ſo that thou shalt purchaſe to thy freends and thy fame perpetuall diſcredite, and to thy bodie, without pardon, a moſt pinching and shamefull death. Seeing, therefore, by conſent thou shalt ſtill keepe the report of thy chaſtitie, and by [reſiſtance] thou shalt reape death and diſcredite, shewe thy self a wiſe woman, and of two euils choſe the beſt.

Suſanna, hearing the miſchevous pretence of theſe ſubtill ſerpentes, and ſeeing that they had ſo laide the traine that she coulde no waie eſcape the trappes, but either she muſt incur the daunger of the bodie, or the deſtruction of the ſoule, was perplexed with ſuch doubtfull paſſions, and cumbred with ſuch carefull thoughts, that shee burſt foorth into trickling teares, ſorrowfull ſighes, and wofull wailings, which, poore ſoule, shee blubbred foorth in this wiſe.

Alas! quoth she, moſt vilde and unjuſt wretches, is the feare of God ſo far from your minds, as you ſeeke not only to ſack mine honor, but to ſuck my blud? is it not injurie enough in that you couet to spoile mine honeſtie, but that you long to ſpill my life? Hath this ſweet love you pretend ſuch bitter taſte? Is this the fruite of your fained fanſie? No doubt, the cauſe muſt be pernicious when the effect is ſo peſtilent. Flatter not your ſelues in this your folly, nor ſooth not your ſelues in your ſinnes, for there is a God that ſeeeth, and will revenge, and hath pro-

miſed that who ſo bindeth two ſinnes togither, ſhall not be unpuniſhed in one. But, alas! what availeth it to talke of wiſdome to the foole, or of the wrath of God to a wilfull reprobate? The charmer, charme he neuer ſo wiſelie, charmes in vaine if the adder bee deafe; and the wiſe caſteth ſtones againſt the winde, that ſeeketh to draw the wicked from his follie. Let me, therfore, poor ſoule, more narrowly conſider mine owne caſe. I am, alas! perplexed with diuers doubtfull paſſions, and greevous troubles aſſaileth me on euerie ſide: if I commit this crime, though never ſo ſecretlie, yet the eies of the Lorde ſeeth the verie inwarde thoughts, and mine owne conſcience ſhall continuallie be a witneſſe againſt me of this wickednes: the reward of sinne is death; then, what other hap can I hope for but perpetuall damnation, if I doe this wicked deede, ſith the Lorde himſelfe hath promiſed to be a ſwift witneſſe againſt all wilfull adulterers? And if I conſent not unto theſe unrighteous Judges, I am like to be unjuſtlie accuſed of the like crime, so that both I ſhall suffer death without cauſe, and yet (which is moſt greefe) not die without shame. By this meanes what dishonour shal I bring to my parents, what discredite to my husbande, and what infamie to my selfe and to my children. The hoarie haires of my father, Helchias, shall be brought with ſorrowe unto the grave; Joachim shall be ashamed to shewe his face in the ſtreetes of the cittie, and my poore babes shall be counted as the ſeede of an harlot, and yet, alas! myſelfe altogither ſackleſſe: why my ſecret offence shall prevent all this open shame: the Lorde is ſlow to wrath, and his mercie exceedeth all his works: he wisheth not the death of a ſinner, and hartie repentance pacifieth his diſpleaſure. But, O

vile wretch that I am! why do I thus blaſpheme againſt the Lord and his law? why do I breath out theſe hellish ſpeeches? Can I say I wil repent at my pleaſure, or ſhall I therefore ſin in hope becauſe the Lord is merciful? No, no; it is better for me to fall into your hands, and not commit the offence, then to ſin in the ſight of the Lord: ſhall I not rather feare God than man, and dread him more that killeth both bodie and ſoule, than him that hath power but to kil the bodie only? yet his feare ſhal be my defence. And with that she cried with a loud voice, and the two Elders cried out againſt hir, and the one of them ran and opened the gate, the more to verifie their vild intent.

Now, when the ſervants hard the cry in the garden, they haſtely ruſhed in at the backe doore to ſee what violence was offered to their miſtres. But when the Elders had declared the matter unto them, the ſervants were gretly aſhamed, for ſuch an infamous report had never bin bruted of Suſanna. The fame of this heinous fact being ſpred throughout all Babilon, euery man began diverſly to conjecture as fanſie led them: hir frends ſorrowing ſuſpected the cancred minds of the cruel judges: hir foes laughing ſaid that diſſembled holines was dooble ſin, and that the holieſt countenance hath not alwaies the honeſteſt conſcience; both frend and foe, notwithſtanding, wondring at the ſtrange chaunce.

Well, as the nature of man is deſirous of noveltie, ſo on the morow after the people flocked to Joachims houſe to heare this caſe throghly canvaſed; and thither came the two Elders alſo, having their mindes fraught with furie and their harts full of hate, miſchivouſlie imagining againſt Suſanna to put hir to deth. They, therfore, commanded

preſently, before all the people, to ſende for Suſanna, the daughter of Helchias, Joachims wife, and immediatly they ſent for hir, who came accompanied with hir father and mother, hir children, and all hir kinred. The Judges ſeeing Suſanna to be come, and that ſhe had hir face covered with a vale, commaunded preſentlie to uncover hir face, that ſo they might ſatisfie their filthie luſt with the ſight of hir beautie, and feede their doting fanſie with the gliſtering hewe of her divine feature. The people, nowe more narrowlie noting hir exquiſite perfection and ſinguler beautie, taking pittie of hir miſhap, ſorrowed and wept. But the two Elders ſtood up in the middeſt of the aſſemblie, and laieng their hande uppon Suſannas heade, which powred foorth teares, and heaved up hir eies towards heaven, for hir heart truſted in the Lord, begun their tale of this manner.

We are ſorie, quoth they, that wee have cauſe, this daie, to accuſe Suſanna, the daughter of Helchias, and wife of our freende, Joachim ; neither would we willingly be witneſſe againſt hir, if our own conſcience did not compell us to beare a true teſtimonie. We are Judges and Elders of the people, appointed by God, and choſen by the multitude, and conſtrained by the lawe to have no reſpect of perſons, but to doe juſtice unto all men ; neither to be parcial to our freendes, nor envious to our foe, but with the ballance of equitie to meaſure euerie man according to his merrit, and with the ſworde of juſtice to upholde vertue and to beate downe vice. This conſidered, wee are driven of force to bewraie a hainous offence which this Suſanna hath committed, as followeth. We both hauing occaſion ſecretlie to conſult of weightie affaires, and often frequenting the

houſe of our freend Joachim, coueting ſolitarely to confer of our ſecrete buſineſſe, thoght it beſt (as our cuſtome before had beene) to walke in the garden: where we had not walked longe, but Suſanna came in accompanied with two of hir maides, whom preſentlie ſhe ſent awaie from hir, moſt ſurelie ſhutting the garden gate; and they were no ſooner gone but a yoong man, which had ſecretlie hid himſelfe in the garden, came unto hir: we, ſtanding in a corner and ſeing this wickednes, were aſtonished to ſee ſuch a ſtrange facte, and remembring what report was ſpread abrod of Suſannas chaſtity, ſtood in doubt whither we dreamed of ſuch a deede or no; but at laſt we haſtilie ranne unto them, and ſaw them as they were togither: willing, therefore, ſuch wickedneſſe ſhould not be unpuniſhed, nor that ſuch adulterous wretches ſhoulde eſcape without the penaltie of the law, aſſayed to take this yoongue man, that he might have taſted of the tormentes due for such an offence; but he was ſtronger than we, and, in deſpite of us, he opened the gate and leaped out. Well, although he had eſcaped our hands, yet wee laide faſt holde upon Suſanna, and demaunded of hir what the yoongue man was, of what tribe, and what was his name; but ſhe held hir peace and ſaide nothing.

Thus, quoth they, have you hearde this hainous crime, whereunto we are witneſſes, ſorrowing that ſuch crime shoulde be founde in Iſrael, and eſpeciallie in the childe of ſo honeſt a father, and in the wife of ſo honeſt a husband.

The Judges having finished this their forged tale, the people gaue credite to their wordes and belieued them, as they were Judges and Elders of the people, thinking that ſuch ſubtill shifts could never lie hid in ſuch ſimple age, that

such hoarie haires would neuer deuiſe ſuch diuelish practiſes, and vpon their credit they condemned hir to death. Suſanna, hearing the fatall doome pronounced againſt hir by theſe vnjust Judges, cried out vnto the Lorde with a loude voice, and ſaide:

O God! which ſeeſt the ſecrets of al heartes, and knoweſt al things before they come to paſſe, which deſcrieſt the verie inwarde thoughts, and trieſt the hearte and the raines, thou knoweſt that bicauſe I woulde not conſent unto the filthie luſte of theſe dooting leachers, nor agree by defyling my husbandes bedde to fulfill their fleſhlye deſyres, that they haue ſclaundered mee with that crime whereof I was never guiltie; that they have unjustlie accuſed of that fault, whereas not ſo much as in thought I committed ſuch a fact; they have, to ſatisfie their malicious mindes, without cause, invented this fals crime. I confeſſe myſelfe, O Lord! to be a moſt greevous offender, but not in this fault to deſerve deth, nor for this deed. Heare, then, O Lorde! my praier, and let the innocencie of my caſe pleade before thy maieſtie; if it be thy wil, prevent their practiſes, confound their counſailes, and let them which have digged the pit for others, fall into the ſnares themselves. Thou haſt never, O Lord! yet left the innocent without helpe, but haſt delivered them which feare thee from all adverſitie: thou didſt deliuer Joſeph from the hands of his brethren which ſought to ſpill his blood, and dideſt prevent the practiſes of Saule, which pretended to flay his ſervant David. Elizeus beeing beſieged within Dothan, was not onlie freed from his foes, but alſo garded about with a troupe of holie angels. Elias was preſerved from the crueltie of Jeſable, and fed with ravens: nay, who hath

truſted in thy mercy which hath come to miſhap, or who hath put his hope in thee which hath ſuffred harme? So, O Lord! if it be thy wil, thou canſt diſclose the deviſes of theſe doating Judges, and unfold the follie of the falſe witneſſes. Helpe, then, O Lord, for in thee is my hope!

The people, hearing the ſolemne proteſtation of ſorrowfull Suſanna, thought ſhe had ſpoken theſe wordes to excuſe hir fault, but not that ſhe was guiltleſſe of the fact, giving more credit to the reverende age of the Judges then to the yoong yeeres of a ſimple woman, ſuppoſing that hir ſpeech was more of cuſtome to cloake hir follie, then of conſcience to cleare hir of that crime; and therefore they led hir to the place of execution. But the Lord, who never leaveth them in diſtreſſe that put their truſt in him, heard hir voice, and raiſed up the holie ſpirit of a yoong childe, whoſe name was Daniell, who, ſeeing Suſanna carried by hir falſe accuſers to be put to death, cried with a lowde voice from the bloud of this woman.—Then al the people, astoniſhed at this ſtrange crie, and amazed at the wordes of this yoong child, tourning towarde him ſaide, what meane theſe wordes that thou haſt spoken? Then Daniel, imbouldened by the ſpirit of God, made this anſwere.

Are you ſuch fooles, O yee Israelites, quoth he, that you wil confirme the cauſe before you haue diſcust the caſe, or a ſuppoſed truth without sufficient triall, or condemne anie perſon without due proofe? Will you accept the witneſſes of any man touching life before you haue ſifted him by ſecret examination? Knowe you not how that partie is ſoone condemned whoſe death the Judges do conſpire, and where the Elders do beare evil will or ſeeke revenge, there the innocent is euer oppreſſed, for the weakeſt (as the old

proverbe ſaith) is alwaies thruſt to the wall. Will you admit him which is an accuſer to be a condemner? What juſtice can there be, then, in judgement? Shall he which commeth in as plainetiffe determine the defendant doubts? Who, then, will looke for equitie, if the witneſſe will and worde may ſtand for a lawe without contradiction? then right ſhall be wreſted according to the wiſhe of everie wilfull wretch. No; let him which is an Elder of the people and commeth in to be a witneſſe, not be a judge alſo, leaſt the innocent periſh, and true juſtice be perverted; which nowe, O ye fond Israelites, yee ſhall trie by experience; for yee have suffred theſe unjuſt judges to condemne a daughter of Israell without cauſe, and have let them beene wicked witneſſes to betraie the innocent bloud. The ſentence pronounced againſt Suſanna is unjuſt, and the witneſſe of the Judges is deviliſhe perjurie: therefore returne to judgement, and the Lorde will diſcloſe who rightlie deſerveth the death.

The people, hearing this, tourned againe in all haste, and the Elders ſaide thus unto them:

Since it hath pleaſed God, quoth they, that there is wisdome found in thy lippes, and underſtanding in thine hearte, and that thou haſt knowledge given thee from above to ſearch out that which hath beene hidden from us all, come, ſit downe amongſt us, and execute the office of an Elder, that through thee the juſtice of God may be made manifeſt in rewarding the wicked, and defending the innocent. Then, ſaide Daniell unto them, Put theſe two aſide one from another, and I will examine them: ſo, when they were ſeparated, he called one of them, to whom he uttred theſe wordes:

'Tis a ſaieng, quoth he, not ſo common as true, that he which looketh continually on the ſunne ſhall at laſt be blind; that he who handleth pitch muſt needs be delfied therwith: the tree that abideth ſo many blaſtes, at laſt falleth by the carpenter's axe; the birde that ſtriketh at every ſtale cannot long escape the ſnare; ſo long goeth the pitcher to the brouke, that at laſte it comes broken home; and he that ſecurelie ſwimmeth in sinne, ſhall ſurelie bee drowned in iniquitie: who ſo bindeth two sinnes togither, ſhall never be unrevenged in the one; and he that delighteth to offende in youth ſhall, no doubt, feele the puniſhment in age: the proverbe is olde, and yet verie true, *Quod defertur non aufertur.* Though God for a time suffer a man safelie to wallow in his own wickedneſſe, and to ſaie unto his ſoule, Tuſh! the Lorde regardeth not the waie of ſinners, nor ſuspecteth not the miſdeeds of men: he is ſlow to wrath and prone to pittie, yet at laſt the Lord loketh downe from heaven, and revengeth all his sins with greevous plague; yea, he rooteth him out from the face of the earth, and his place is no more ſeene. Conſider this, then, thou miserable caitife, who haſt gathered thy treaſure with iniquitie, and builded up thine houſe with sinne, that wert in thy youth addicted to vanitie, and art nowe waxen olde in vice, how thoſe sins, which in thy yoong yeres thou didſt commit ſecretlie, are now in thy hoarie age revealed openlie: yea, the Lorde hath deferred his puniſhment that his mercie may ſeem the more, and thy ſinne the greater. He that hath the dropſie drinketh while he burſteth, and yet not ſatisfied: the Leach hath two daughters that never crieth enough: he that is ſtung with the ſerpent Diplas burneth, but can can never be cooled, and who is ſo in-

flamed with ſinne which thirſteth continuallie after wickednesse, untill he hath ſupped the dregs of God's diſpleaſure to his own deſtruction, which now is verified in thee, for thou haſt pronounced false judgments, and haſt condemned the innocent; thou haſt taken bribes to pervert juſtice, and thou haſt weighed the lawe in a false balance; but the Lorde ſhall ſend vpon thee curſing, trouble, and ſhame in all that which thou ſetteſt thy hand to doe, untill thou be destroied and periſh quicklie, because of the wickedneſſe of thy workes, wherein thou haſt forſaken him; for thou art commaunded not to ouerthrowe the poore in his ſute, but to defende the cauſe of the needie. Tis the dutie of a judge to keepe him far from a false matter, and to meaſure all things in the ballance of equitie, and not to deale unjuſtlie with the innocent and righteous, but to heare the plaint of the poore, leaſt the Lorde take them in hande, and conſume him in his heavie diſpleaſure. But thou, who from thy youth haſt sworne to doe wickedlie, haſt let the guiltie go free, and borne falſe witneſſe againſt the fackleſſe ſoule, and haſt euer perverted the ſeate of judgement. Well, if thou haſt ſeene Suſanna commit this heinous crime, and defile the bed of her husbande; if thou haſt taken hir in adulterie and ſeene hir in the verie acte, tell mee, under what tree thou diddeſt ſee them commit the offence? The Judge anſwered, under a Lentiske tree. Then, ſaid Daniell, verilie thou haſt lied againſt thine owne life; thou haſt, in betraieng the innocent, blaſphemed againſt God, offended in the bearing of false witneſſe, and foulde thy ſoule to Sathan by committing wilfull perjurie, ſo that the angel of God hath receiued the ſentence to cut thee in two.

Daniell had no ſooner uttered theſe wordes, but the

people preſentlie put him aſide, and brought forth the other, to whome Daniell uttered theſe bitter ſpeeches:

O thou curſed ſeede of Canaan! quoth he, and not of Juda, who has beene nurſed up in ſinne, and nouſled up in wickednes, the glittering heue of beautie hath blinded thee, and laſcivious luſt hath bewitched thy hart; found fancie hath given thee the foile, and fleſhlie deſire hath charmed thy affection: thou haſt ſpente thy youth in follye, and nowe meaneſt to ende thine age in wickednes. But as it is impoſſible for a foole to ſcape without reproch, so as hard it is for a wilfull ſinner to eſcape without revenge. Doſt thou not knowe that the lawe forbiddeth adultrie, and yet wilt thou entiſe a daughter of Juda to ſuch folie: naie, art thou not driuen by dutie to rewarde this crime with death, and yet wilt thou perſwade the innocent to ſuch a devillish deede? Is the feare of God so far from thine eies as thou wilt willinglie worke ſuch wickednes? haſt thou ſo ſmall regarde to the lawe as thou wilt ſuffer thy hart to be ſubjected by luſt? The Lion ſo abhorreth this crime, as he killed the Liones for committing this fact: the Storke never medleth but with his mate; nay, the stone Jasent will not be worne on the finger of an adulterer, neither will the Olive tree growe, if it be planted by him that leadeth his life in unlawfull luſtes; and wilt thou, vild wretch, ſhewe thy ſelfe more careleſſe in this crime then brute beaſtes; moreckles then unreaſonable cretures, more ſavage then ſenceleſſe ſtones; yea, far leſſe in virtue then a man, and far more in vice then a beaſt? The Lord ſhall looke downe from heaven upon this thy lewdneſſe, and croſſe thee with ſuch a greevous curſe, as thou ſhalt be rooted out from among the people. Is thy

minde ſo miſlead with ingratitude, or art thou ſo devoide of humanitie, as thou wilt repair the good will that Joachim ſheweth thee with ſuch guilefull treacherie? is thy conſcience ſuch as to requight his curteſie with wilfull crueltie? hath he foſtered thee as a freend, and wilt thou abuſe him as a foe? hath he wiſht thy bliſſe, and wilt thou worke his bane? hath hee fought thy weale, and wilt thou ſeeke his woe? wilt thou, without cauſe, accuſe his wife of adulterie, becauſe ſhe would not ſtoope to thy lure? If this be the duty of a Judge, or the devotion of an Elder, let all Babilon judge.

But perhappes thou wilt ſaie, theſe wordes are winde, and this long parle tendes little to the purpoſe: that thou art greatlie abuſed for reprehending of ſinne to be ſo roughlie reprooved. Well, if it be ſo, that thou haſt weighed thy freendes caſe in the ballance of equitie, and haſt had ſuch a zeale for the executing of thine office, that no forſe of freendſhip coulde prevaile to perverte true juſtice, but that thou haſt, of a cleere conſcience, accuſed Suſanna of this filthie fact. Tell me under what tree diddeſt thou ſee them commit this crime?

The Judge, although that hee had wrongfullie fought to oppreſſe the guiltleſſe perſon, yet he neuer ſhruncke from his purpoſe, but boldlie anſwered, under a Myrtle tree.

Daniell, hearing this doating leacher to make a loud lie, answered: Art thou ſo fenceleſſe, quoth he, to ſuppoſe that although thou canſt keepe thy ſinne ſecret from men, yet thou canſt hide it from God, who not onelie knoweth the deede, but ſeeth the verie inward thought. No; for although thou hast hitherto covered the ſubſtance of vice with the vale of vertue, and hast cloaked thine iniquitie

with the viſour of equitie, yet the LORDE, willing to unrip up this thy follie, hath nowe diſcovered thy dooings: yea, thou art fallen into the pit which thou haſt prepared for others: thou art taken in thine owne trappe, and ſnared in the nette which thou didſt laie to intangle the innocent; yea, thou haſt lyed againſt thine owne heade, and the Angell of GOD waiteth with the ſworde to cutte the in two.

With that the whole multitude, hearing howe the Elders were trapped in their owne talke, and that the LORDE had wrought, by the meanes of a childe, to diſcover the helliſh practiſe, cried out with a loud voice, and praiſed God that ſaueth them which put their truſt in him: yea, ſeeing that Daniel had conuicte the Elders of falſe witneſſe by their owne mouth, according to the lawe of Moyſes, the people dealt with them as they ſought to deale with Suſanna; for the Lord hath promiſed that a falſe witnes ſhall not be unpuniſhed, and he that ſpeaketh lies ſhall periſh: ſo they were put to death, and the innocent bloud was ſaued the ſame daie.

Helchias and his wife, ſeeing that their daughter was, by the power of God, preſerved from the wicked pretence of theſe unjust judges, and Joachim her husband hearing his wife clered of this crime, yea, al hir kindred ſeeing that there was no diſhoneſtie found in hir, but that ſhe was without ſpot and their ſtock unſtained, they all praiſed God that the innocent lambe was deliuered, and the faithfull hipocrites ſo fitlie detected. And from that daie foorth Daniell was in great reputation amongſt all the people.

FINIS.

London Printed by Roger Ward, dwelling at the Signe of the Talbot neere unto Holburne Conduit. 1584.

INTRODUCTION.

THE only known copy of this curious and amusing tract was formerly the property of Malone: it has no title-page, but he furnished one in manuscript, which appears to have been made up from the terms of the entry at Stationers' Hall, under date of 2nd May, 1605, when John Trundle, the celebrated ballad-bookseller of Little Britain, procured its registration. Malone, in a note in his own handwriting, states that he had heard of an engraved portrait of Ratsey prefixed to the book; but he adds that he had never seen it, nor has any other bibliographer, that we are aware of, ever mentioned it. So popular did the narrative instantly become that, by 31st May, 1605, John Hodgets had procured a continuation of it to be written and printed, and he then entered it as "Ratseys Ghoaste, or the Second Part of his Life, with the note of his mad Prancks."

Of this publication also only a single copy has reached our day, and it contains that remarkable passage where Shakespeare and Burbadge are mentioned (not by name indeed, but by clear allusion), the first as having come to London very poor, but having afterwards bought "a lordship in the country;" and the last as having performed the character of Hamlet with great applause. (*Hist. English Dram. Poetry*, i, 333). Malone quotes "The Repentance of Gamaliel Ratsey" in a note on "The Puritan" (*Suppl.*, ii, 595); but it was not a separate publication regarding the same hero, but a poem at the end of the prose "Life and Death," and it will be found in our reprint.

Ben Jonson mentions a portrait of Gamaliel Ratsey as current when he wrote his "Alchemist" (first acted in 1610), from

whence it may be inferred, that it was a most coarse representation, whether on wood or copper:

> "and a face cut for thee,
> Worse than Gamaliel Ratseys."

Gifford, who admits that he had never seen the tract here reprinted (*Ben Jonson*, iv, 18), tells us that Gamaliel Ratsey "always robbed in a mask:" this may have been so, but it does not anywhere, that we know of, appear to have been the fact; and, at all events, none of his exploits, when his features were so concealed, are recorded in the account of his adventures in the hands of the reader. Gifford also cites two Latin epigrams, by J. Johnson, published in 1615: one of these is entitled *In Ratseum furem famosissimum*, and the other *Ejusdem Sermo ad Socios;* the last clearly referring to Ratsey's advice and remorse called his "Repentance." This production is a direct imitation of Luke Hutton, the highwayman (a younger son of Matthew Hutton, Archbishop of York, Cooper's *Ath. Cantab.*, ii, 540), who had been executed in 1598, upon whom a ballad was then printed ("Old Ballads," Percy Soc., p. 117), and who was the real or supposed author of a poem in six-line stanzas called his "Lamentation." (*Bibl. Account*, 1865, i, 386.) We do not believe that Ratsey wrote the poem imputed to him at the end of his "Life and Death;" but he may nevertheless have been competent to its production, as, like Hutton, he was a man of some education: the stanzas, though a few of them are not contemptible, are not generally very choice specimens of our vernacular versification. One careless misprint we have ventured to set right, because, in the penultimate line of the last stanza, "just" ought incontrovertibly to stand *dust*. In other respects, our reproduction follows the original text.

J. P. C.

The Life and Death of

Gamaliel Ratsey,

A famous Thief of England.

Executed at Bedford the 26 of March
laſt paſt.

1605.

THE

Life and death of Gamaliell

Ratſey, a famous thiefe of Eng-
land, executed at Bedford the 26
of March laſt paſt, 1605.

IN a towne in Lincolneſhire, called Market-Deeping, lately dwelt a man inriched as well in the vertues of his wife, as in the qualities of his owne condition; for hee was generous both by birth and other perfections of the minde, which made him more fortunate in the love of his neighbours, then in the comfort of his children. Carefull hee was for their education, and very induſtrious to give them that bringing up, that might either anſwer his hope, or bee likely to yeelde them honeſt meanes of maintenance and preferment. His name was Richard Ratſey, a gentleman, and belonging to ſome honorable perſonage of this land, whom he followed a long time in great favour and eſtimation. Amongſt his other children he had one ſon, named Gamaliel Ratſey, of whom in his yonger yeares, he conceived a very hopefull expectation, for his care was great to bring him up in learning and the knowledge of good letters. Wherein at the firſt he profited not a little, while he lived in the feare and reprehenſion of his parents, and the awfull correction of his teacher. But as,

Imberbis juvenis tandem cuſtode remoto
Gaudet equis, canibus et aperci gramine campi, &c.

So this Gamaliell Ratſey, growing more mature and ripe in yeares, and having that hand of reſtraint carried more looſe and eaſie then was accuſtomed, by which he was formerly curbd of ſome libertie, grew leſſe dutious, and more deſirous to range abroad, and ſee ſtrange countries, holding his hopes fruſtrated, and himſelfe diſparaged by living at home; and therefore reſolved to surrender the life and exerciſes of a Scholler, and betake himſelfe to the fortunes and profeſſion of a Souldier. As you ſhall heere underſtand by the courſe of his life, the which he related to ſome freends of his after the time of his impriſonment, with deſire it might be publiſhed, as well to teſtifie unto the world his repentance, as to give cawſion to his countrymen to eſchew his follie, and prevent his fall. The which is further manifeſted in the end heereof, by his repentance, written in his time of durance with his owne hand.

How Gamaliell Ratſey firſt left to bee a Scholler, and became a Souldier.

Therefore I firſt thought good to make knowne that, at the time that the right honourable the Earle of Eſſex went into Ireland, this Gamaliell Ratſey ventured his fortunes over with him, being at that time very young, and unſkilfull in managing of any martiall affaires: yet hee ſpent much time in thoſe warres, and was very venturous and hote ſpirited, and profited not a little, as well in knowledge, as in the commendations of his Commanders. For in any publike deſignes, or ſkirmiſhes, he was not ſlacke to ſhew forwardneſſe, and in any private quarrell, very reſolute to repell injuries. Inſomuch, as in thoſe parts he was then

thought worthy from a private Gentleman of a Company to bee made Sergeant; which place hee remained in under the Company of Captaine Langford, till the time that my Lord of Devonſhire came out of Ireland, and brought over Tyrone, after the death of our late Soveraigne Lady Queene Elizabeth.

How Ratſey firſt fell into theft, by what meanes, and in what place; and how he was impriſoned in Spalding, with his dangerous eſcape out of priſon in his ſhirt.

At the Earle of Devonſhires returne into England, the ſaid Ratſey came likewiſe backe againe, and ſhaped his courſe through the Country homewards to the place where he was borne; where it is bootleſſe to tell what prancks hee performed in his journey. But this at his arrivall at home, though it was firſt, yet was it not the leaſt of his exploites; for he gulld the ſervant, deceived the maiſter, and eſcaped for that time out of priſon. But as every evill act hath his evill end, ſo his ſucceſſe was ſo hard that he was croſt almoſt to the croſſe, and that is the next neighbour to the gallowes; and *miſerere mei* had beene the beſt mattens, had not one paire of legges been better then two paire of hands.

For thus it fortuned that, not long after his comming home out of Ireland, he went to a market towne, called Spalding, not farre from the place where hee was borne; where comming into an Inne in the ſame towne, he inſinuated himſelfe into the love and league of a ſervant maid in the ſame houſe, with whom he prevailed ſo farre, what with his pleaſing ſpeach (and with what elſe he pleaſed her I

know not) that hee was the onely man in the maides eſtimation. Inſomuch that in his abſence (for hee was comming and going thither often) the maide prevailed ſo with her Miſtreſſe, that hee, before any other gueſt, should bee admitted the priviledge of the parlour. But as had-I-wiſt comes too late, and kindneſſe oftentimes receives not her deſerved effects, ſo fell it out in this his ſo ſodaine intertainment; for he only made that his mean to awaite ſome oportunitie, when he might ſpie out a purchaſe and effect his purpoſe, as it ſhortly after fell out he did.

For a Farmer, or husband-man, comming to the ſame Inne (as it was his cuſtome upon market dayes) to pay a matter of fortie pounds to a Gentleman dwelling there, which was due upon a bond, called the Hoſteſſe aſide, and deſired her, that ſhe would lay up the ſame ſafe for him (being ſealed up in a bagge) till the market was done; which ſhe receyved, and promiſed to doe accordingly. And comming into the parlor, where Ratſey remained, ſhe ſhewed herſelfe nothing squeamiſh to ſhew what truſt was repoſed in her: but locking the ſame in a preſſe, he thought (that her backe once turned) hee would diſcharge her of that charge. For as hee had an eagles eye to eſpie advauntage, ſo had he a lions heart to effect his purpoſe: for hee was not long hammering it in his head, but with a quicke diſpatch, unlocked the preſſe, and pocketted the bagge. Which when he had got, it was bootleſſe to bid him haſte away; for he preſently bade them farewell in the Inne for a while, and told them hee would but walke into the market, and come againe by and by, although he meant nothing leſſe, and they miſtruſted nothing at all. But hee hied home to Deeping, where in his mothers

Orchard, hee digged a pitte, and buried the bagge of money; doubting there would bee ſearch made after him for it, and nothing found about him, or in his mothers houſe, it would be but their yea, and his nay, and ſo the matter might bee the more eaſily aunſwered.

Now you muſt imagine, that the market beeing done, and the Farmer calling for his bagge of money, and the Hoſteſſe, finding that the ſame was taken out of the cupboord, and her preſſe opened, was not a little perplexed in minde; but it ſtroke ſuch a quandarie to her ſtomacke, as if ſhee had drunke a draught of ſmall beere next her heart in a froſtie morning. Shee came backe to the Farmer, with her handes emptie and her heart full of cares, exclayming agaynſt Ratſey, whome ſhee remembred ſhee left in the parlour, but that avayled nothing. Thereupon they both went to a Juſtice of Peace dwelling neere Spalding, and opening their ſayde griefes and loſſes, deſired his warrant to bring Ratſey before him, which hee graunted, and they procured to bee ſerved by a Conſtable of Deeping. So Ratſey beeing apprehended, and brought before the Juſtice, ſtoode ſtiffely in the deniall thereof, and was committed to the ſafe keeping of the Gayler upon ſuſpition of felonie.

Where he had not long remained, but money was wanting unto him, and he had no meanes to relieve his neceſſities in priſon, but to reveale the hiding of the money in the ſayde Orchard; and therefore bethought him whome, in ſuch a caſe, hee might make the ſame knowne unto with his beſt ſecuritie. Whereupon hee reſolved to make none acquainted therewithall, but his owne mother, to whom hee addreſſed ſecret knowledge thereof: which when ſhee heard, ſhee was in a great perplexitie what to doe, whether

ſhe ſhould prove unnaturall in revealing the ſame, or by concealing it, hazard her reputation in the countrey, in the which ſhe was alwayes verie well eſteemed, with the moſt and beſt, both for wiſedome and vertue.

His mother, to be further adviſed, revealed it to her daughter dwelling in the ſame Towne, her daughter to her husband; and ſo from one to another, (as two may keepe counſaile, if the third be away) it came to the Juſtices hearing, where, and in what place, and under what tree in the Orchard it was hidden.

Ratſey having ſecret information of notice given to the Juſtice, and that he ſhould be further examined concerning the ſame, knew that deniall would not then ſerve his turne, but reſolved to ſet all his wits abroach, to free himſelfe from their hands; which could by no meanes bee done, but by eſcape, which he effected in a morning betimes, out of a very narrow paſſage, in his ſhirt.

But the time was not long after his eſcape before he was miſſed, and haſt made after him on every ſide, both by horſe and foote. He was egerly purſued, yet knew the Country well; and was a long ſpace followed ſo hardly, that he was at laſt forced to a very dangerous great water, which he tooke and ſwamme over; and being over, he ſtaid and turned himſelfe towards them, and after ſome bravadoes given them, (for he knew none of them durſt follow him) he went his way, and out-ſtript them all.

A kinde conceipt of Ratſey, performed by him in his way vpon a Seruing-man that ouer-tooke him by chance, riding to London with his Maiſters horſe to fetch him from the Tearme.

After he had made this eſcape, hee tooke his way to a friend of his not farre off, with whom hee mighte be bolde for ſute of apparrel, and to furniſh him with ſuch neceſſaries as his caſe required. The which his friend furniſhed him withall, and put ſome ſmall matter of money into his purſe to beare his charges, for he knew, as ſoon as Ratſey had ſtrooke a hand, he ſhould be no loſer by it.

Ratſey, as a man then halfe armed to enterpriſe any exploit, and well fleſht by his late eſcape, tooke his journey on towards London, thinking there to finde men of all faculties, and copes-mates to fit his humour in every condition. For although by the great diſcretion of the Judges and Juſtices, many are daily truſſed up, yet ſtill there ſpringeth up yong that grow, in time, to beare fruit fit for the gallowes.

As hee had thus travailed two or three daies towardes London, booted and ſpurrd, and afoote, hee, turning backe to breathe himſelfe, being wearie, eſpied a ſerving-man riding after him with a ſpare nagge, for hee ledde his owne horſe in his hande, and roade uppon his Maiſters Gelding; which good opportunitie was ſoone apprehended by Ratſey, for hee preſentlie beganne to call his wittes about him, and to bethinke him howe hee might over-reach the plaine ſerving creature that followed him. Who no ſooner overtooke him, but hee ſtraitway vailde his bonnet at the ſight of Maiſter Ratſey; who, ſeeing the young Novice ſo full of

curteſie, reſolved to repay him with craft ere they parted. For Ratſey fell preſentlie a queſtioning with him, if hee didde not over-goe a Serving-man leading a Gelding (as hee did) in his hande? who made him anſwer that he met not any ſuch. Then Ratſey beganne to faine himſelfe in a fuſtian fume, and ſwore his man ſhould neither carry it to hell nor heaven for abuſing him ſo, for I bade him follow mee (ſaith hee) and he ſure miſtooke mee, thinking I would ride to ſuch a Gentlemans to night, and hath ſo left me as thou ſeeſt. But if thou beeſt an honeſt fellow (quoth hee) let me ride upon thy leere horſe, and I will give thee a couple of ſhillings to drinke. The ſeely fellow, greedie of two ſhillings (for it was a great deale of money in his purſe) and ſeeming to be ſory that ſuch an honeſt Gentleman (as he thought) ſhould goe a foote and he a ſpare horſe in his hand, gave his good will, which Ratſey tooke hold of, and preſently mounted himſelfe. So they roade a great part of the day together, paſſing the way with much idle prattle. But yet Ratſey was not ſatisfied in his minde, that the ſervingman ſhould ride uppon the beſt Gelding, and not hee, and reſolved to have a fling at him for that too.

So the afternoone being well ſpent, and night drawing on, Ratſey beganne to betake himſelfe to his firſt diſcontent, and roade a prettie way without any chat or prattle as hee hadde before. Which the ſimple Serving-man perceiving, thought hee would cheere him uppe a litle, and beganne to aſke him how hee did, and what ayled him? Ratſey told him his mans negligence ſtucke ſtill in his ſtomacke, and hee could not forget it; for, ſaith hee, I am now nere the place where I intende to be all night, and I have many worſhipfull friendes and kinsfolkes there, and

it grieves mee to the heart, that I ſhould bee ſeene come riding into the towne in ſuch a faſhion, and ſo meanlie horſed; for I tell thee friend (ſaieth hee) I never came thither without my man or twoo with mee, and a very good gelding under me.

The ſervingman, hearing this, told him, if that were al, if his maſters gelding would pleaſure him, he ſhould ride on that, and hee would change horſes with him. Yes, mary, quoth Ratſey (for he aimed at that) for I hold thy maiſters gelding to be worth ſome twentie pound: he coſt not a penny leſſe, quoth the ſervingman. So they interchange horſes, and riding on, Ratſey perſwaded him, ſeeing he had been thus kind, to do him one other pleaſure, and he would pay for his horſe meate and mans meate that night, and ſet him forth free in the morning, with ſomewhat in his purſe to drinke. The ſervingman aſked of him what it was? nothing (ſaies he) but to lie at my inne too night, and be to me as my man, and I will reward thy paines; for thou ſhalt both ſave thine owne charges, and continue my credite. That I will (faith he) with all my heart, and doe you the beſt ſervice I can.

So the ſeely fellow for that night became Ratſeys man, and comming to the inne, the horſes were ſet up, and he commauded his man to direct that ſupper ſhould bee provided; which being done, and ſupper ended, Ratſey goes into the ſtable, and gives order that his horſes be well dreſt and looked too. For (ſaies he) my man is but new come to me, and I dare not as yet truſt him with dreſſing my gelding; which the oſtlers promiſed to do accordingly. And perceving the gentleman to be a kind man, they thought they would doe ſome kindneſſe to his ſervant in

the bottome of the ſeller. For while Ratſey was playing at dice above, with ſome others that were there, his new man was carowſing below, and wanting that *vim retentivam* and abilitie that the reſt had to carry their liquor, he beganne to fell oakes in the taphouſe, and his beſt braines were wrapt in a leaden cap: for he was ſo heavie in the head, that he could not ſtand on his feete; ſo he was had to bed preſently.

It fitted Ratſeys purpoſe well, that while hee lost his money at dice, his man did gaine his loading with drinke, for hee had an intention to ſend him away on foote, and ſo he did; for by that they had done playing, the morning beganne to waxe gray, and hee fell a bargayning for his beſt gelding with the hoſt of the houſe, and receyved nineteene pounds for him. Who was no leſſe glad of the one, then Ratſey was of the other: ſo he diſcharged the houſe, and commaunded his mans nag to be ſadled for him (while he was all this while aſleepe).

Which being done, he left ſome ſmall matter of money behind him for his man, and gave order that he ſhould follow him to ſuch a gentlemans houſe, where he never meant to meete him, and ſo rode his way.

Now, what a ſorrowfull and troubled heart this yong novice had, when he roſe and found his new maiſter gone with his old maiſters geldings, I referre to them that have grieved at the like loſſe.

How Ratſey met George Snell and Henrie Shorthoſe, and of their riding togither in Northhamtonſhire; and his robbing of nine men alone.

Ratſey reſolved, after his late purchaſe, neither to buy houſe or land with his xix. li., but ſeeking for copſmates of his owne condition, that were as readie to live uppon ſpoile as himſelfe, at laſt hee met with Shorthoſe, an old friend and countrey-man of his (for Shorthoſe was likewiſe borne in Market-Deeping); and although Shorthoſe (till hee perſwaded him) never gave conſent to enter into anie malefaction, but was driven for matter of debt to forſake his native countrey, yet being very poore, hee was glad of Ratſeys companie, and holpe him to ſpend a great part of his money, ſo lately and ſo lewdly got, which in a little ſpace drew neere an end, (for two hands in one pocket ſoone makes a light purſe).

Then came they both in companie by chaunce with Snell, whome Ratſey perceived, as well by conference, as by countenance (as *Quam difficile eſt animam non prodere vultu*) as apt to incline to deſperate courſes as themſelves, (as indeede hee had beene before) for hee was twice burnt in the hand in Newgate for his bad conditions.

Well, they all layde their heades togither and foorth they went, although none horſed but Ratſey, and layde theyr plottes for Northamtonſhire and thoſe partes, for there hee was moſt ſkilfull of the countrey: and comming to a place called Helpſon-heath, they eſpyed nine men riding towards them together, that were bound for London. Ratſey reſolved to ſhew his reſolution uppon them, and

bade his other companions to goe on the inſide of a hedge into a coppice, while he lay on the outſide cracking of nuts; and bade the other not come forth, unleſſe they ſaw great neceſſitie of their helpe.

The men drew ſomewhat neere the place where Ratſey lay, and being within ſight of him, one of them knew him, (for they were all Lincolneſhire men) and bade the reſt bee reſolved to looſe their purſes now; for (ſayeth hee) yonder lyes Ratſey, whom I know to bee a daungerous and deſperate fellow, and he awaytes nothing but a prey.

Ratſey makes roughly towardes them, and tolde them that he came for money, and money he muſt have, and would have; therefore diſpatch (quoth hee) for one of your companie heere knowes me, and knowes I will not be trifled with.

On our faythes (ſayde they) maiſter Ratſey, wee are no better provided then will beare our charges to London, and that at the moſt is not twentie ſhillings a man; if you will have that, you ſhall have it with all our hearts. Nay (ſayes Ratſey) that will doe mee no good; for it is well knowne I robbe not for trifles. But what have you, ſir, ſayes hee to one that ſtoode aloofe from the reſt, in your portmantgle? Fayth, ſayes hee, I have a little money that I am to pay uppon bond by a day, and we are two or three of us heere bound to pay it: if you take it from us wee are undone. How much is it? ſayes Ratſey. Two hundred poundes (ſayes the other). I, marrie, quoth Ratſey, ſuch a lumpe I looke for. And ſeeing there are ſo many to pay it, it will not hurt you much, if all of you looſe it. Therefore, be briefe, deliver it; for if you ſtand uppon tearmes, or delayes, with mee, I have whelpes within the

inſide of the hedge that, upon a watch-worde, will preſently come foorth, and they never barke till they bite: if they ſtirre, it is all thinges to nothing but ſome of you looſe your lives and your limmes. This beeing heard, the money was preſently delivered; for of two evils, they thought it beſt to chooſe the leaſt. And Ratſey, hee thought it the beſt cracking of nuttes that ever he made that yeelded ſuch ſhelles; and ſo they parted.

How Ratſey robbed a Conjurer.

Ratſey had ſecrete notice given him of a Conjurer, that was a maiſter of artes and a ſcholler of Cambridge (for he had his intelligences abroad, although againſt the ſtate of the commonwealth), and was directed which way hee roade, with his bookes of conjuration in a cloake-bag behinde him. But Ratſey thought all his bookes ſhould not ſave him: for he meant to conjure him without booke, not ſo much for the money ſake (for he had knowledge that the Scholler had not above five or ſix poundes aboute him) but for that it ſhould be ſayd, that [for] once in his life, his courage and ſpirit out-ſtript and daunted the cunning and arte of a Conjurer.

For following him till hee came in Bawtrie Lane, where hee intended this exployte, and which indeede is a verie daungerous place for theeving, Ratſey made towardes him; and the Conjurer thought a good paire of ſpurres better than ſpelles or conjuration at that time, and beganne to pricke forwardes his horſe; which indeede was ſo far better then Ratſeys, that had not Shorthoſe ſtept in, who lay to

prevent his eſcape, the Conjurer had out-rid Ratſey, and ſaved both his bookes and money.

But now the Conjurer is in huckſters handling there is no way with him but one, for Ratſey ſeiſes both upon his money and bookes, for the which the Conjurer pleads hard, but prevailes not. And thinking his paine had beene paſt, he begins to take his leave of maiſter Ratſey, and to ride away: nay, ſayes Ratſey (and takes his horſe by the head) I have not done with you yet: I have a quarrell to this gallant, too; he muſt goe with me for preſuming to over-runne me. It may be you have infuſde ſome arte into your horſe that may ſtand me in ſteed hereafter, for I like him well at hand, howſoever he is at length. So the Conjurers horſe went with Ratſey, which was an excellent good gelding; for Ratſey was oftentimes offered xx pound for him, which he refuſed, for he prooved ſo fit for his purpoſe, that all the prankes that Ratſey plaid afterwards was upon the Conjurer's horſe.

The Conjurer he walkes now a foote, and had he not had two or three pieces of golde left in a ſecret place, which Ratſey found not, I thinke he would with Batillus have hangd himſelfe.

How Ratſey robd a Scholler of Cambridge, and cauſde him make an oration to him in a wood.

Ratſey another time riding by the way, and Snell and Shorthoſe with him, (for they ſtill ſerved for his men, unleſſe upon the performance of any exploit) met with a ſcholler that had beene to receive a part of his wives dowrie, which was foure ſcore pound and upwards: and Ratſey pretend-

ing his courſe the ſame way that the Scholler did, they rode together a great while. They paſt away the time with much talke of many matters, and the Scholler (thinking at leaſt he had beene in the company of a knights ſonne and heire, for that Ratſey rode with his two men, one before and another behinde) began to diſcourſe of many former accidents, and after fell into complaint of the iniquitie of the time, the corruptions of mens conditions, and the obduracie and hardneſſe of their hearts; for (ſaith the Scholler) it is a world to ſee how little regard is now a dayes had of ſchollers and ſouldiers; how they range in every corner without reſpect or reliefe. Their diſtreſſe is in every mans eie, but out of every mans heart, ſo that our preſent times make good that old ſaying,

Charitas laudatur at alget.

With much other prattle to this effect; which Ratſey hearing ſoothed up a pritty while, till he came to a convenient place neere a wood ſide; and then whiſtled, and both his men came about the ſcholler, for the whiſtle was a watch-word betweene them: which when he ſaw, he was in a pittifull plight, and Ratſey ſpake to him thus, or to this effect. Now, honeſt Scholler, for ſo thy talke and thy habit ſhewes thee to be, know we are not as we ſeeme, for we are gentlemen and ſouldiours ſuch as thou didſt talke of before. We are in want, and we ſcorne to crye out our wants in the ſtreets, for we ſhall not be heard; we will have money if it walke upon the earth. And, therefore, to be ſhort, you muſt needs miniſter your purſe to me preſently. Come, diſpatch! make no delay; for we cannot tarry. This ſtroke cold to the ſcholler's heart, for he little thought that the

ſpeech he made would produce ſuch effect. But ſeeing he perceived there was no remedie, but he muſt needs untruſſe (for he ſaw they were all reſolute), he quietly delivered his money unto them, and would have beene gone.

Nay, ſayes Ratſey, you muſt needs ſtay with me a little, for I muſt talke a word or two with you in yonder wood. The ſcholler, fearing if he had him there he would binde him, and do him ſome bodily harme, fell on his knees, and deſired him to be good unto him. Riſe up, man! ſayes Ratſey: come, I meane not to hurt thee; I would but have thy counſaile in a matter. Well, when they were in the wood together, Ratſey told him that he likd his diſcourſe ſo well at firſt, and ſped ſo well after it, that he was deſirous he ſhould preach unto him ſome ſhort ſermon of repentance; for, ſayes he, I have beene a long malefactor, and it may ſo prevaile with me, that it may worke me to ſome good deeds, after my many evils. The Scholler knew he muſt needs do as he would have him, now being in his hands, and therefore ſtept to a tree, choſe his text to that effect, and made a ſpeach of halfe an houre long; which being ended, Ratſey gave him a brace of angels back of his money, and tolde him if ever he came to be a lord, he would make him his chaplaine for his labour.

How he robd two men, and knighted them.

This Gamaliell Ratſey and his two other companions, Snell and Shorthoſe, having laine two or three dayes in an inne in Stamford, expecting ſome booty worthy the taking, at laſt, there came into the ſame inne where they lay two men, that had forty pounds a peece about them, and were

riding into Lincolnſhire to buy wool, which, when they heard, they were not a little glad of, for they made account it was their owne ſtraight, and dealt with the chamberlaine of the houſe to learne which way they rode in the morning; which the chamberlaine performed accordingly, and that with great care and diligence, for he knew he ſhould partake of their fortunes, and ſhare with them if they ſped. So they were directed by him which way the two men did intend their travell in the morning.

The morning being come, the chamberlaine gave them ſuch an huntes-up as made them riſe preſently, for—

Quid non mortalia pectora cogit
Auri ſacra fames?

They ſlept not ſoundly that night, till the thirſty deſire of their purchaſe was effected. Up they got with all ſpeede, and gave order that their horſes ſhould be made readie, which being in readineſſe, they rode eaſily before, the ſame way that the chamberlein directed them, for they imagined the two men would not follow them in an hower or two after. But they made too much haſt for their little profit; for they had not ſtayed one whole hower, when they might eſpie the two clothiers five miles beiond Stamford ryding towards Lyncolne.

And at five mile croſſe, Ratſey gave them ſuch a good morrow, as with fowre wordes ſpeaking (Stande, deliver your purſe), he fetcht foureſcore pounds from them at one clappe. This being done, he bad them kneele downe, and, drawing forth his weapon, he aſked them what their ſeverall names were, and of what profeſſion? They told him, and anſweared they were woolmen by trade: Ratſey then, lay-

ing his weapon on the ſhoulder of one of them, bad him riſe up Sir Walter Woolſack, and of ye other, riſe up Sir Samuell Sheepſkinne. You are now (ſaies he) both my knights, as I have many others beſides you that have payd mee their ſeverall fees, according to their abilities, as you have done, for their election into the order of knighthood: if any aſke you who beſtowed that dignity upon you, ſaye you mette with K. Ratſey; and ſo, farewell.

Thus they rid away, and left the two woolmen heavie in heart and emptie in purſe; and how little they joyed in their poore knighthood, ſo richly paid for, let every indifferent opinion judge by himſelfe, as if he had beene in their taking.

How Ratſey dealt with a poore man going to a market, whom he intended to have robd.

Another time Ratſey, ryding betweene Huntington and Cambridge (for he kept for the moſt part in thoſe parts), he mette with an old man going to S. Ives to a faire; and thinking he had had more ſtore of monie about him, he began to be briefe with the old man, and his wife (for ſhe was likewiſe in his company), and to tell them that he lackt money: it was a hard time for men of his profeſſion, there were no warres, and ſouldiers had no imployments. Therefore, father (ſayes he) I muſt have your money; I come for it: be ſhort, and deliver it. The old man hee ſtood ſhaking as if a man had bene giving up the ghoſt, and told him that in all the world hee had but five nobles, and that he was faine to make hard ſhift for, and ſell ſome of his houſhold ſtoffe to make it up; and if he ſhould die

hee left not one penny at home to helpe him: and my wife (ſaies he) hath but one Edward ſhilling and a mill ſixpence, which hath ſeene no ſunne theſe ſeaven yeares, and that ſhe hath taken in her purſe if we ſhould want money; and all this we have pacht upp togeather (maiſter) to buye us one cow, to keepe me and my wife now we are old. If you take it from us we are utterly undone. You are an old diſſembler (Sirra), ſaies Ratſey to him: I have met with ſuch as you that have ſaid as much as you doe, and yet I have found more ſilver and gold in a ruſſet hoſe then in velvet breeches.

It may be ſo, quoth the old man; but on my faith and hollidome, I deale truly with you, Sir. And with that he drew forth his leather purſe, and powred forth his ſtore, and his wife hers, and badde him even deale with them as hee would.

Ratſey ſeeing this was true, tooke the monies of both of them, but returned it backe, and told them hee had too high a minde to looke upon ſo low a matter; and therewithal gave the old man forty ſhillings out of his owne purſe, and bad him by a couple of kine: for I hold it worſe then ſacriledge (ſayes Ratſey) to rob the ſpittle; and while I live the ſermon in the wood muſt teach me to favour and pitie them that are poore, and helpe them, for the rich can helpe themſelves.

Thus did Ratſey leave the old man both lighter at heart, and heavier in purſe then he found him; but how honeſt a theefe the old man thought him to be when hee was gone, let every poore man judge that lackes a cowe, and hath fortie ſhillings given him to buy one.

How Ratſey got 300 *poundes in one night by his venture of* 50 *pounds with a farmer, that he never ſaw til they met together in an inne.*

It fortuned that Ratſey and his company lying at an inne in New Market, there came into the ſame houſe a farmer, or husbandman, by occaſion of buſineſſe that way; who, intending to lye there all night, and being alone, demaunded of the hoſte, if there were no companie with whom he might ſuppe? he made him anſwere that he had no gueſts that night, but one gentleman and his men, and he knew not whether he would permitte any ſtraunger to ſuppe with him; but (ſaies the hoſt) I will aſke of him. So Ratſeys pleaſure being damaunded in that caſe, he was very wel content; for it was an accident that fitted his expectatiō, that lay there to no other end, but to awaite opportunities: and it was a good wind, he thought, that would blow him ſome profit.

Then Ratſeys ſupper being ready, the ſtraunger was cal- into his chamber, where the cloath was laid, and Ratſey gave him a kinde welcome, though with a Jewiſh heart (for he meant to rob him, though indeede it fell out otherwiſe). So they ſat downe, and Ratſeys two ſuppoſed ſervingmen waited as dutifully as if they had had a maiſter of a better condition. But all ſupper time the farmer uſed verie few words, was diſcontent, and very heavie at heart, which he could not but diſcover; which Ratſey perceiving, demaunded of him the cauſe of his ſo great griefe and melancholy, which with much adoe he told him.

The truth is, faith the farmer, I have much cauſe of

griefe, and for my life I cannot diſſemble it, it toucheth me ſo neere; for tomorrow I am to paie two hundred pounds to a gentleman not farre from hence which I am bound to diſcharge; and more then my bond, my houſe and land is morgaged unto him, and I remaine at his mercie, for I have had ſuch loſſes and hindrances, that all I can make amounts but to one hundred and fifty pounds, and I and mine are utterly undone, unles I can take new order for payment of the other fiftie pounds by a day, which I am very doubtfull of; he is reported to be ſo cruell and unconſcionable.

If this be all (ſayes Ratſey), be of good cheere, for although my ſelfe am unknowne unto him, yet I am ſure he hath heard of my friends, for they are not dwelling farre from him: and I will do ſo much for you as to ride with you in the morning to him, and doubt not I will prevaile, that he ſhall forbeare you till a further time, without forfeiture or advantage taken; for I preſume one gentleman will not deny another ſuch a requeſt, being ſo neere neighbors.

The farmer gave him great thanks, and was well comforted by that promiſe, for it ſeemed a very likely thing y^{t} a gentleman of that ſhew that Ratſey was of, might both perſwade and prevaile with his creditor. So ſupper ended, they parted to their ſeverall lodgings, and the poore man was much merrier by this hope conceived.

Well, morning being come, they rode altogether according to promiſe, and as they rode, ſtill Ratſey would faine have beene dooing with this hundred and fiftie pound; but (as God would have it) his purpoſe was ſtill croſt by the continuall comming too and fro of paſſengers, who made

Ratſey at that time, *volens nolens*, to play the true man againſt his will. But he thought he would goe through ſtitch now as he had begunne, and indeed (although at firſt he never meant it when he ſayd it) rode with the farmer to the gentleman his houſe, where Ratſey, as well as he could, playd the rhetoritian to perſwade the gentleman to beare with his debtor for a time for the odde fiftie pounds; and told him, if either he or any friend of his had cauſe to uſe him, or his meanes, where he dwelt (for he tooke upon him the name of a gentlemans ſonne ſome xx miles from thence of great reckoning), he ſhould commaund him to requite his courteſie. Sir, ſaid the gentleman, I have no acquaintance with your father, but this I have heard, that he is a man of great worth and worship in the country, and could I without my great prejudice pleaſure this man at your requeſt, it is as like you might obtaine it at my hands, as any man living to whom I am not further engag'd. But beleeve me, ſir, as I am a gentleman, I am to ride to morrow to pay 300 pound for a purchace, and my credit is bound for it, and I have ſo depended upon the paiment of this money, as I have neglected to provide for myſelfe otherwiſe, upon the aſſurance of it. Therefore you muſt needs excuſe me, and ſo turnd his back, and was going away. Nay, ſtay, ſir, ſayes Ratſey, I will once in my life play the marchant venturer, and hazard fifty pounds upon a man I never ſaw before. Oh, ſir, ſayes the man (and fell upon his knees), if you will do this pleaſure to a ſtranger, you ſhall binde me, my wife, and children, to pray for you; and I will be as carefull to make you reſtitution, as I am now deſirous to be helpt in this extremity: and I hope you ſhall not ſtay long for your mony. Ratſey made that reckoning too, for

he intended to be paid at ſome of their hands before they parted. To be ſhort, Ratſey tendered downe fifty pounds in gold preſently in the mans behalfe, which the gentleman received, and was ſo wel conceited of Ratſey, that he made them al his gueſts y^{t} night.

The night being paſt over, and the morning come, the gentleman of the houſe got up, and bagd the three hundreth pounds, and made himſelfe ready for his buſineſſe, and to ride. Ratſey was not long after before he was as ready as he, for he meant to accompany him which way ſoever he rode; ſo breakfaſt being paſt, Ratſey tolde the gentleman he would ride ſome part of his way with him, as he pretended occaſion of buſineſſe; which the gentleman was very glad of, for he was ſo farre from any miſtruſt of him (for that he nam'd himſelfe ſuch a gentlemans ſonne) as he held himſelfe much grac'd by his company. The farmer tooke his leave of them both, and was not a little glad that he had eſcapt his late danger.

Ratſey and the gentleman had not rode many miles together, when the gentlemans mans horſe (for he carried the three hundred pounds in a port-mantle behinde him) began to faint, being a graſſe nagge, and they were much troubled with him; which Ratſey perceiving, bad the gentleman (if he pleaſed) to let his man take it behind him (being better horſt) as long as they rode together. The gentleman thanked him very heartily; ſo the money was remooved, and ſet behind Shorthoſe. This was that which Ratſey aimd at, for now he knew his venture of fiftie pounds would come home with profit. Shorthoſe having the port-mantle behinde him, needed no directions what to doe, for their mindes were well enough knowne the one to the

other. But as the gentleman and Ratſey paſt the time away with talke of many matters, little minding the way before them, ſo Shorthoſe, by little and little, mended his pace, and in very ſhort time gotte much ground of them; which the gentleman perceiving, told M. Ratſey that his man rode too faſt. Then Ratſey began to call and whiſtle to his man, but he would take no notice of it, but the more he calde or whiſtled, the more he ſtole away by degrees. At the which Ratſey ſeem'd much mov'd, and did ſweare and teare exceedingly, and told the gentleman that he would ride and overtake him and ſtay him with a vengeance, who all this while miſtruſted nothing, for Ratſeys aſſumption of ſuch a gentlemans name drownd the conceit of any doubts or ſuſpition.

But being ridden after his man, Snell likewiſe begins to pace after his maiſter (as it was his duty), and the faſter they followed Shorthoſe, the faſter he rode from them, ſo that in a little time, as they grew neere together, and at a convenient place of changing the way, they raind their horſes back towards the old gentleman (who followed likewiſe as faſt as he could), and wav'd their hatts over their heads as a farewell for his 300 pound, and ſo rid cleere away. The gentleman he made hue and crye after them, but to no purpoſe, for they were ſo well horſt, and ſo well experienced in every by way, that at their pleaſure they would outſtrip a countrey.

The gentleman went about to trouble the farmer, becauſe he brought him to his houſe; but it availd him nought, for he produc'd ſuch ſufficient proofe how they met by chance in the inne together, and was ſo well knowne to be of honeſt life and converſation, that any matter ſuggeſted againſt him could not prevaile to his hurt.

So the old gentleman with his man return'd home by Weeping Croſſe, and all he had for his three hundreth pounds was but a caveat, hereafter to beware how he gave ſuch ſodaine entertainment to ſtrangers.

A true and merry conceipt Ratſey performed upon a Picklock that travelled the Countries as a foot-poſt.

It chanced that as Ratſey rode abroad, he heard ſtill of a fellow that travelled up and downe the countrie in the name and nature of a foot-poſt, with a long pikt ſtaffe on his necke, and a leatherne bag overthwart his ſhoulder and under his arme, that pretended to carry letters too and fro; but in ſteed of packets, his bag was fild with picklocks, and in every inne and alehouſe where he lodg'd all night, he paid the hoſteſſe with her owne money, and carryed ſomewhat away beſides too; for there was not a cupboard or cheſt that he could come neere, but he would pick open, and if there were no money in it, then money worth ſhould walke with him: and he would not ſticke to rob poore milke-maids and ſervants towards an evening, if he met them handſomly, if they had not above ſixe pence in their purſes.

Ratſey came in no place but complaints were ſtill made of ſuch a fellow, and he did envie the practiſes of ſuch deject and baſe conditions, and reſolved in his minde, if ever he met with him, both to redreſſe and revenge his villanies, and to effect ſome matter of conceipt upon him that ſhould be worth talking [of], and deceive the foot-poſt in his art of lock-picking.

It chanced that, not long after, the foot-poſt came into an

inne in Stilton to drinke where Ratſey was at dinner, who eſpying him out of ye caſement of a window that ſtood open, (for he had certaine notice what kind a fellow he was, and in what attire and faſhion he travelled) he cauſed him to be called in ; and after ſome queſtions, Ratſey made him to drinke and to ſit downe to dinner with Shorthoſe and Snell. They fild his veines with good victualles and wine, and that made the foot-poſt very merry.

I pray thee, foot-poſt, (ſaies Ratſey) which way doſt thou travell ? Faith, ſir, (ſaies he) I go every way, even as the directions of my letters give me occaſion ; but now I am going to Cambridge. I pray thee then, quoth Ratſey, let me intreat thee to carry me a letter to the Jailor ; for my father ſent in a fellon thither the other day, and I ſhould ſend word to the Jaylour that hee ſhould not be bailed. Marry, that I will in moſt dutifull manner (quoth this ſuppoſed foot-poſt), and much more for your worſhip then that. Then Ratſey demaunded his name, which he told him. Give him a cuppe of wine (ſayes Ratſey ; and while hee is drinking and at dinner, I will write my letter and make it ready. But in ſtead of a letter, Ratſey counterfeited a juſtice of peace his hand in Cambridgeſhire, and wrote his Mittimus, and ſet it in with this proviſo, that he ſhould be kept faſt boulted, or els he would breake away.

As ſoone as the mittimus was made, ſealed, and ſubſcribed in forme of a letter, Ratſey delivered it to the foot-poſt, and ſaid, give this to the chiefe Jaylor of Cambridge, and there is halfe a crowne for thee to drinke for thy labor. So the foot-poſt tooke the letter and the money, and with many a cappe and knee thanked Ratſey, and departed, and made haſt till he came at Cambridge ; and ſtaide not in the

towne ſomuch as to taſt a cuppe of nappie ale before he came to the Jaylor, and to him very briefely hee delivered the letter. The Jaylour tooke it, and read it, and ſmilde a good, and ſayde, Foot-poſt, thou art welcome for ſuch a gentlemans ſake; he bids mee give thee the beſt intertainment I may. I ſir, quoth the foot-poſt; the gentleman loves me well, and I thanke him for it: I dined well with his men to day.

But I pray you (ſaies the foot-poſt), hath the curteous gentleman remembred ſuch a poore man as I am in his letter? I mary doth he (fellow) quoth he, and therefore, ſirra (ſaith the Jaylor, and calls to one of his men) take the foot-poſt into the loweſt ward, clappe a ſtrong paire of bolts upon his heeles, and ſearch what other letters he carries in his leatherne caſket: which his man performing, found nothing in the ſame but 3 or 4 bundels of picklocks. Then the Jaylor commaunded he ſhould have a paire of ſhackles clapt on more, and bad him to ſee if his picklockes would ſerve his turne to baile him thence. But the foot-poſt (or rather picklocke) hearing his mittimus, was blanke and cold at heart, and had not a worde to ſay, his conſcience did ſo accuſe him. But there he lay while the next ſeſſions, and was hanged, for many matters did come againſt him.

Now, let true men judge, what knaverie is amongſt theeves when one croſsbites another to the gallowes.

How Ratſey robd a Preacher, by perſwaſion.

Another time Ratſey, ryding by the way upon New Market heath, overtooke a preacher, upon whom he intended to paſſe ſome pranke, and reſolved there could be

no better jeſt practiſed uppon a parſon then to picke his purſe by perſwaſion, without drawing of any weapon. And at the firſt gave him this encounter. You are well overtaken, ſir. You are welcome, ſayes the preacher. Pray you, how farre ride you this way, quoth Ratſey. I ride, ſayes the preacher, to ſuch a place; if you ride that way, I would be glad of your compnay. Yes, indeed (anſwers Ratſey), that ſame waie lies my buſineſſe, and I will accompanie you with all my heart. Thus, their ſeverall ſalutations ended upon their firſt meeting, they entered into further communication of divers matters, and ſo beguiled much time and way with ſuch talke: but that was not the matter which Ratſey aymed at, for hee meant to give the churchman another text to preach upon; therefore fell roundly to his purpoſe in this faſhion. I perceave, ſir, by your habit, you are a preacher and ſcholler: both, by art and nature, are kind and curteous; I doe little, therefore, miſdoubte your friendly reſpect of what I ſhall ſpeake unto you. Know, then, that I am a gentleman, and have beene a man of better meanes then my preſent fortunes makes ſhew of; but by the fortunes of warre, and my owne diſorder, I am fallen into the hands of extremity, and am forſt to lay my wants open to the helpe of others: and I thinke I cannot fitter communicate my griefes to any then a man of your condition, for you preach to others the doctrine of good deedes and charity; therefore, I doubt not but your ſelfe will be reſpective of ſuch as are needye. I confeſſe I have beene a great malefactor, but am ſory for what is paſt, and would willingly prevent any misfortunes to come: yet I was never neerer the mouthe of miſhappe then I am now at this inſtant; for my wants are ſuch and

ſo deſperate, as if I have it not of you, I muſt and will have mony of him I meete next, although I hazard my deereſt blood. Therefore, as you are a gentleman and a ſcholler, tender my diſtreſſe; and conſider the force and powre of neceſſity, which conſtraines them that are needy to rob, and take away the goods of their neighbors, and oftentimes to endanger their lives and limmes, and ſo at laſt bring themſelves by ſuch lewd courſes to untimely end. If I doe paſſe from you unpitied and unrelieved, notwithſtanding I thus make my minde and extremities knowne unto you, and afterwards be conſtrained to fall into theft, or murther, aſſure your ſelfe you are partaker of my evill in that you have not reduced me going awry, nor ſupported me being ready to fall.

The preacher was feelingly toucht with this paſſion, and told him that he was inwardly grieved that a gentleman of his ranke and faſhion ſhould be driven to ſo lowe an ebbe; and that his meanes could not anſwere his willing minde: and ſo drew his purſe out of his pocket, and ſaies to Ratſey, heres mony, hold, take it; I thinke it be three pounds or thereabouts. I would I were better provided to pleaſure you. Ratſey receaved it, and gave him great thanks, but reſolved to ſound him deeper whether hee had any more ſtore or no; therefore ſeconded his ſpeech in this manner. Sir, quoth Ratſey, this is money indeed, and will ſerve a mans preſent occaſions for meat and drinke, but not to furniſh me to ſuch preferment as I am hopefull of; and my minde gives mee (I cannot tell what the reaſon is) that you haue more money about you: if you have, it ill befits a man of your profeſſion to diſſemble, for that is a fault you much reprehend in others; therefore, as you will anſweare

before God, I charge you tell me the truth howſoever it bee. Why then (quoth the preacher) to deale plainly with you, I have tenne poundes more which I received this morning. Let me ſee it (ſaies Ratſey). So hee drew it out of his other pocket, and delivered it to Ratſey; who, returning the purſe and three poundes backe to the preacher, kept the tenne pounds, and told him, that (he thought) would ſerve his turne, and ſave him from imminent daunger that before he was ready to fall into. And (ſayes Ratſey), if ever my eſtate bee raiſed to that ability that I bee able, I pray you tell me your name and dwelling, and I will make you undoubted reſtitution for it: in the meane time, I will but borrow this of you till my better fortunes. And ſo would have taken his leave and departed. Nay (ſayes the preacher), I pray you leave me not to night, but lie at mine inne with me, and I promiſe you (for all this) I will beare your charges, and be merry with you. Pardon me for that, ſayes Ratſey; ſo you may doe me wrong, and charge the conſtable with me, and ſay I have robd you of ten pound, when I have but borrowed it: I dare not hazard my life and liberty ſo ſlenderly. As I am an honeſt man, ſayes the preacher, and looke for mercy at Gods hands at the laſt day, beleeve me, I will not ſpeake one word of it to any man, neither ſhall you be troubled or injured any way by my meanes or procurement; for I am ſo well perſwaded of you, that if you live, you will one day give it me againe.

Upon this religious proteſtation Ratſey rode along with him, and ſet up their horſes together, ſupt together, and lay together. For Ratſey handled his talke and behaviour ſo orderly in the preſence of the preacher, that he conceived an extraordinary good opinion of him, and imputed the

former accident to neceſſitie, rather then the corruption of Ratſeys condition.

The morning being come, they brake their faſt together, and the parſon payd all according to promiſe, and Ratſey brought him ten miles of his way, where they tooke their ſeverall leaves; Ratſey with redoubled thanks, and promiſe to pay the money againe, and the preacher with a world of good counſell. For (ſayes he) if that may ſerve to ſave you from ſuch perrill as you pretended, I ſhall thinke it the moſt charitable deed that ever I did in my life. And ſo they parted.

A true relation of the robbery committed by Ratſey and his company, within a little off Bedford; for which they were executed at Bedford, the 27 of March laſt, 1605.

A gentleman and his brother, dwelling within ſixe or ſeaven miles of Bedford, having bin in a place where they had receaved the ſumme of eight ſcore and fourteene poundes, or there abouts, Ratſey had ſecret knowledge and intelligence thereof, and of the way which they travelled homewards: ſo both he, and Snell, and Shorthoſe, dog'd both the gentlemen, whereof the one carried the money before him in a wallet, and could ſpie no convenient place to give onset to their purpoſe, til they came within halfe a mile of the gentlemans owne houſe. Then Ratſey (by his intelligence) thought it was either high time to ſtrike or to deſiſt from their former reſolution; for by the notice that was given him, he knew he was not far from the gentlemans groundes and place of dwelling. And, therefore, being well horſt (for hee was uppon the Conjurers gelding),

he toucht him with his ſpurres, and ſoone overtooke the gentleman, to whome hee briefely began to tell the cauſe of his comming; which was (he ſaid) for money, and money hee muſt have. The gentleman told him that he wold not part with his money ſo eaſily, and alighted, and Ratſey and he betooke themſelves to their weapons; and while they were at it verie luſtilie, the gentlemans brother began to ride away with the money, but Snell followed him and ſoone brought him againe, who kept him ſafe while the other were fighting who ſhould carrie away the money. The gentleman is knowne in his countrie to bee verie ſtout and valiant; and had not his ſword broken, it is thought that Ratſey and Snell both could not have rob'd him (for Shorthoſe never came in). The gentleman hurt Ratſey verie dangerouſly, and he himſelfe had a maime in his leg, which is ſaid to be done by Snell comming in to aide Ratſey; and beeing both uppon him when the gentlemans ſword failed, the money was delivered; and with much danger Ratſey and his companions eſcaped, for hue and crie went foorth in everie place: but they ſpared no horſe-fleſh till they coaſted the countrie and came to Saffron-walden: there one of them had ſome friendes or kinsfolkes, with whome they all repoſed themſelves a day or two, and Snell and Shorthoſe did there change away their horſes.

From thence they tooke their ſeveral courſes to London, where they met altogether in an inne in Southwarke, where it is reported they ſhared their money, and that Ratſey had two ſhares allowed him in reſpect of his hurts receaved.

But as goods evil got are for the moſte part evill ſpent, ſo they made as little conſcience in conſuming their money, as they did in getting the ſame. And as deceipt hath ſtil

his due, and God is juſt in punniſhing offenders, ſo fell it out in their ſeveral apprehenſions, for Snel, being taken in Duck-lane in London for a horſe that he had ſtolne from about Graues-end, not for the robbery committed in Bedfordſhire, and being examined before a juſtice, and readie to be committed to priſon, he appealed to the juſtice for favour, tolde him hee would helpe him to one Ratſey, of whome ſuch fame went for many robberies, if he wold be good unto him for his life. The juſtice promiſed him his lawful favor, and therupon Snell gave him notice where Ratſeys horſe ſtood, and where hee ſhould have him. So by his directions Ratſey was taken and apprehended neere the Doctors Commons, and committed to Newgate, where he remained a long time, and Snell likewiſe. In which ſpace, two or thee ſeſſions paſt, and they never call'd to any triall.

All this while Shorthoſe was at libertie, and having been up and downe in the countrie five or ſixe weekes, and comming to London to liſten how Ratſey and Snell had ſped the ſeſſions before, he went and unfoulded his minde to one Water Skellington, a countrieman of his, who revealed him to the keepers of Newgate, and ſo hee was likewiſe apprehended in Long-lane, in the liberties of great S. Bartholomewes.

So beeing thus ſeverally taken, Newgate held and contained them, till Snell deſired the juſtice to remoove him to the Kings Bench, for feare leaſt one of the other ſhold doe him ſome ſuddaine miſchiefe for revealing of Ratſey.

A little before the aſſize time in Lent laſt they were all remooved downe to Bedford, where they had not remained long, but Ratſey had eaten off his irons with a water which

hee had gotten, and ſo had eſcaped, but that hee was eſpyed in time, and prevented by the keeper.

To bee ſhort, the aſſizes being come, they were all brought downe to the place of judgement, where they ſhewed themſelves ſo valiant that they thruſt twelve men into a corner, who found them all guiltie for the robberie committed in Bedfordſhire uppon the gentleman and his brother. And they were ſent away from the barre with the dolefull ſentence of Lord have mercie upon you, and the ſeaven and twentie day of March laſt, they were all executed in Bedford aforeſaid.

Ratſeys repentance, which he wrote

with his owne hand when hee was
in New-gate.

THE ſilent night had ſhadowed euerie tree,
And Phœbus in the weſt was ſhrowded lowe:
Each hive had home her buſie labouring bee,
And birds their nightly harbour gan to knowe;
And all things did from wearie labour linne,
When I began to way my ſtate and ſinne.

Men worne with worke betooke them to their reſt,
The ſunne had left to ſhew his glorious beames:
Titan had fully hid him in the weſt,
To coole the fetlockes of his wearie teames;
When, ſunk with ſorrow beeing captivate,
I ſhed foorth teares, lamenting much my ſtate.

My head on hand, my elboe on my knee,
And teares did trickle downe my count'nance than;
My countenance as ſad as mans might bee,
My dumps befitting well a captive man:
Fetter'd, in priſon, paſſionate alone,
My ſighs wrought teares, and thus I gan to moane.

I that of late did live a ſouldiers life,
And ſpent my ſervice in my countries good,

Now captive lie, where nought but cares are rife,
Where is no hope but loſſe of deereſt blood:
This is befall'n mee, cauſe I did miſpend
That time which God to better uſe did lend.

Sigh! for my muſicke is a Syrens ſong,
A faire deceipt to ſhadow men in griefe:
Did I ſay fayre? Alas! I call'd it wrong.
Uliſſes knew the Syrens daungers chiefe
Was when ſhe ſung to lull a man a ſleepe,
Then faſhion'd ſhee to ſing, to make men weepe.

Deceaving Syrens, Syrens all to mee,
A ſhining ſhadowe, but a dreame of golde:
A bayte, a trappe: I blinde and could not ſee
A dangerous pray, and I, both fond and bolde
Would venture all, all for a worthles toye,
And ſo I left, and loſt my chiefeſt joye.

Had I but ſtopt mine eares when Syrens ſung,
And bound my ſelfe unto Uliſſes maſt;
Or had I thought, alas I am but young,
Too much is all to venture on a caſt,
I might have liv'd, and from all dangers free,
Where now I dye, for life is not for me.

But I did follow what I knew was vaine;
Inſteed of vertue, I did vice imbrace:
My former pleaſures now procure my paine,
And cauſe I lackt one ſparke of timely grace,

The poyſoned aconite of death and woe
Reſolves to ſend a fatall overthrowe.

This makes mine eyes to guſh out floods of teares,
My fleſh to melt, my vaines and artirs rend;
My ſoule to ſeeke redreſſe, to cure her feares,
For now my cauſe cannot affoord one friend.
I that of late did number many friends,
Nowe finde them fled, and no man comfort lends.

The leaveles tree with wrath of Winters winde,
Beſt repreſents my wretched waſting ſtate;
Fortune the winde, the leaves my friends I finde,
My ſelſe the tree that thus am croſt by fate;
And yet in this we greatly differ may,
That it revives and I ſtill pine away.

I cannot ſpeake, but kill my ſelfe with words,
I cannot thinke, but I my conſcience wounde;
Law ſtabbes me ſtill in every part with ſwords,
Juſtice commaunds in ſetters I bee bound,
And for I have been graceles, griefes doe ſpring,
My daies miſled my preſent cares doe bring.

Confounding ſadnes, like a loade of leade,
Chilles all my blood, and makes my ſinewes ſhrinke,
Revenge (quoth wrong) let rigour ſtand in ſtead,
Death filles the cup, and ſaies that I muſt drinke;
This makes me pleade, this makes me call and cry
To heavens great King for mercie ere I die.

I, all confus'd and in confuſion wrapt,
Implore Gods mercy proſtrate on my face:
Youngling I was, and novice-like intrapt:
Repentance true, away ſhall follies chaſe.
Forgive, oh heavens! th' iniquities of youth,
Doe not object the faults of my untruth.

Villaines avaunt! you baſtards are by kinde,
That doe perturbe the countries quiet ſtate:
Shame to offend, ſhun a corrupted minde,
And learne by me your former life to hate.
Live of your owne, and brave it not with brags,
Leaſt law condemne you in your proudeſt rags.

Awake for ſhame, and lift your eye-lids up!
Sleepe not ſecure, nor dreame of doing wrong:
If juſtice ſtrike, you cannot change her cup,
Death being done, you fall, for he is ſtrong.
And then your courſe, becauſe you did not ceaſe
To vexe your king with troubling countries peace.

Drinke not the nectar of your neighbors ſweate;
Steale not at all, thy God dooth ſo commaund:
Whoſe lawe to keepe thy ſoveraigne doth intreate,
Thy health it is, Gods law to underſtand:
Obeying God, God ſhall all harmes prevent;
Keeping kings peace, thy king is well content.

Like to the woolfe in everie place you range,
Praying on lambes that never went aſtray,
And like camelions muſt your ſuites be ſtrange,

Who dooth by kinde change colours every day ;
Without reſpect, forgetting what you bee,
Maſking in ſinne, as if God could not ſee.

Abate preſumption : ſinne is not a jeſt,
Though God forbeare, yet will he ſtrike at length.
God made thee man, make not thy ſelfe a beaſt,
But ſeeke to love thy God with ſoule and ſtrength.
Ill got, ill ſpent, your hopes (in theft) pretended,
Are griefe and ſhame, and life in ſorrowes ended.

Your chiefe deſires to fill your purſſe with golde,
By hooke and crooke all careleſs of regarde ;
You count him beſt that Bayardlike is bolde,
For ſuch deſires ſharpe reckonining is preparde.
Leave then to ſinne, ſo may you ſcape that fall,
Which, following vice, you cannot ſhun at all.

Mad is the minde that ſtill in dangers ſtray,
Iron his heart whoſe gaine is others woe :
Solde is his ſoule whome Sathan leades away,
His path diſtruction where ſo ere he goe :
Solde, ſolde, for droſſe : Oh, bee not ſo deceav'd !
Hell gapes, ſoule ſincks, of heavenly joyes bereav'd.

It's I, invect, knowes what infection is,
And loves effect that makes me thus to warne ;
Take what I give, for good confection tis :
By my downe-fall far better may you learne,
Leaſt all to late, you weepe as well as I,
In deathes deepe griefe, expecting ſtill to die.

My ſorrowing ſobbes with teares redeeme what's paſt,
Or flouds of teares ſuffice for fore-done ills:
Beholde my lookes with diſcontent ore caſt,
Whoſe heart dooth rend, whoſe eyes freſh fountaines ſtils;
And yet all this, and all that I can doe,
Is ſmall to that, which I have neede to doe.

My ſoule ſhall mourne for all my ill-done deedes,
And I will weepe, ſole author of ſoules woe
Repentance ſhall be my blacke mourning weedes,
Ile bathe my ſelfe in teares from top to toe;
And while life is, which cannot now be long,
Graunt mercie Lord! this ſhall be all my ſong.

My heart through fleſh ſhall iſſue ſweating griefe,
And ſcald my bones with ſalt and briniſh teares:
Through fleſh and bone my heart ſhall beg reliefe
On bended knees, till bone my fleſh outweares.
All that I am Ile ſpend in mourne for ſinne,
And where I end, afreſh I will begin.

Devine celeſtiall maker of earths globe,
Crown'd King of Kings, moſte happie power of powers!
Juſt in thy judgement, cleare in scarlet robe,
Sweet of all ſweets, in judgement gall to ſowres,
Releaſe my ſorrowes, if thou thinke it meete,
And ſalve my ſinfull ſores with balme ſo ſweet.

Great God, remit the follies of my youth,
Thy power devine I will no more offend:
But I will ſtrive to ſerve thee ſtill in truth,

While to this bodie thou a life doſt lend,
And at my end, Ile give the praiſe to thee,
If thou but graunt one dram of thy mercie.

If Maudlins teares did ever Chriſt's feete wet,
And ſweet her ſoule with true repentant teares:
If Peters mourning ſtreames did mercy get,
For all his ſinnes, though hee his Chriſt forſweares,
My ſad laments, abounding from minē eyes,
Sweet God accept, and heare my mournefull cryes.

A wounded ſoule, a broken contrite heart,
Creepes in great'ſt throng thy mercies throne to touch,
The oyle of life, king of my life impart,
Though ſinne be great, thy mercies thrice as much.
Oh thou that art in power, and mercy great,
Send downe thy mercie from thy mercies ſeate!

The Publican ſuppreſt with weight of ſinne,
Durſt not preſume to caſt his eyes on hie,
Gazing on earth his heart did never linne,
But *Miſerere* lowely he did crie.
Peccavi Lord, this ſinners ſoule confeſſed.
Whoſe note I ſing, that have no leſſe tranſgreſſed.

The wandring ſonne, whoſe portion was miſpent
With ryots, ſurfets, quaffing bowles of wine,
Dainties all deere; in hunger now content,
To feede with hogs this prodigalls not nice.
All tattered torne, ſkak't out of colours fine,
Neede him compels to keepe a ſtrangers ſwine.

The ground contentes him now to reſt upon,
Whome beds of downe did whilome diſcontent ;
His head up boulſtred with ſome hill or ſtone,
The clouds a covering to his field-bed lent,
When ſorrie man ore' plundged wofull lyes,
His curtaines colde, his canapy the ſkies.

Renumerating with himſelfe the cauſe
Of want, of woe, of hunger, and of colde,
Offence to God, the breaking of his lawes,
Then breake out teares he could no longer holde ;
But weeping ran, till he his father ſees,
In true repentance bending on his knees.

And with lowd organ of a faynting ſoule,
Father, (he ſaid) I have gainſt heaven offended,
Gainſt earth, and Thee whoſe power dooth ſin controule ;
No worthy ſonne : ſo he his faint ſpeech ended.
Yet ſtill in ſilence pearles of teares dril'd foorth,
Till fathers welcome counted him of worth.

His fathers heart in pittie then relents,
About his necke he cloſde his aged armes,
Glad in his heart his ſonne in heart repents,
Receaves him home, and with a kiſſe he warnes
That all his friendes ſhould feaſt at his free coſt,
And welcome home his ſonne ſo long was loſt.

Thrice happie ſonne, whoſe teares renew this grace,
And ſweet repentance was it home thee brought.
Threefolde, thrice double, happie fathers face,

A ſonne to finde whome thou ſo long haſt ſought!
And ſonne moſte happie in a father kinde,
Who, being loſt, did ſuch a father finde.

The ſelfe ſame balme is cure for my great woe,
The ſame repentance makes me *Abba* crie:
My ſpeech doth faint, and I can ſay no more,
Mercye redreſſe, els languiſhing I die. [paine,
Sweet, ſweete of ſweetes, bleſt balme, chiefe eaſe of
Graunt me my home, I will not ſtray againe!

No more ſhall folly holde my wits in thrall,
Wiſdome ſhall ranſome will from follies bandes,
Experience ſhall forewarne me Syrens all,
Nor ſhall diſpaire touch conſcience with foule hands;
But till lifes end, my prayers to heaven ſhall hye,
And with repentance will I live and die.

With ſinne my ſoule ſhall bee no more oppreſt,
My God to ſerve ſhall now be all my care:
No longer ſhall my thoughts bee at unreſt,
But dayly ſhun the place where wicked are:
And while the remnant of my life doth laſt,
Ile ſigh and ſorrow for my ſinnes forepaſt.

My colour'd ſuites I now exchange for blacke,
Till ſcarlet ſinnes be all as white as ſnowe:
On me ſweet time ſhall never turne his backe,
Nor ſhall his taſke be more my tares to mowe;
But with repentance furrow hopes forlorne,
Till God give grace I ſheaff up better corne.

This little remnant of my life ſo poore
Ile teach to ſhun all ſinne and vices all.
Giver of grace, graunt grace I ſinne no more,
Eſtabliſh me that I may never fall:
To thee my heart, my life and ſoule I give,
Who after death eternally makes live.

Dyrect my pathes even for thy mercies ſake,
Guide Thou my ſteps to keepe repentant wayes:
Keepe me from ſleepe, in thee ſtill let me wake
To laude thy name during theſe arthly daies;
And when from earth I ſhall diſſolve to duſt,
Graunt that my ſoule may live among the juſt.

FINIS. GAMALIEL RATSEY.

INTRODUCTION.

LITTLE need, or indeed can, be said by way of introduction to the ensuing little poem, of which only one perfect copy is in existence, although since we wrote of it not long ago (*Bibliographical Account*, 1865, vol. i, p. 382) a mere fragment of it has been brought under our notice : that fragment includes only two pages and part of a third, but from the same types.

It merits the distinction we have given to it by reprinting it, if only as a singular specimen of the versification for the period at which it was written. The story, of course, is from Ovid (*Metam.*, II, v, 587) ; and in Golding's heavy fourteen syllable lines it had first appeared in English in 1567. Hubbard's system in 1569 was entirely different, and we may confidently say, much superior. Until then, the species of lyric stanza he adopted was, we think, unknown in our language ; and we are aware of no other example of it, either earlier or later: he uses it with skill and effect; and the easy, but unusual, manner in which he carries on the sense of a passage from one stanza to another deserves great commendation. His simplicity and natural pathos are also remarkable. Hubbard's powers of expansion do not appear to have been great ; he has told his incidents briefly, and has, in most instances, judiciously followed and adopted

the thoughts of the first narrator: still, he has throughout displayed a laudable degree of freedom.

Regarding "W. Hubbard", as he is called on the title-page, and "W. Hub", as the name stands at the close of the production, we can give no information. Warton (*H. E. P.*, iv, 239, edit. 8vo.) without hesitation christens him William, and Ritson, with no expression of doubt, gives him the same name (*Bibl. Poet.*, p. 251); but for aught that is known, it may have been Walter, Watkin, or any other name beginning with W. Whether Hubbard wrote anything else we are utterly ignorant; and the registers of the Stationers' Company do not appear to contain any record even of this "Tragical and lamentable History of two faithful Mates." While reading it, in mere justice to the author, we must bear in mind that his harshest stanzas are three centuries old, and that his best have necessarily many of the peculiarities and quaintnesses of his day.

J. P. C.

The tragicall and lamentable

Historie

Of Two Faythfull Mates:

Ceyx Kynge of Thrachine,

and Alcione his wife.

Drawen into English

MEETER.

By W. Hubbard.

1569.

IMPRINTED

At London, by Wyllyam How, for Richard Johnes,
and are to be ſolde at his ſhop under the
Lotterie houſe.

The tragicall and lamentable Historie of *Ceyx* and *Alcione*.

WHEN frowning Fortune gan aſſaulte
her Foes, whoſe deth ſhe doth deſire,
She will revenge, though for no faulte,
when Envie hath her ſet on fire :
Shee ſeekes to bring men to decaie
whom erſt alofte
She had ſet up at pleaſant ſtaye,
though reeling ofte.

And then at laſt they, tumbling downe
from higheſt ſtaie to loweſt ſtep,
To lamentacion from renowne,
with tumbling caſt they downewarde lep.
Amonge all other, one I finde
unfortunate ;
For of his ſtate Fortune repinde
with cruell hate.

He was ſomtime of Thracine King,
and Ceyx, I reade, he had to name :
Dame Fortune his miſchaunce ſeeking,
ſhe tolde him ſtreight, by flickering Fame,

How Peleus his brother was,
by ruinous chaunce,
With Death diſtroyed, as cam to paſſe,
by Fortunes launce.

Whereat he muſing ſtoode diſmayde,
and vexed ſore then in his thought ;
How eaſely might the ſignes, he ſaide,
the which before his death were wrought,
Of all men well perceived be,
as came to paſſe,
Betokening this his deſtinie,
which fearefull was.

When Ceyx the matter did perceive,
miſdoubting what was beſt to doo,
He did deviſe where he might have
a remedie to ſlake his woo :
For counſell he to ſeeke with ſpeede
at ſacred Spels,
Deviſeth thus, as I do reade,
where this God dwels.

The God of Claros I do meane,
where as an Oracle woulde tell
Eache thing to fill fonde fanſies ſtreame,
but no good counſell their did dwell.
Kinge Ceyx diſpoſed thus to goe
to this fonde God,
Dame Fortune hath provided, loe,
this ſcorging rod.

He had a wife who had to name
Alcione, then Thrachine Queene ;
She was a wife of paſſyng fame,
few ſuch at this time can be ſeene :
To whom he minded to diſcloſe
all his intente ;
Unto his loving Mate he goes,
untimely ſent.

He then began with faultring voice
to ſhewe the matter to his wife,
At whoſe preſence ſhe did rejoyce,
for ſure ſhee loved him as her life ;
But when ſhe heard he would departe,
with feare there ſtrake
A chilnes ſtraight unto hir hart,
that teares out brake.

Thre times ſhe then about to ſpeake,
thre times ſhe waſht hir face with teares.
Thre times ſhe of from teares did breake,
and thus complained in his eares :
What fault of myne (O husbande deare)
doth thee compell,
That thou wilt dwell no longer heere,
but go to Spell ?

Do jorneies long delight thee nowe ?
or doth mine abſence better pleaſe
Then my preſence ? then I vowe
to Neptune, guider of the ſeas,

Whoſe ſtormes uncertain thou muſt bide
in wofull plight,
To offer giftes if he will guide
thy ſhip aright,

Untill thou comſt at wiſhed port;
for ſure my care is great for thee,
Thou art my joye and ſure comfort,
my faithfull ſpouſe geve eare to mee:
Shall I have cauſe onely to mourne,
and ſhall my care
Of thy uncerteine home returne
be voide of feare?

The ſea doth make mee ſore afraide:
to thinke on it, my corps doth quake,
My minde with muſing is diſmaide,
for verie woe my joinctes do ſhake;
For broken late upon the ſhoare
the ribbes of ſhips
I ſawe, whoſe maſters long before
the waves in whips.

But yet, my ſpouſe, if that thy will
I can by no entreatance move,
But that thou wilt perſever ſtyll,
Conſider then my tender love,
And mee (deare husbande) with thee take,
that I maye bee
Partaker of thy griefe, and make
Some mirth for thee.

O loving wife, Alcione,
my love, my deare and onely joye!
(Quoth he) and wept full tenderlye;
let not mine abſence thee annoye:
Content thy ſelfe full quietlie,
and will no more
On hovering waves to go with mee
from Thrachine ſhoare.

For my returne ſhalbe againe,
if that the Goddes permit me life,
Within two monthes, I tell thee plaine,
as thou art my eſpouſed wife.
With that ſhe gan for joy to weepe
that Ceyx had
Appointed daies, and ſighed deepe,
and wexed glad.

She there doth bring him to the ſhoore,
where he his laſt farewell did take.
Alciones hart miſgave before,
ſhe did with trembling joyntes oft quake;
And ſtraining Ceyx in her armes,
with pittious looke,
Her laſt farewell, miſtruſting harmes,
ſhe ſadly tooke.

And when ſhe ſawe the watermen
the ſhip beginne to drive from ſhore,
And that ſhe muſt hir ſpouſe leave then,
ſhe, muche more heavy then before,

My only joy is gon, ſhe ſayd,
why do I live?
Let death of thine with mine be paide:
I would it give.

And caſting up hir waterie eies,
ſhe did beholde her husband ſtand
On hatches, gon now far on ſeas:
ſhe ſawe him becking with his hand,
And ſhe likewiſe her hands did ſhake,
as love did move,
Where as ſhe did her laſt ſight take
of hir deere love.

And when the ſhip was out of ſight,
ſhe ſtraight unto hir chamber went:
She ſcreeked out with maine and might,
and pitiouſly ſhe did lament;
She caſt her body on her bed
with ſory heart,
With dumped ſprites, as heavy as led,
renewes hir ſmart.

And whilſt ſhe lieth muſing here,
a pleaſant gale of winde doth blowe;
The wether waxeth very cleare,
theſe ſhipmen now in ſeas do rowe,
And Ceyx doth make his men up hale
the higheſt maſt,
And ſet them up with the top ſaile,
that no wind waſt.

At laſt they all arived are,
when night was com and day was ſpent,
When eche of them muſt ende their care,
and eke muſt there their lives relent;
For Boreas with his bitter blaſts
doth fierſlie blow,
And waves do riſe up all in haſte
to overthrowe

Their ſhip; and they with fearefull ſpeede
do cut down ſailes & clothes down rend:
Eche man is buſie nowe at neede,
yet all in vaine thei do contend;
For now the tempeſt hath by force
the upper hande:
King Ceyx doth oftimes wiſh his corſe
to be on lande

With his deare love Alcione,
who now, he ſaith, did warning geve
Of foming tempeſts of the ſea,
yet he as then would not beleve;
But willinglie would forwarde goe
to ſeeke counſell,
To paſſe the ſea would forwarde rowe
to go to Spell.

King Ceyx did of his love ſtill ſpeake:
he alwaies cried (Alcione),
Nothing would make his tonge of breake
but wicked waves of watrie ſea,

When thus with death he conquered was,
and diynge in ſea,
He ſeemde to ſpeake halfe dead (alas)
Alcione!

Whilſte Ceyx doth lye thus in the ſea,
quite drownde with over gulfing waves,
On rufull bed Alcione,
with weeping eies, ſhe reſtles craves
For ſafe and ſpeedie comming home
of Ceyx her mate,
Who lieth toſt on ſalt ſea fome,
unfortunate,

Now dead and drowned in the ſea:
yet ſhe the dayes doth compt and tell;
She thinkes, poore wretch Alcione,
her husbandes home returne from Spell
To be but ſlowe; and ſhe doth thinke
eche hower a day:
No joyes into her hart can ſink
for his delay.

She hopeth yet to ſee him againe
alive at his appointed hower.
Her expectacion was in vaine,
for Fortune was diſpoſed to lower
On him, poore wretch, as late befell,
yet ſhe doth make
Acompt of his returne from Spell,
her loving make.

The lady being thus mindfull ſtill
of her owne ſpouſe and husband deare,
The day is paſt, the night doth fill
eche thing with darkenes bright and cleare;
And ſhe to reſtles bed is gon
to take hir ſleepe,
And ſtraight a ſlumber ſtealing on,
her eyes yet weepe.

This wofull wight, Alcione,
doth dreame ſhe ſeeth ſtand by her bed,
Her only joy, late drownd in ſea,
pale, wan, ſtarke nakt, and cold as lead:
She thought he leaned on her breſt,
and to her ſaid;
My loving wife, me thou knoweſt,
be not diſmaid.

Thy Ceyx is dead; therfore in vaine
of my retourne no reckening make:
The boiſterous windes with might and main
our ſhip on ſeas did toſſe and shake
Untill it was turnd upſidowne,
and drownd in ſea.
O worthie wight of high renowne,
Alcione!

Thou heareſt not by falſe reporte,
but I my ſelfe my ſhipwreke ſhow;
Ariſe, therfore, come and comfort
thy husband, and ſom teares beſtowe

Upon thy ſpouſe; and decke the now
with moorning weede,
For I can mirth no more allowe,
now I am dead.

With that she ſtretched forth her handes,
her husbands ghoſt for to imbrace;
He ſteps a ſide and backward ſtands,
with that the teares ran downe hir face:
She ſcreeketh out, why doeth thou flie,
and leave me alone?
Then take me with thee, for I muſt die,
if thou art gon.

All this she did yet being a ſleepe,
and by and by she did awake,
And rewfully began to weepe,
and heavely the matter take:
Shee rent her clothes, and tare her heere,
with extreme woe;
Her nurce then roſe with rewfull feare,
and ranne her to.

She did demaunde what was the cauſe
of her great griefe and piteous mone?
Wherat this ladie yet did pauſe;
at laſt she ſaide, I am undone!
Alcione is caſt awaye
with Ceyx his death;
For he hath yelded up, I ſaye,
his vitall breath.

This, this, it is that I did feare
before thy jorney in my minde;
I warned thee, thou didſt not care,
that thou ſhouldſt not truſt to the winde.
And whilſt she talked the night was gone
and daye was bright;
Unto the shoare with ſpeede she ronne
and foote ſteppes light.

She, ſtanding mourning on the ſhoare,
and caſting up her weeping eies,
And liſtening how the ſea did roare,
a great waie of, on ſea she ſpies
A thing come tumbling on the ſea,
muche like a corce;
She mervailed what it should bee
that waters force

Brought hovering ſo toward the shoare:
at laſt shee ſawe it was a man;
She knewe not who it was therfore,
to ſpeake she then with woe began.
Alas! poore wretch (she ſaid) thy wife,
if any there bee,
Maye wish her ſelfe devoyde of life
for death of thee.

And as the winde the waves did toſſe,
the bodie floated nearer lande,
Yet she not ware of her great loſſe,
untill it came unto her hande,
Anone it did arrive on ſhoare:
Alcione

Sawe Ceyx, who grieved her full ſore,
late drownde in ſea.

And therwithall ſhe ſcratched her face,
her heere and garments ſhe did teare,
She reached out, in wofull caſe,
to Ceyx her tremblyng hands w^{t} feare:
She ſayde, now comſt thou home, my love,
in ſuch a caſe?
He beyng dead, ſhe did remove
to touche his face.

And alſo yet not being content,
this wretched wight, Alcione,
She crieth, O Atropos! conſent,
and caſt her ſelfe into the ſea;
And on her husbands corce doth lie,
as poets faine;
And both were turned to birds truly,
and ſtill remaine.

Their love right well we may commende,
for few ſuch mates are at this day,
Who love ſo ſtedfaſt to the ende:
therfore example take we may
By Ceyx and Alcione,
which both live ſtill,
As I do read, and haunt the ſea,
as poets will.

Fœlix quem fatiunt aliena pericula cautum.
(qd) *W. Hub.*

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE following, as far as we recollect, is the oldest piece of prose autobiography in our language. Besides the copy we have used, there is but one other exemplar of the tract extant, and that very imperfect.

The author spelt his own name in at least two different ways, Vennar and Vennard: a letter from him to Lord Chancellor Ellesmere, dated 5th Dec. 1609, and subscribed "Richard Vennard, of Lincolnes Inne," is preserved at Bridgewater House. The editor of the ensuing reprint purchased the original tract for the first Earl of Ellesmere, about the year 1845; and as it contains some curious pieces of stage-history, connected with the Globe and Swan theatres, his lordship kindly and considerately gave it to the author of "The History of English Dramatic Poetry" (3 vols., 8vo., 1831) as interesting illustrations of the subject. It refers principally to the performance of a species of drama, or show, which was entitled "Englands Joy", and which had been got up by Vennard, in order to relieve his necessities, but which, as he proves in the "Apology" in the hands of the reader, was an entire failure. Hence, as he states also, he "abusively" obtained the nickname of "England's Joy". From another passage, we are led to infer that he went upon the stage at the Globe, but we may conclude that his success as an actor was about upon a par with his success as an author.

The library of the Society of Antiquaries contains a broadside or "platform" of "Englands Joy", as it was to have been

"played at the Swan on 6 Nov. 1602"; and it is ridiculed and satirised by several pamphleteers and poets of the day. Near the close, Vennard mentions two other productions by him, one of which is also a known broadside with woodcuts and verses, and the other a loyal effusion on the deliverance of the King and Parliament from the Gunpowder Plot. A review of the last will be found in "Bibliographical Account, etc.," vol. ii, 468.

Vennard claims, and justly, to have been of a good family in Wiltshire; but of so confiding a disposition, that he was a constant prey to designing money-lenders and sharpers; he was, therefore, constantly in difficulties and confinement. He narrates, with some circumstantiality, his exertions to obtain the abolition of imprisonment for debt; and it seems certain that, with the aid of two English countesses, he was able to relieve the wants of many incarcerated victims. Of himself he says, almost prophetically, "I never held myself so fatally unfortunate as to expire my last breath in a prison"; and yet it is unquestionable that he died, soon after he wrote those words, in what was called "the black hole" of Wood Street Counter, in the most abject misery. "Counters Commonwealth", 4to., 1617, p. 64. William Fennor, or Fenner, who gives this information, had been frequently confounded with the author of "England's Joy".

On p. 10 of the ensuing reprint will be seen a remarkable passage regarding "The Knight of the Burning Pestle", and its condemnation on its first performance, by which it likewise appears that it was written only by one author, and not by Beaumont and Fletcher jointly.

J. P. C.

An Apology:

WRITTEN

By RICHARD VENNAR, of Lincolnes Inne,
abuſively called

Englands Joy.

To repreſſe the contagious Ruptures
of the infected Multitude, who, having
diſeaſed ſtomackes of their owne,
make the world beleeve they
caſt up others poyſon.

AND DEDICATED

To the ſame pur-blinde Multitude, who feed with
ſpectacles to make their meate
ſeeme bigger.

As hoping, not altogether
unworthy the peruſall of the Nobleſt
Judgements, who may hence either
finde reaſon to cenſure others
modeſtly, or ſuſtaine their
owne wrongs lightly.

LONDON
Printed by Nicholas Okes. 1614.

An Apology

Written by Richard Venner of Lincolnes Inne, abuſively called Englands Joy.

DEDICATED

To the pur-blinde Multitude that feede with ſpectacles to make their meate ſeeme bigger.

IT was a wiſe ſaying of King Ageſilaus, concerning the praiſe of ill men, that the manners of the commenders were to be expected in the commended: from which I have often tooke occaſion to comfort my unjuſt ſufferings, when I conſidered the calumnies of my rude adverſaries, would (at leaſt to better judgements) diſtinguiſh mee from a chicken of their owne brood: neither could I vouchſafe to publiſh any defence of my former actions, though provoked by the rough tongues of the beaſt *Multitude*, ſo long as I conſidered wiſe men could not be ignorant of the saying of the wiſeſt, *Prov.* 18, v. 3, "When the wicked commeth then commeth contempt, and with the vile man reproach," untill finding boldfaced fame, who onely differs from a harlot in this, *Mobilitate viget vireſque acquirit eundo*, gathers ſtrength out of motion, and growes luſty by labour, had tooke breath from garlike noſtrils to infect ſkarlet bodies; and then chiefly when I thought the foole-world had beene weary of his old bauble, having every day ſo many new ones brought forth for him to play with, I could

not be ſo incenſible to my much injury, having experienced the ſchoole theame, *Veterem ferendo injuriam invitus novam*, but caſt away all reſpects of difference that might priviledge me from ſo unequall a combat as this; and with the noble Spaniard, provokt by a fellow of ignoble diſcent, who thus beganne his challenge, I Roderigo de Tormes, being as baſe a raſcall as thy ſelfe, doe ſummon thee Alonzo, &c. So I am content, having Salomons warrant, to anſwere a foole according to his fooliſhneſſe, leaſt he grow proud in his owne conceit.

Firſt, therefore, that you may know my birth promiſed me no ſuch competitors: I was ſonne to John Vennar of Salisbury, Eſquire, a commiſſioner in the peace, a yonger brother I muſt confeſſe mee, as would elſe manifeſt it ſelfe by the ſequent ſtory, to make mee appeare that which, I feare, many of you are not (though I wiſh you were) in condition a Chriſtian. Biſhop Jewel adminiſtred that ſacrament to mee, witneſſed by two noble Earles of Bedford and Pembrooke deceaſed; the firſt part of my education committed to Doctor Hill, from whoſe inſtruction I proceeded to Bayliol Colledge in Oxon, being a fellow commoner in that houſe two yeares; whence my deſires carrying mee with the windy humour of travell, I being yong, my father ſent mee into France, attended by an Italian for my guide, and a ſerving man and a page for my followers, Henry de Valoys being then king, in whoſe court I purchaſed ſuch reſpect, that I obtained his letters to Maximilian, then Emperour, in my large commendation: where after ſome ſtay, returning through Germany home againe, I forth-with admitted my ſelfe one of Lincolnes Inne, the moſt honourable Lord Elleſmere, now Lord Chauncelour,

being then reader. The faſhion of my life anſwering my birth and former education ſo farre, that I dare my moſt malicious detractors to paralel my port and habite with any gentleman under the degree of Honourable, maintaining my ſelfe, and ſixe men, with horſes ſutable, in that place.

Heere doe I ſee ſome *Puiſne* ſhew his teeth, comming out with a warm ſentence that lies hote in his fleſh yet : *Nec te collaudes, nec te culpaveris ipſe, hoc faciunt ſtulti quos gloria vexat inanis.* To theſe I recite the deed of Epaminondas, remembred by Plutarch, who having overcome the Lacedemonians in a bloudy warre, expecting the praiſe of his conqueſt, had the ſlaughter of his enemies much extenuated by his ungratefull countrimen, who being forc't to publiſh his owne praiſe, commanded the dead bodies ſhould not be buried together, but that every towne might ſeeke out their owne, by which ſearch and particular number the Generall was knowne to the true demonſtration of his before obſcured victory.

I have read [in] a learned moderne writer upon that ſaying of Saint Paul in the *Acts*, "I was a Phariſie of the ſtricteſt order, and brought up at the feete of Gamaliel", that where any good in us may be neceſſary to exhortation, or of force to take away ſlander, we may without prejudice name it, helping either to the maintaining of Truth, or aboliſhing a Lie. If ſo, then I hope I have double warrant for this Apologie, my deſert being ſuch, that I durſt, with Themiſtocles, come upon the Theater, and being demanded whoſe voyce hee would heare, anſwered, his that ſhould ſpeake his praiſes. For, as the firſt part of my life was beneficiall to my ſelfe by my father's bounty, ſo the remainder thereof, hitherto hath beene ſo profitable to my country, even

to that inſencible beaſt, mine adverſary, that I may boldly affirme no man of my degree in this kingdome, hath with more danger of his perſon and adventure of his eſtate, brought equall benefite to his country; but ſeeing my caſe is the ſame with the Phyloſophers, who falling in company among theeves, and being ſodainely overtaken with the ſcoutes and publicke officers, ſaid one to another, "if wee be knowne, wee bee undone," hee cried out likewiſe, on the other ſide, "unleſſe wee bee knowne, I am undone." To the intent, therefore, I ſay, that I may be the better deſcerned from theſe companions, I will firſt diſcover them, by laying open the grounde upon which they have given judgement of my diſeaſes, which, falling within no compaſſe of judicious principles, I may the better give you a touch of my pulſe, which I hope, to more ſenſible and ſteddy opinions, will ſufficiently plead my health.

The firſt wound, then, that my fame received was by a man that had the name of Law to his profeſſion, which hee had purchaſed with prayer and faſting, for with much intreaty, and with teares, hee got certificate that hee had long enough combatted with ſlender commons to write Esquire at Lincolne's Inn. This man that had onely wit to defeate mee of my patrimony, though otherwiſe [of] ſmall diſcretion, married my elder brother's widdow, my father yet living, who having intent to leave his lands to her children, made a deed of gift to mee of all his goods, to the value of many thousand pounds: not long after, hee paies Nature her tribute, and by a ſuppoſed will, my brother of the Law, in my abſence, poſſeſſed himſelfe of the eſtate before given unto mee, in ſteed of that portion, laying ſuppoſed forgery of that deed to my charge, and

further, in malice to weaken my eſtate, drawes me into the Starre Chamber: the ſuite was long, my purſe of defence ſhort, my credite and innocency unproportionable; what the one did ſtretch to, the other was too bad a paymaiſter for; ſo that I found many ſutes begunne ere the firſt was ended. In briefe, execution out-went judgement, the King's Bench was elder brother to the Fleete, I had better defenſe for my eares than my feete, which, though I had heard long ill on all ſides, ſtood ſtill within the compaſſe of my cap. Though there were a reaſonable evidence to returne a verdict of not guilty on my ſide, yet ſince no leſſe then musket proofe muſt ſerve againſt ſuch hot ſhots, you ſhall take notice I had a compoſition of one hundred and fifty pounds, which by long impriſonment I was enforced to accept of: whence I hope the groſſeſt ſkull may draw this concluſion: *Crimes may oft bee pardoned, never rewarded.* To the meaneſt capacity this ſore would ſeeme to have his cure; but, hard is my fate to beare that marke which Alexander's paraſites adviſed his fellowes to brand the ſmootheſt face with, namely: *Ne metuerent quodvis crimen in quemvis intendere quamvis enim vulnus ſanetur manet cicatrix:* as much as to ſay, that no man ſhould doubt to impoſe any crime to any man, for though he heale the cut, the ſkarre remaines. Which counſell Eraſmus, not without good cauſe, cals the moſt pernitious that ever proceeded from devill; and I have made experiment of it, for preſently after my liberty received, upon ſome report of my trouble, whoſe cauſe carried name enough of ſlander to thoſe who onely tooke paines to heare my accuſation, not anſwere. A youth of your owne traine, a head of the ſame Monſter, in the ſhape of a gentleman of the Lord Admirals,

having counterfeited his Lord's hand and ſeale for the receite of fourty pounds out of the Store-houſe of Detford, takes a chamber in Chancery Lane, neere my houſe, where in ſhort time hee tooke upon him the name of ſicke, being, as you have heard, not very ſound: in the midſt of his fained fit hee ſends for mee, without witneſſe, delivering mee the warrant for the money, and requeſts my paines in riding to receive it, as I paſſed that way to my houſe at Lewſham, in Kent. Which project carried thus much ſafety to himſelfe, that if the ſumme were delivered, it was eaſily earned; if it miſcarried, it was eaſily anſwered; where my avowing was to be avoided by his denyall, which, falling upon mee with ſome amazement, brought full aſtoniſhment in his confident abjuring. Heere was the proverbe verified, "An ill name, halfe hang'd"; the old ſkarre being worſe then a new hurt to prove my imperfection; all but my unſpotted conſcience giving mee over to the ſeverity of cenſure: in which tryall my tongue, uttering the free language of my heart, wrought ſo effectually on that Honourable Treaſurer Burghlies compaſſion, that with great judgement and happy ſucceſſe, a ſtraight examination of my counterfeit marchant opened his ware-houſe, where I was found but a porter, and bore onely the waight for a time, which, with ſome other of the like commodity, broke his necke, for *ſuſpenſus erat*. Hee was to you an example, brethren.

By this I may ſeeme, like a cunning oratour, to have produced the weakeſt imputations firſt, that their cleering might ſet the better gloſs upon more knowne defects: for who can excuſe my publique default of the Swan, where not a collier but cals his deere 12 penſe to witneſſe the

diſaſter of the day? How ſhould I, without bluſhing, deny the name of *England's Joy*, who had ſo many goſſips at my Chriſtening? Surely this divill muſt be caſt out at leaſure; you muſt uſe ſome patience to heare, and I rob you of a little more time to deliver the circumſtance, which, with indifferency heard, I aſſure my ſelfe will prove but a chimera, and either appeare but a winde, or Ixions monſter at moſt, part man, part beaſt.

Conſidering, then, my unjuſt troubles had wrapt mee in many debts, and thoſe hardly ſatisfied by the former unequal compoſition, ſuppoſe I had onely a younger brother's patrimony left me, my limbes and my wits (the worſt tenants a citizen can let a house to), that to adde to my wants, I had the remembrance of my former plenty, with the Steward in the Goſpell I could exclude my ſelfe from labour, and beggery was ſhamefull, I put new wings to my dull hopes, and reſolved to go for Scotland, perſwading my ſelfe that his Majeſties letters would, upon the right conceiving of my caſe, perſwade with the Lords of the Councell heere in England, to have a hearing of my cauſe, the former agreement notwithſtanding.

My comming into Scotland was in anno 1600, the 7 of Auguſt, where to my hearts joy I beheld his Majeſty in triumph riding towards the church at Edenborough, to offer up his hearty ſacrifice of praiſe and thankeſgiving unto that moſt high God, who had ſo wonderfully and graciouſly delivered him from that hel-bred treaſon of the Gouries, the moſt noble and valiant Vice-counts, Fenton and Haddington being the inſtrumental meanes of his happy deliverance from that horrid danger, whoſe memorable ſervices therein deſerves to bee recorded to poſterity,

even with the moſt notorious examples of the moſt noble Romanes in the preſervation of their prince and country. The beholding of which triumphes, together with the exceeding joy of his ſubjects, and his Majeſties moſt gracious acceptance thereof, did ſo ſtirre up my affection, that it moved mee to paſſion, which (though being there a ſtranger) I manifeſted by my teares, as outward ſignes of inward joy. The next morning following this bleſſed day, I writ a prayer in my bed of thankes-giving for his Majeſties happy deliverance, which prayer, without my privity, was preſented to his Highneſſe by one Maiſter Duncan Moore, a gentleman of Scotland, and one of the guarde to the French King ; whereupon I was ſent for, and graced by kiſſing his royal hand ; after which I attended his Higheneſſe to Faulkeland, where, after ſome ſtay, returning to Edinborough, I was there queſtioned with by Maiſter George Nicholſon, then agent for England, touching my loyalty ; and after returning into England, and comming to the court, then at Richmond, I was not onely apprehended and examined, but alſo committed for the ſame, as a dangerous member to the ſtate : ſo that in all my courſes my actions have beene miſtaken, and I unjuſtly cenſured.

This new gaule of my impriſonment, grating upon the tender ſkinne of my late hurt reputation, made it againe to rankle, and become an eye-ſore to that barking beaſt the Multitude, that ever meaſure things by their events. And to ſay truth, I have ſeldome hard a wiſe man that loſt commended, or a foole that wanne diſpraiſed, but the succeſſe hath generally overmaiſtred both opinion and report.

This was my entertainement in England after my returne out of Scotland ; which nevertheleſſe I tooke the more

patiently, becauſe it was derived from an innated love in mee to that Majeſty, which I truſted then ſhould afterwards bee my Soveraigne, which happy time is now come, and it is to me ſo great joy (without flattery bee it ſpoken) that what croſſe accidents of the world ſo ever happen mee, I ſhall never diſeſteeme my fortunes in this regard, that after all the ſtormes of my malignant ſtarres, I have nevertheleſſe lived to ſee theſe happy Halcion daies.

Thus I lived a long time as a bird in a cage, not fed like birds at their keepers coſt, but as a hurt deere in an incloſed ground, hunted with the continuall cries of the faſtidious and pittileſſe hel-hounds of a jayle. Howbeit, I never held my ſelfe ſo fatally unfortunate as to expire my laſt breath in a priſon, for at laſt I got my freedome, and caſting up my reckoning with counters, wanting money both for that uſe and others, my minde became diverſly diſtracted with plurallity of purpoſes, ſome times carried one way, ſome times another: the laſt, that I ſtood not leaſt upon in reſolution, was a ſecond intendment for Scotland; but to this purpoſe there wanted armes, or rather the ſinewes of armes, money. I ſaw daily offering to the God of pleaſure, reſident at the Globe on the Banke-ſide, of much more then would have ſupplyed my then want: I noted every mans hand ready to feed the luxury of his eye, that puld downe his hat to ſtop the ſight of his charity, wherefore I concluded to make a friend of Mammon, and to give them ſound for words, both being but aire, for which they ſhould give double payment, to the intent onely, men of ability might make the purchaſe without repentance, and my ſelfe obſerve that wiſe rule of phyloſophy—*Non fiat per plura quod poteſt fieri per pauciora.* My deviſe was all ſorts of

muſique, beginning with chambers, the harpe of war, and ending with hounds, the cry of peace, of which I was doubly provided for Fox and Hare.

The report of gentlemen and gentlewomens actions, being indeed the flagge to our theater, was not meerely falcification, for I had divers Chorus to bee ſpoken by men of good birth, ſchollers by profeſſion, proteſting that the buſineſſe was meerely abuſed by the comming of ſome beagles upon mee that were none of the intended kennell: I meane baylifes, who, ſeizing mee before the firſt entrance, ſpoke an Epilogue inſtead of a Prologue. This changed the play into the hunting of the fox, which, that the world may know for a verity, I heere promiſe the next tearme, with the true hiſtory of my life, to bee publiquely preſented, to inſert, in place of muſicke for the actes, all thoſe intendments prepared for that daies entertainement: which, ſeeing it muſt reſt in your beliefes till then, I will be content ſo long to weare your apellation, preferring onely in this imputation ſo farre the part of an Apologiſt, that drawing the accident it ſelfe, without defence, into judicious queſtion, this Scoggins crow, that hath filled ſo many mouths, will prove but a rooke. For ſuppoſe that the play was hiſt, was I the firſt poet made my clients penitents, let the burning peſtle bee heard in my cauſe, which rang ſo diſmally in your eares, and yet the writer in ſtate of grace.

The difference was, I preſented you with a dumbe ſhow, and the players ſay that is alwaies as good as a bad act: neither could the coſt bee great, that for one twelve pence afforded mirth for a twelve-month after. At the higheſt rate you lent mee but an afternoones hearing, the expectation being worth the money, ſince phyloſophers ſay that

the ſweetneſſe of hope is beyond the enjoying; and in this ſenſe I bettered that daies travell, the errour being your owne, that being ignorant of a logitian, ſtile mee an impoſtor, from which I am ſo farre, that the law ſhall ſpeake for mee, which preſuppoſeth every man good, till hee bee convicted bad; and I preſume it came not within the compaſſe of an inditement. The concluſion is this: I had too many patrons for ſo ſlender a worke, and for that fault this Apologie is my ſufficient anſwere. Neither is it ſtrange to have ſo much mony for ſix verſes, ſince *Bonum quo communius eo melius:* and poetry in a more legitimate age hath beene held coſin-germane to goodneſſe; but were there no more holes in this veſſell, you might ſoone ſtop the leake.

I have forgot the Inner Temple (you will ſay) and I thinke many of you never came at it, where I moulted in my old age: the truth is naked; I can hardly finde a cloake for this tempeſt: I muſt profeſſe ingeniouſly I call this an affliction, and that is neere a ſufferance ſhould I ſay, as I muſt, if I dare ſpeake the truth, I felt injuſtice. This I will ſay; my judges were my executioners, and I never ſaw the ſcale and the ſword pictured in one hand before: had I been guilty of wrong to them, I muſt have had a great opinion of my wit, or my power: on the other ſide, my knowne diſgrace from ſuch unqueſtionable judgments will hardly indure a plea of innocence; and for ignorance it will not ſave mee, though a miſtaking of the matter, knowing my perſon needed no *quere*, brought me to feele that which they recompenc't with money as an injury: which Maiſter Touſe, a worſhipfull and grave bencher of the houſe, is a ſufficient witneſſe to, who paid it: ſo that this, the moſt mortall wound in the eye of many, is but a

mountebankes poyſon, ſwelled with a toad, and heald with a ſpider.

Many ſee the hurt, whom I cannot acquaint with the cure : I therefore this averre, that a ſumme of money was ſet downe, and paid mee in ſatisfaction of that wrong done unto mee by the commandement of that moſt honourable, wiſe and learned Councellour of Eſtate, the now Lord Chancellour of England ; who, being himſelfe the principall flower of the Law, yeelds a ſweete ſmelling ſavour of his vertues to all the profeſſours thereof, leading them the way of right and equity by his juſt example. If this be true, as how can it be otherwiſe, producing ſuch inſtances ? the fault lies in your incredulitie, not my honeſty, for men uſe not to give ſatisfaction of right but wrong. If this poſition of Divinity bee alſo true, as unqueſtionable it is, that *Conſcientia accuſat vel condemnat*, I ſhall not feare ſentence for this crime. But I am *homo multorum ſcelerum*, you will object, and ſo many ſmoakes cannot be got without ſome fire. How can I hurry away with my coach and four horſes from Sir John Spencers accuſation of mee, as was falſely alleaged, in ſtead of requiting an injury, or confeſſion of a wrong therein done to mee : the Fleete poſſeſt mee : I thinke the phraſe ſuites mee, for never was diſtreſſed man ſo conjured : take this *ex confeſſo ;* I was *coram judice*, and committed for the fact ſuppoſed for five hundred pounds ; and the honourable Lord Cooke, now Lord Chiefe Juſtice of England, his name uſed for the mony. Should I onely recite for my ſelfe the fable which Æſop told the men of Delphos, being unjuſtly to ſuffer death, I imagine it will not be from my purpoſe, which thus comes to you.

A country gentleman having never beene in the citty,

and hearing ſome courtier, in the progreſſe belike, utter the commendation of the freedome, reſolved with himſelfe to ſee whether truth was alwaies clad in purple; and for that purpoſe put a couple of aſſes into his cart, now called a coach, and makes for the citty: the beaſts being great enemies to ſmoake tooke a more open way, and being now overtaken with night, the poore gentleman finding himſelfe in an inevitable place of danger, cries out, "How unwelcome art thou, Death, not for thine owne ſake, but for that thou art preſented to mee by ſuch ignoble and dull creatures. Had I ſuffred by horſes, nay mules, it had been poſſible to men of quality, but falling by long-ear'd cattell at the beſt, I can bee eſteemed but a carrier."

Surely, good people, I am no better mounted then was this gentleman: my grieſe is the ſame, for if I ſhould put you in the way, in ſteed of the oſtery, you wold chuſe to bruiſe on thiſtles, though your owne gummes bleed: though I be not free, I will not faile my direction, howſoever I am ſure to finde you benighted.

There was a project, in the time of Sir John Wattes his maioralty, for a maſke to bee preſented by the citizens at court, the Chriſtmas following at the marriage of the Lord Hayes to the daughter and heyre of the worthy Lord Denny, wherewith I had acquainted the Kings Majeſty, who gave a gracious allowance therto: for the furtherance whereof the noble-minded Lord Mayor, moved by a letter from the Recorder, Sir Henry Mountague under his hand, promiſed that if I could procure a thouſand pound to bee tendred at his houſe in London towards that buſineſſe, hee would double it; five hundred pound whereof Sir Stephen Soame undertooke for mee, the other five hundred pound I

moved to Sir John Spencer; and going beyond my commiſſion, uſed an honourable perſons name to him, not to lend me the money, or to part with a groat, but rather for his ſake to further the intendment by ſuch a tender to bee made and returned by his owne ſervants. The knight was wiſe; his wealth ſpoke no leſſe. Suſpition and Wiſedome are ſiſters: you will ſay my name carried doubt enough in it. Before the howre appointed for the tender I was apprehended, carried before the Chief Juſtice to bee examined. The truth of my meaning appeared by Sir Stephen Soame, who being ſent for to that purpoſe, cleared me before thoſe Lords, and that honourable perſon being preſent, whoſe name I uſed, by free pardon purged me from that boldneſſe: thereupon I pleaded my diſcharge, it may bee, in too rough a phraſe. I was taught manners; and I hope, my brethren, you will not lay this as a ſinne to my charge, being your ſelves yet to learne.

I lay long in priſon, not from want of cauſe to be releaſt, but in deſire to know the ground of my reſtrainte. The point controverſed is the fault: I have a knight for the foreman of my jury, who gave up his verdite of not guilty to the inditement: if I lay by it for want of ſureties for the good behaviour, rudeneſſe is a leſſe ill then couſenage: of the one I have proved my ſelfe guiltleſſe, and from the other I appeale to them which know what provokt authority can doe. It was a juſt wiſh, though impoſſible, of the poet, that deſired none to judge but they that knew how to write: I wiſh I had no more judges then could tell how to reade: ignorance is not onely an enemy to art, but to vertue; *Salvabimur ſi ſeparemur à cætu*, ſaith wiſe Seneca: it is your act makes mee condemned. Well ſaid

Cicero of you the valiant rabble, you had good left hands, ill right: your blowes fall without defence; but as it is the eaſieſt thing to accuſe, ſo you that have no art in taking out of hard leſſons, ſeldome cleere any, at leaſt not without paſſion, which makes your eſtimation the ſame it is, and my ſelfe from Diogenes ſearch, when I often heare my ſelfe calumniated by your impure gummes, wiſh I had a man to my accuſer; but ſeeing my diſire impoſſible, I have of late imitated Arcadio the Macedonian, who, forſaking his country becauſe of Phillip, was overtaken by a ſuddaine ſiege of his at Delphos, of whom the king demanding whether he fled? anſwered, to the countrey where no man knew Phillip. This, I ſay, hath cauſed mee to make my late aboade in the two noble counties of Kent and Eſſex, of whom I may ſay, if any object there are ſome of that brood there, ſure I have met with none; but on the contrary, with many gentlemen of great ranke and quality, who, like themſelves, did uſe me nobly, making thoſe counties by their generous converſation, ſeeme to me a ſummer garden, full of delight and pleaſure. But for that I may not be ſo ungratefull to thoſe worthy perſonages there remaining, to mingle them under one chapter with the adulterated ſeed, I will heere give an end to the firſt part of this my Apologie, which is mine owne defence, and for the ſecond part, which is my merite, appeale from the Jewes to Feſtus, and Agrippa; and with Lentulus, who accuſed the ambition of Pompey, now defended by the acclamation of the multitude, cry out *Acclamate quirites dum licet, jam enim impune non licebit.*

To all generous Perſons, whoſe births and qualities are the ſame.

RIGHT noble and equall judging Gentlemen, ſince our good names and our lives have but one ending, my ſelfe being not to bee acounted, by this reckoning, amongſt the living, have placed you, as at a funerall, varlets before ſquires, beggars before knights.

I know it will ſeeme ſtrange unto you, that after ſo long a trance of fifteene yeares, I ſhould now ſtart up with an Apologie againſt ſo ranke gum'd an adverſary, ſeeing it is not unremembred of you, for an anſwere of high wiſedome, in one Vatinius, a Romane, who being taxed by the common accuſer Calvus of many notorious crimes in the ſenate, when every man expected his reply, hee uttered theſe words: "Fathers Conſcript, remember it was onely Calvus accuſed mee," and ſo ſate downe againe: for if upon point at duell, in matters criminall, a gentleman may have the priviledge not to anſwere a raſkall in triall of his life, I know there cannot but lie the ſame exception in case of our fame and eſtimation; but as I have beene content to commit folly with fooles, ſo it cannot misbecome mee, having nothing derogated from my birth or education, to ſpeake to you, moſt generous friends, in your owne language, whom I willingly ſummon to be of the jury, where my intents and actions ſhall receive approbation, or cenſure.

Unto the ſecond part, then, of my diviſion, which is my merite, a word out of date with thoſe good fellowes, and comes to neere the Lattine for them to put into true Eng-

liſh, I ſay and doubt not to prove, never man of my ranke, conſidering the late lightneſſe of my purſe, and now weakeneſſe of my friends, waded deeper to reach the generall good of my country.

Firſt, to beginne at thoſe places which cry for our charity to deafe eares, I ſay the miſerable captives in the Kings Bench and in the Fleete, having fixed in my minde the worthily regiſtred motto of Queene Elinor, wife to our Henry the ſecond, who after long impriſonment, being releaſed by her ſonne, Richard the firſt, and made Regent of the Land, made a generall infranchiſement of all priſoners, whom murther, or execution for great ſummes deteyned not, ſetting under her eſcuſchion this verſe, *Non ignara mali miſeris ſuccurrere diſco.* So from mine owne miſeries, which is our trueſt ſchoole-maiſter, learning to pitty others, I was one of thoſe that, with the aſſiſtance of the noble Counteſſes, Margaret Counteſſe of Cumberland, and that honourable and vertuous Lady, Anne Counteſſe of Warwick, her ſiſter, that furthered the late Queenes moſt gracious commiſſion for the ſpeedy enlargement of all unable debtors, aſſiſted therein by theſe worthy minded Knights, viz., Sir Stephen Soame, Sir John Wats, Sir Edmund Bowyer, Sir Thomas Hunt, and Sir Thomas Gardnar, knights: which mercy being ſtopt by the hand of a ſevere Judge, I was not behind hand in recording it to our moſt compaſſionate now king; whoſe ſpeedy re-grant thereof, I doubt not, in the generall benefite of this land, will ſhortly ſhew it ſelfe. Thus farre, I dare boldly ſay, I waded in effecting this charitable buſineſſe, ſo farre, that by humble petition, under the hands of the priſoners of both places, ſeconded by certificate from thoſe worthy knights above-

ſaid, being Juſtices in Middleſex and Surry, of my ſufficiency, meanes were made to the Right Honourable the now Lord Chancellour, that I might bee made Regiſter to the ſaid Commiſſion, and Solicitor of their diſtreſſed cauſes; of which place, as I ſtand in no diſpaire, ſo, may I attaine unto it, I dare promiſe to leave a memory behind mee of that integrity and zeale ſhall ſet mee upright againe in the world, lay the heavy headed monſter with double the malitious weight it doth upon mee.

But now no more of the theoricke, let us now to the practick. It is God onely accepts deſires, and hee knowes mine, which if my ſins deny to come to act, yet I aſſure my ſelfe, my acts ſhall winne mee pardon. Know then, as my labour and furtherance hath not defaulted in things not yet perfected, ſo it tooke hold of leſſer actions, to make goodneſs abſolute; not that I dare preſume to take from the exemplar charity of the Honourable Counteſſe of Warwicke deceaſed, whom to have knowne were a ſufficient purgation of mee from any baſe or dejected courſe, ſo in her opinion (I ſay) had my now diſpiſed parts ſuch place, that ſhe wild mee to give her a ground to worke ſome pyous act, with the greateſt good, and leaſt oſttentation that might bee; which in the diſcharge of 34 impriſoned Gentlemen and men of quality, by her owne and ſingular bounty, through my truſt and diſcretion, was effected. Neither would I have any that reades this thinke charity could be better employed; for ſurely, had oppreſſion crammed the priſons in King David's time, as in ours, hee would not have ſaid, "Let my ſoule diſcend into hell," meaning thereby the contemplations thereof would ſtirre him to all goodneſſe and piety; but he would have ſaid

Deſcendat anima mea in carcerem : hee would have walked a turne, or two, or a weeke, in the goales and priſons of this Kingdome, being the true parallell of hell, where the wretched onely feele miſery, and thoſe that want helpe are moſt loaden with cruelty.

There is no nation in the world that holds men for debt in ſuch bondage, where the King ſhall looſe his ſubjects (not in his defence, or in their countries ſervice) but ingaged upon the rotten commodities of hard hearted creditors, that there have made many a father childleſſe, that had not the power to make themſelves parents. It was ſeldome heard that wiſe men would commit valiant ſoldiers to a coward Captaine: what are theſe but civill warres, which ſwallow up many brave ſpirits under the command of ſuch ſcoundrell Leaders, who only take paines to bring theſe miſerable men into danger, and there leave them.

Our honeſt, and moſt charitable neighbours, the Low-Country men, in my opinion, have moſt Chriſtian-like order in this behalfe. If a man arreſt his debtor, he finds him competent allowance during that reſtraint: were this enacted with us, I am sure ſo many Notaries would not turne Scriveners, bawds to Uſurers, nor Marchants heape up their ſtained and ſoyled wares for yonger brothers, which ſince they cannot utter for money, they ſell for bloud, thruſting a weake commodity upon an unable debtor, either to make his bones, or his friends bonds pay the extortion. Of this the greateſt abuſe of my native country hath beene my chiefeſt endevour for reformation; to which I call many men, now by my means and travell at liberty, to witneſſe.

Neither of late can I forget heere, the worthy to be

mentioned juſtice of a great pillar of this land, the late Earle of Northampton, who, upon my ſuite, within this tenne months, in the behalfe of an unnaturally deſpoſſeſſed mother (by her owne ſonne) from her houſe and living, having no remedy by the ſtrict courſe of the common lawes of this Realme, notwithſtanding by his noble order, taken by his Majesties commandement, this diſtreſſed Gentlewoman received her hearts deſire in one fort-night, which had reſted whole yeares before afflicted.

But theſe are particular gratifications: where is the generall good you talke of, ſayes mine enemy? It fals upon them in this due place.

When in the happy riſing of our Northern Starre, each loyall ſubject, in the ſpring of this faire promiſing ſeaſon, caſting for a happy crop in the inſuing harveſt, brought ſeede to this new tillage, I was not behind hand, though not of the ſame graine that others did; for many I ſaw take wheate from them to whom they returned tares, whilſt, on the contrary, I exchanged barley for fetches.

For in that firſt progreſſe made by his Majeſty into my native country, hearing the tunes of ſorrow amongſt ſo many juſt cauſes of joyfull acclamations, I laid myne eare to the noate, and perceived where God had his cry, the devill alſo had his kennell: the bankes were full, no marvell if the waters overflowed; the poore sheepe were fallen into the hands of wolves, which, like dogs of good ſervice, durſt yet, notwithſtanding, looke upon the Shepeheard: poore ignorance had ſwallowed many a foule bitte; the crabbe ſmiled to ſee the muſſell bite ſo hard at a ſtone, while hec pickt out his guts to ſtuffe her owne garbage: here my conſcience awakt me, and told me what ſervice I

owed the ſoyle that firſt felt my weight, and gave me breathing. Though my ability was weake the cauſe in it ſelfe was ſo ſtrong, that at my firſt complaint, made at Wilton, at the Earle of Pembrokes, of thoſe abuſes, I procured from the King's Majeſty a Commiſſion under his royal hand, directed to the right honourable Edward Earle of Hartford, Lord Lifetenant of Wiltis and Summerſet, to the reverent father in God, the Lord Biſhop of Sarum, Sir Edmund Ludlow, Sir Walter Long, Sir Edward Penruddocke, knights, and to Doctor Tucker and others, upon whoſe due examination of theſe crying oppreſſions, ſuch and ſo many horrible, inhumane and barbarous tyrannies appeared to be ſuffred by my innocent Country-men, that it would redound to the perpetual ignominy of our nation to ſet them downe; the rather ſince my good beginning and the perſeverance of one Gloſter in Parliament, during the time of my wrongfull impriſonment, wrought by the moved ſupporter of that extortionous crew, that whole rabble of helhounds was diſpierced, and all this Kingdome for ever heereafter freed from an intollerable and unlawfull anoyance by expreſſe Edict from the King and Councell; the like ſervice whereof hath not bene done by any man of my ranke within this Kingdome.

But did my zeale heere end? No; ſurely I have an Engliſh heart yet lives, which conſidering the proneneſſe of many ſeduced wretches to ſhake off their moſt eaſy yoake of ſubjection, and that the damned apparition of that never-to-be-forgotten Gunpowder-treaſon had discovered the ſhame of our nation, fearing though the wound were laid open to the roote, yet it had ſweld farther in the upper parts, I compoſed a brieſe Treatiſe, containing mat-

ter to retain every ſubject in his due obedience, setting thereby forth the reward of a faithfull ſubject to his Prince, making severall exhortations therein to all eſtates; which booke I dedicated to the Kings moſt excellent Majeſty, and with the approbation and eſpeciall letters of the learned and moſt reverend Judges, Walmeſley and Doddridge, I diſpearſed the ſame through their circuite of Surrey, Suſſex, Kent, Eſſex, and Hartfordſhire. Neither muſt I forget my more publicke device in picture and verſe, deſcribing a Papiſt Dormant, a Papiſt Couchant, a Papiſt Leavant, a Papiſt Paſſant, a Papiſt Rampant, and a Papiſt Pendant, it being foode to ſtrengthen feebler bodies, how ever better conſtitutions may diſdaine to ſwallow ſuch weake morſels: as alſo the portratures of my Soveraigne, the Majeſticke Queene, and the memorable Prince, with a true Subjects prayer, inſerted under it in theſe verſes, viz.

The God of all Eternity,
Preſerve this Royall Unity,
That they may breath
And everlaſting breath,
And thoſe may pine in hell
That ſeeke their deaths:
Their ſtates of bliſſe
Be Brittaines bleſſed ſtory,
And give their ſoules
A Crowne of endleſſe glory.

Which were ſo accepted of that reverent Prelate, Doctor Vaughan, then Biſhop of London, that I had his letters of ample commendation to publiſh them, as well within the Citty of London, as through all his Dioces. Theſe (I ſay) howſoever in the eye of the high-flying Airy that breeds in our clime (may ſeeme worthy of neglect) had their uſe both

in the receiver and the giver, expreſſing my juſt affection, and wel-wiſhing to the State.

Laſtly, as a more reall good, I muſt make knowne, that though I am in life ſingle, and in yeares ſufficiently aged to carry my ſight to my grave, my thoughts were not barren, but with a purpoſe to leave many thankefull heyres behind me, I drew a project for an hoſpitall, to be founded at Bath, in memory of our November Deliverance, and in releife of ſuch decaied perſons, whoſe want of ability in purſe might be no hinderance to their ability in health, repairing to that bleſſed Fountaine and happy Jordan flowes in our continent; then to the furtherance of which foundation all my particular employments and labours have had no other ſcope, being by many honourable perſonages ſo incouraged therein, that I reſt yet hopefull of ſucceſſe.

To ſumme up theſe my courſes at the publique barre of your impartiall cenſure, moſt free and noble Brittaines, heere I make proteſtation, that if any man can juſtly taxe mee of ſclander, deceipt, fraud, or couſenage, to the diſreputation of any man, or detrement, to the value of one crowne, I plead guilty to the former inditement; whereto if my informers keepe ſilence, as I know they muſt, I deſire, and not unjuſtly, to hold the ranke of my place and birth, with the favour of all deſerving gentlemen, whom paſſion cannot ſway, and who know the tongues of this beaſt, my enemy, ought to have no other credite then that of Carbo, the Roman, who was ſo notorious a defamer, that whom hee moſt accuſed were held to bee moſt innocent; proteſting henceforward to be as dumb to their calumnies as they are to goodneſſe. And ſo I humbly give this defence of my life into your able and generous protections, and the

thoughts of my ſoule unto his judgement that, I aſſure my ſelfe, will free me from thoſe imputations, and in his mercy pardon my other infirmities. To whom I commend you in my daily Orizons, and reſt

The wel-wiſher and ſervant to
all vertuous mindes.

RICHARD VENNAR.

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION.

THE famous old story of the conversion and subsequent martyrdom of Plasidas, whose pagan name, if we may so say, was Eustas, or Eustace, seems to have been derived from the *Gesta Romanorum*, of which it forms the 90th chapter: from thence it obtained a place in Caxton's "Golden Legend"; and anterior to the Reformation as well as long afterwards, it was extremely popular. This was, no doubt, the motive of John Partridge when he put it into verse, or, at all events, printed it, in the eighth year of the reign of Elizabeth. At an earlier date (according to Warton, *H. E. P.*, 8vo., 1824, I, ccxxv) it had been translated into English from the French, and a copy of it is preserved among the Cotton MSS., Calig., A 2.

There can be no doubt, therefore, that it was a great favourite with our ancestors, and upon this circumstance Partridge seems to have mainly relied; for we certainly cannot much compliment him either upon his invention, or upon a happy use of his native language. "The History of Plasidas", however, came out when there existed few examples of the kind; and when, shortly before the commencement of the golden age of our poetry, there was not much competition. It is nevertheless important in the progress of our literature, because, in subject and treatment, it forms a connecting link between the older and newer style of composition. It is on this account chiefly that we have thought

it worth reprinting; and in perusing it the reader must always bear in mind the disadvantages under which it was produced. The modesty of the author, when on his title-page he only claims to have "gathered it in English verse", deserves commendation; and although in the same year he put forth two other pieces in rhyme, he assumed in them no higher merit. (*Bibl. Acc.*, 1865, vol. ii, p. 117.)

The extreme rarity of the performance is, no doubt, partly owing to the popularity of its subject: only two or three copies are now known, and in no existing catalogue has the title ever been correctly given. Of the author nothing has come down to us, and his name does not occur in the records of either university. His poem was entered at Stationers' Hall, in 1565, as the "History of *King* Plasidas"; and how long the incidents continued to be admired, if not believed, may be judged from the fact that, at the date when Shakespeare may be said to have been in his zenith, Henry Chettle prepared them for the stage. Thus we have in our reprint the substance of a play by a celebrated dramatist, which the old manager Henslowe purchased for his theatre on 9th April 1599. In connexion, therefore, with the then condition of our stage, the work is of positive interest.

J. P. C.

THE WORTHIE HYSTORIE

of the moste Noble and

valiaunt Knight Plasidas, o-

therwise called Eustas, who

was martyred for the Pro-

fession of Jesus

Christ.

Gathered in English verse by Iohn Partridge, in the yere of our Lord 1566.

IMPRINTED

at London, by Henrye

Denham, for Thomas

Hacket: and are to bee

solde at his shoppe

in Lumbarde

streate.

To the worſhipfull

Arthur Dwabene

Marchaunt venturer, his ſervaunte and dayly oratour John Partridge wiſheth increaſe of worſhip by his worthy travayle.

WHAT tyme, right Worſhipfull, the moſt excellent Philoſopher of the worlde, Democritus, was demaunded of a frend, what was the chiefeſt beſte amongeſte men in all the worlde, verely (quoth he) a pacient man in miſerie. The other replying, and demaunding the cauſe of that his aſſertion, he anſwered and ſayde: eyther he is not in miſerie at all; or elſe armed moſt ſtrongly and ſurely agaynſte all adverſities, what ſo ever they be, that ſhall happen unto him. By pacience, ſayth he, of a thouſande evilles he is not at all any whit moleſted. Anaxagoras the Philoſopher, borne of a noble ſtocke, and ſonne to Eubullus, who in philoſophie dyd exceede, ſayeth that he himſelf could find nothing more excellent in war, than this one thing, that is, a ſouldier to be hardy; and alſo chiefely above all other things, the ſame to be likewiſe truſtie and

pacient to indure travayle, payne, and other kind of miſeries that ſhall happen or befall unto him in that conflicte of war in which he then is converſaunte. Alexander, I meane the greate, having made war againſt the Perſians and of them had made gret ſlaughter, the king of Perſia being of a noble corage, bolde, ſtoute, pacient and hardy, having taken a caſtle or hold for his defence, and beeing in time brought in ſubjection to the Macedonians, was demaunded of Alexander, in what poynt he ſawe himſelfe not to be overcome? to whome the king of Perſia anſwered on this wiſe: Sir king, in no point at all am I overcome. Alexander, hering him ſaye ſo, demaunded if he had not loſt both friends, cuntries, caſtles, townes, and all thinges elſe? Yes, verily (quoth he), and yet am I not overcome; for though they al be gone, yet can I with pacience beare the loſſe of the ſame. Oh! greate was the pacience of this king, yet verily nothing in compariſon of his, whome I have taken to write upon. Therefore, I deeming nothing more fyt for a good nature than to ſet forth ſo notable a fact of pacience, as this was, have at the requeſt of a ſpeciall friend of mine, drawen the ſame, though rudely, yet hoping not without ſome profite, eyther of my ſelf, or of ſom other. And bicauſe that to every caſtle, towne, citie, worke or

workemanſhippe, there belongeth defence; and knowing that defence canne not be made wythout ſome one defender, I am ſo bolde (conſydering mine owne weakneſſe) to dedicate this my ſimple worke unto youre worſhip, that your wiſedome may bee the defence thereof agaynſt the rancorous Zoiliƈtes, whiche at all tymes from the beginning have bene readie to breathe the fylth of their cancred ſtomackes upon thoſe moſt famous works of the excellenteſt clearkes that ever were, whoſe bokes I am not worthye to beare; knowing likewyſe that if thoſe went not fre, mine can not. Therfore I, hoping of your worſhips defence, am boldened the more in proſecuting of the ſame. Thus truſting to your goodneſſe I end, deſiring God to mayntayne your eſtate, and ſende you long life and good health, to his pleaſure and your heartes deſire.

Your humble ſervaunt,

JOHN PARTRIDGE.

TO THE READER.

LET pacience increaſe by kinde
within thy dolefull breaſt :
Let that ſweete dame within thy bowre
have hir abyding neaſt.
Conſider, viewe and underſtande,
what liquor doth deſcende
Out of hir welles : from perils great,
the ſame will thee defende
The ſtinking bande of fowle diſpaire
thy ſtate ſhall not moleſt,
Ne ſlaughter in thy gates ſhall not
to ſtrike be ready preſt ;
For Socrates doth playne declare,
no other good to bee,
Than wrapt in woes and pinching cares,
a pacient one to ſee.
The ſainćts have ſhewed what pacience is,
howe precious in Gods ſight :
In ſtories we may reade and finde,
how much they did delight,
For to be founde in miſeries
in pacience to dwell :
Whereof to us this ſtory doth
moſt playnely ſhewe and tell.
What pacience had Job ! I finde
ſuch pacience is rare :

A thouſand martirs I with him,
may very well compare.
What was the pacience of those
whome flaſhing firy flames
Bereft of life, yet coulde it not,
at all extinct their fames.
For fame for good deſert doth reſt
behinde, though they be gone :
Bicauſe we might purſue the like,
and oft thinke therupon.
Therefore let us purſue the ſame,
and then we ſhall be ſure
For to poſſeſſe that glorious crowne,
that laſtes and ſhall endure
After that earth, yea, birdes and beaſtes
ſhall be conſumed to nought.
Which crowne to us O Lord! do graunt,
that with thy bloud is bought.

The verdicte of the Booke.

Learne here thou ſhalt one God moſt hie
To rule the heavens, the earth and all :
The Sunne, the Moone, the ſtarry Skie,
Subject to be unto his call.
Of pacience likewiſe reade thou ſhalt,
Which is a gift of all moſt pure,
Above the reſt I thee enſure.

Gods providence here thou ſhalt knowe ;
His great good will I doe declare :

His mighty force I playne doe ſhowe:
Reade on, therfore, and doe not ſpare.
Though that my ſkill be very bare,
Yet fruite hereby well take you may,
If it to reade you wil aſſay.

In whome to put thy truſt be bolde,
In whome to joy here thou mayſt ſee:
A treaſure paſſing any golde,
Or precious ſtones what that they be.
The ſame I doe declare to thee:
To reade me, therefore, take ſome payne,
And that I count my authors gayne.

Farewell, my friendes, for for your ſakes
My author hath abrode me ſent:
I paſſe not for all crabbed crakes
That Zoilus to make is bent;
For all for you my author meant,
When that in hand his pen he toke,
And out this ſtorie firſt did looke.

Patienter ferenda quæ mutari non poſſunt.

THE NOBLE HISTORY OF PLASIDAS.

SOMETYME in Romane lande there was,
a king of noble fame,
Who was full faire in martiall feates,
and Trayan had to name:
Who under him of luſty knightes,
did keepe a comely trayne,
And over them he poynted hath
one knight as Capitaine.
This knight to name had Plaſidas,
one whome the king did love
For martiall feates, that in this knight
did ſhine the reſt above.
A wife he had of gliſtering hew,
of ſhape both faire and trim,
Of loving minde, of gladſome heart,
and truſty unto him.
By her he had two children fayre,
ſurmounting Phœbus bright,
Who for their manly courage ſtout
compare with him they might.
The proverbe olde is verified,
upon theſe babies twaine:
By ſplendent courage they aſſay
their honoures to maintaine.
The father he before doth ſtrive,
to runne a happy raſe;

The manly children, parent like,
do followe on apace :
And ſekes for to obtayne the crowne
of honour and of prayſe,
Which to atchieve the noble hearts
indevour ſtill alwayes.
They ſpende their tyme with joy and bliſſe,
their labour they imploy,
According to their parentes mindes,
their hope and perfect joy.
Such bookes theſe babes did learne to reade
as preſent tyme did give ;
Which might their tender yeares trade up
in Mametrie to live.
Thus they, in whom all tenderneſſe
of age did ſtill remaine,
Were taught the labour tedious
of ſtudy to ſuſtaine.
The parentes eke imploy their dayes
good learning to attaine ;
And now and then they finde paſtime
their griefes for to reſtraine.
Sometime on hunting he doth ride,
ſometyme to cheſſe they goe ;
Sometime great doutes they doe decide
that in the realme might growe.
This was the uſe of Plaſidas,
his minde to recreate ;
This uſed eke his children deare :
O bleſſed happy fate !
The ſtormy winter dayes hath left
with miſty cloudes to ſwell,

And Phœbus bright appointed is
more nearer us to dwell.
And Eolus no pleaſure takes
to dim the ayre with cloudes;
And Phœbus nowe is quite devoide
of fogges his beames that ſhrowdes.
Then doth Aurora leave the bed
of Titan, and doth bring
Some joyes to men, the wiſhed day
beholding once to ſpring;
And trees and hearbes with joyfull heart
do ſhew their pleaſaunt hew,
And knights in foreſts bende their force
the bucke for to ſubdew.
Then Plaſidas, with comely traine
of knightes of royall kinde,
Do enter now the greene foreſtes,
a bucke foorth for to finde.
At length he came where bucks great ſtore
did ſtand confuſedly,
And ech man now doth bend him ſelfe,
his luſty ſtede to try.
Now here and there the harmleſſe buck
aſſayeth for to runne,
And Plaſidas at one faire bucke
to ryde he hath begonne;
The other knightes amongſt the buckes
in fieldes abrode do raunge,
But Plaſidas [he] followeth hard
this bucke, and will not chaunge.
At length in thickſt of woods, I ſay,
the bucke doth enter in;

And then more fiercely hir to ſew,
this knight doth ſtraight beginne.
Till at the laſt the bucke had tooke
a mountaine huge and hye;
And there the huge and lofty bucke
Placidas did diſcry;
But as he was addicted ſore
the bucke with force to take,
The mighty God in ſkyes above
his ſervaunt did him make.
And out from cloudes he called to him,
his idolles to deteſt,
Which by and by fel in a ſwoune,
and ſo he left the beaſt.
Then there he layde his ſprangling corps,
almoſt devoyde of breath:
I am thy God, then ſayd the Lord,
which bought thee with my death.
Thy very bloud doth juſtifie
in me thou haſt thy life;
Go wende in haſt, the Lorde can ſay,
convert thy heathen wife.
Thy children eke let them be taught,
one God to honour pure,
Then thou my kingdome ſhalt poſſeſſe,
hereof thou mayſt be ſure,
Where thou ſhalt live eternally,
if thou this life deteſt;
And ſhalt, if thou fight manfully,
for aye with me be bleſt.
Ariſe, therfore, go wende in haſt:
this life is but as graſſe,

To day full faire (her gliſtring hew)
to morrow quite is paſt.
Thoſe ſtocks and ſtones, the which thou doeſt
as Goddes adorne with prayſe,
Are in my ſight idolatrous :
therefore beſchewe thoſe wayes.
Ariſe, I ſay, and get thee hence ;
make haſt thee to baptiſe,
And ſee thou do convert thy wife,
I ſay, in any wiſe.
Apalled ſore with feare and dreade,
the knight ſtraight wayes did ſay :
Have mercy, Lord, and me forgive,
I hartly do thee pray !
Stand up, thou knight, then ſayd the Lord,
thy ſinnes remitted be :
Do thou not feare, for Sathan will
thee plague with miſery.
Then downe he ſat, with ſtretched handes
to God he gave the prayſe ;
And ſayde, to thee that ſittes on hye,
be honour due alwayes.
That haſt vouchſafe this day to call
thy ſervaunt gone aſtray,
Even as a ſheepe by fortune ſtrayed
out of the herde away.
I do confeſſe thou onely arte
my comfort and my truſt,
And eke my God ; and thy promyſe,
thou kepeſt true and juſt :
No part thereof thou violateſt,
thou art both God and man.

Theſe ſtockes, theſe ſtones be Divels yll,
do us no good they can.
Thee, therefore, I do worſhip ſtill :
thou madeſt the worlde of naught ;
And I the image of thy grace,
that thou of earth haſt wrought.
I do confeſſe, my heavenly king,
that no good is in me ;
But that the goodneſſe which I have
doth all diſcende from thee.
Without thy grace and goodneſſe, I
no day at all can ſay
But that I ſhould be overthrowen,
and brought to deathes decay.
But thou, O God ! art my defence,
my aide, my hope, and truſt :
Thou art my King, my God, my Lord,
my Saviour true and juſt.
O Lord ! I knowe that Sathan will
with cares my ſoule moleſt ;
But thou, O Lord ! in pacience
defende my carefull breſt.
Let me with pacience ſtill abide
thy gracious layſure good ;
And graunt alſo to me full hope
in thy moſt precious bloud :
That what ſo ever illes do hap
unto thy ſervaunt here,
With willing minde the burden huge
with pacience I may bere.
Graunt alſo that diſpayre do not
moleſt my quiet ſtate,

Ne that I ſhould in any wiſe
incurre thy heavy hate.
But give me, Lord, a minde alwayes
obedient for to bee
Unto thy heſt, and to ſubmit
my will alwayes to thee.
So ſhall I be a moſt fitte braunch,
ingraffed in the tree
Of living dayes, and at the laſt,
ſhall ever raigne with thee.
To whome be prayſe eternally,
both now and ever more,
One onely God, though perſons three,
as I have sayd before.
Then at the laſt this noble knight
from Forreſt made returne,
And thought within his hunting race
no longer to ſojourne ;
But home he commes in poſting wiſe,
the knightes they after hye ;
And ſome the chaſe will follow on,
the ende thereof to trye.
The mighty buckes lye dead on launde,
the palfrayes they do ſweate,
And from their frothy mouthes they breath
the inward partching heate.
Now here, now there, with launce in hand,
the marſhall knights do runne,
And at the laſt they have eſpied
how Plaſidas did come
From out the groves ſo greene, which was
beſet with many a tree,

With heavy chere, much like unto
a man in miſerie.
When they perceyved well that he,
with ſorrow was infect,
They muſed much, yet of that hapte
they nothing did ſuſpect.
Then home they go, and ſome doe lade
the pray that they have ſlaine;
And other ſome for their repaſtes,
in Forreſtes do remaine.
At length Plaſidas doth arive
before his Caſtle gate:
His wife to welcome home hir Love,
is ready ſone thereat.
From gate to hall they do aſcende,
and there the bourdes be ſpred:
The ſunne is downe, and time it is
for men to goe to bed.
The chamberlaynes the bed downe lay,
and fier in chamber make;
And now Plaſidas he is come
his corporall reſt to take.
When he in bed had layne a while,
great griefes he did ſuſtayne,
And ſo at length his minde to breake,
he purpoſeth certaine.
At length his wife, perceyving that
no reſt her mate could finde,
She did procure him for to ſhewe
what dreade was in his minde.
At length he ſayde, oh, loving mate!
the cauſe ſith thou wouldeſt know

Of theſe my cares, ſo huge and fell,
to thee them I will ſhowe.
This day (quoth he) as I abrode
in Forreſt thick did runne,
A mighty bucke his race to take
before me hath begunne:
At whom I ſued with all my might
and force that I could make:
At length the bucke for his defence
the denſid woodes doth take;
And there the bucke I do purſue,
on loftie ſteede amaine,
Till that the toppe of one great hill
he ſeketh to attaine.
And there from out the ſkyes did breake
a voyce like thunders cry;
For feare wherof almoſt my breath
to ſkyes away did fly.
Quoth he, I am thy very God,
ne made but being ſtill:
Both heaven and earth, yea, ſkyes and al
obeyes unto my will.
I made them all, and thee, O man!
as Lorde of earth to bee:
The fiſhe, the foules, the birdes, the beast,
ſhall all obey to thee.
And for the love which I thee bare,
my image I thee made,
A living ſoul, the life whereof
away ſhall never fade.
Thus art thou now my image pure,
and I thy Lorde and king:

Thou art the ſhepe whom I do love,
above all earthly thing.
By this my love I did declare,
when thou waſt utterly
Condemned for thy wickedneſſe
eternally to dye.
I loved thee ſo that I did take
a ſervaunts ſhape on me,
For to be ſlaine even as a ſheepe,
at ſacrifice we ſee.
And thou unkinde, forgetting quite
what I for thee have done,
Haſt made the goddes, and of vile earth,
a God is now become.
Yet I, becauſe I tender thee,
and rewe thy heavy fall,
Vouchſafe againe thee to the folde
once more from ſinne to call.
Repent, therefore, and learne to knowe,
thy God, thy Lord, and King:
So ſhalt thou with him eterne live,
where Angels holy ſing.
Forſake thy Idolles and become,
a Chriſtian now at laſt,
And Ile remitte and quite forgive
thy wickedneſſe forepaſte.
Ariſe, therefore, go wende in haſt,
make ſpeede for to convert
Thy gentle wife, that honour ſhee
may me with all hir heart.
O Lord! (quoth I) if Sathan do
with care my corps moleſt,

Be thou my ayde, let pacience ſtill,
abide within my breſt.
Do thou defende our ſinfull corps,
O Lorde! we thee deſire;
That by thy death unto the crowne
of life we may aſſpire.
Then ſayd the Lorde, with troubles great
Sathan ſhall thee anoye
By fraude in frendſhip: ſuch as erſt
with thee were wont to toye,
And ſpeake thee faire, with cap and knee,
at every worde do make,
Now in thy fall and miſerie
their flattering leaves ſhall take.
And not content with rayling voice
reprochfull wordes to say,
But eke are bent to ſpoyle thy tent,
thy goodes to beare away.
Which thou ſhalt by my grace divine
with pacience beare thy loſſe,
And at the length, when I ſee time,
Ile take away this croſſe;
And will again in former ſtate
thee place with joy, and bleſſe
With double folde, and ſhalt againe
poſſeſſe thy loſt rycheſſe.
Then downe I fell in ſwouning there,
and loud and ſhirle I cryed:
Oh Lord! thy ſervaunt will I be,
hap me what will betide.
Theſe were the wordes, when ſacred tops
of mountaines great and tall, D

He left: O Plaſidas! go home,
thy wife ſee that thou call.
Then ſayd his wife, my loving Lord,
O Plaſidas ſo true!
He is the God of heaven and earth
that did appeare to you:
For yeſter night, as I die lye,
in bed with heavy minde,
Me thought before me one moſt faire
in chamber I did finde.
Appalled ſore twixt feare and dreade,
at length to me he ſpake,
And said, O Theapis! from ſlepe
and drouſineſſe awake.
To morrow ſhall thy husbaunde dere
what I am well perceave;
I am thy Chriſt: and went his way,
and thus he tooke his leave.
This for to ſhewe my loving lord,
I durst no whit to thee,
Leaſt happely thou mightſt have thought
in me some injury:
But now I knowe, and well perceyve,
that that was Chriſt indeede:
He is of God coequall mate,
and eke of Davids ſede.
To him, therfore, with thankes giving
on flutes and pypes full ſhrill,
Our ſacrifices unto him
on aultars will we kill.
This is the Prophet, which to us
full long was prophecied;

This is the very ſonne of him
who ſtarres in ſkyes doth guide.
Therefore, my lord, if that thee pleaſe,
of baptiſme let us take
The ſacrament, and then let us
our country ſoyle forſake.
Then ſayd the knight: faire dame at hand
doth reſt a clarke of fame,
A miniſter of ſacred rightes,
who Buno hath to name;
A comely man, of fayth moſt pure:
to him ſtraight we will wende,
For rightes of baptiſme to receyve,
I verily do pretend.
Our children eke he baptiſe ſhall,
according unto right.
And thus to him they went in haſt
in middeſt of the night;
And when they baptiſme had receyved,
as now the manner is,
Plaſidas, Euſtas had to name,
his wife is Theapis:
His children eke, whom nature made
of beauty paſſing faire,
Were tender ones; thone Agapite,
Theoſpite was the heyre.
Thus baptiſme done, unto their houſe
againe they do repaire;
And there in peace a while they live
both honeſtly and faire.
At length the ſturdy boyſtrous blaſtes
of Sathan gins to rore;

Even as the water from a hyll,
or as a myghty bore,
Which of ſome wight receyved hath
a wound both huge and great;
Or as the flaſhing waves of floudes,
that craggie rockes doth beate,
With hurling here and there hir ſtreams,
indevouring for to weare
The ragged banks, which of their floudes
the crabbyd rage doth beare.
Much like unto a battayle made,
a citie for to get,
And munition with burning ſtrokes
to ſacke the walles is ſet,
And breach is made, and houſes burne,
and ſouldiers now beginne
For joy of ſpoyle, by vitall breath,
not for to set a pinne.
Or elſe when as a lion great
doth range with angry moode,
With hungrie chawes amid the woods
doth seeke to have his foode.
And he that first within his ſight
appeares that he may ſee,
With gaſping mouth on him he runnes,
devoured for to bee.
So Sathan now, in roring wiſe,
on Plaſidas doth runne;
His ſheepe and cattell for to ſlay
already hath begunne.
Then Plaſidas to povertie
is brought the ready way,

And eke when that his fayned friends
perceyved his decay,
They runne his houſe to ſpoyle and ſacke,
his goodes they beare away.
Even thoſe whome he had feaſted earſt
before his great decay,
Theſe pampered churles that ſit all day
at tables dayntie fed,
Who by all miſchievous crabbed guiles
with ſtinking heart is led ;
Whome neither love ne hate can drive,
from out the caſtell dore,
They learned have ſo for to rowe
with the Athenien oare.
I may ſuch perſones well compare
unto a pype or tonne,
That hath good wine to outwarde ſight,
in which there is poyſon :
For they themſelves ſo beautifie
their wordes in inwarde ſhowe ;
But poyſon much is hyd therein,
as afterwardes we knowe.
Thus Plaſidas from great renoune
to povertie is brought ;
And where he was a royall knight,
nowe is he worſe than nought.
Thus then when ſhame had overtoke
this worthy knight, then loe,
In midſt of all the darkeſome night
from houſe and friends they goe
To water ſide, and there doe wayte,
when lofty ſhip ſhall glyde

On foming ſeas: the winde is good,
for them on ſeas to ryde.
They do inquire if any ſhip
to countrey farre will wende?
To whome the maſter aunswere made,
that ſtraight they did intende,
To hoyſe their ſayles, and to departe
to Egipt in all haſt.
Agreed they are; they hoyſe their ſayles
to ſayle away at laſt.
The lande they leave, into the deepe
they launce with winde at will:
The mighty ſhippe the hollowe waves
at every ſurge doth fill.
The night is gone, and day is come,
wherein eche thing doth joy;
And here the haſty fiſh begin
at paynted pupe to toy.
With fetching friſchoes here and there,
with ſpready finne in ſea,
And ſeemeth who faſteſt ſhould ſwimme,
ſome wager for to lay.
They ſayled have, and now at length
neere Egipt they arive:
The maſter of the ſhip doth like
the beauty of the wife
Of Plaſidas, and doth delight
his wavering wanton minde,
With rolling in his diveliſh brayne
the beautie of hir kinde.
She pleaſed hath his lothfull eyes
with beauties ſhining beames,

From whence ſometime did yſſue out
of teares abundant ſtreames.
Then at the laſt, when unto land
they drewe and playne did ſee
The touret tops, and knewe full well
how far from land they be,
The maſter of the ſhip did ſay,
yon, paſſangers, we ſee,
That nere to land our ſhip is come,
therefore nowe ready be;
For that you have your fraught to pay,
as due it is by right.
Come on, ſir boy, launce out this boate;
the towne is here in ſight.
The anker then through flaſhing floud
a way doth make for holde;
And there to ride from daungers great
the maſter is full bolde.
The maſter and the mariners guide
the cocke boate unto lande;
Then he his fraight for to receive
he ſtretcheth forth his hande.
Yet nought at all from Plaſidas
might hap in any wayes;
For all was gone, and naught was left,
before he toke the ſeas.
Why, Plaſidas, the maſter ſayd,
thy wife Ile have away,
If that thou wilt not out of hand
my duetie to me pay.
Then out of hande he toke his wife,
Plaſidas being on ſhoare;

And ſaid, thou friend, thou ſhuldſt have ſought,
thy frayght to pay before.
Therefore, I ſay, thy wife with me
away from hence ſhall wende :
With whome Plaſidas all in vayne
did labour and contende.
To kepe hir ſtill : the maſter ſtraight
his mariners bad to bring
Plaſidas loe in midſt of ſeas
by furious force to fling.
So that his wife the maſter he
at will might then poſſeſſe :
His wilfulneſſe brought him his death,
in thende as I do geſſe.
Well, Plaſidas muſt needes depart,
whether he will or nay ;
For money none at all he had,
as then, the frayght to pay.
But from the ſhoares of ſurging ſeas
with heavy minde doth wende,
And for to live in Egipt lande
he verily doth intende
With his two babes of tender yeares,
so faire in natures grace :
The one on father's armes hanging,
doth followe on a pace ;
The other he doth runne afore,
with every graſſe to play ;
His father mery for to make,
all meanes he doth aſſay.
At length, wher flaſhing ſtreames of flouds
the ſhoares doth cleane devide,

They are arived ; and there they ſtande,
the maner to decide,
How for to paſſe thoſe troubleſome waves,
for needes that way he muſt,
Unto the towne. O fortune ! thou,
to good men never juſt,
Who earſt a loft in chaire of ſtate
was wonte in peace to ſyt,
Is now in floudes of miſerie,
and thou, not leaving it,
Doeſt adde more care unto his payne,
thy faſhion it is so ;
Bycauſe thou wouldeſt that all men ſhuld
take thee for friend nor foe.
What mourning makes the wight, good lord !
whome wife is borne fro,
And taking up his yongeſt ſonne,
from dolefull ſhoares doth go
To thother ſide, where woodes and trees
on fertile ground doth ſtande :
He is arived, and there doth ſet
his tender childe on lande.
And entring nowe the ruſhing waves,
that ſoundes with noyſe ſo ſhrill,
He doth approch the hollow waves,
in myddeſt thereof to fill.
When he in myddeſt was thereof,
there came a woulfe and tooke
The tender childe, who late before
was borne over the brooke,
And bore away ; but God, who made
the heaven, the earth and all,

Did ſo provide that once no hurt
unto it ſhould befall.
He ſeeing then his childe was gone,
with dolefull minde he cride,
Oh! wicked wretch and miſer vile,
what ſhall of me betide?
And comming nowe to the other ſide,
his eldeſt ſonne to catch,
A lion huge from wood doth come,
and thother up doth ſnatch.
Which ſtraight doth trudge from thence away
unto the wood agayne,
A heavy ſight for Plaſidas
in this his dolefull payne.
But Plaſidas, pore ſoule, doth ſtrive
his childe to get agayne;
But he, pore wretch, of very truth,
laboureth all in vayne.
When that he ſawe no helpe there was,
good Lorde! he doth lament;
But mighty God the childe to ſave
hath reſcue ready ſent.
The countrey men, that were as then
a plowing in the fielde,
The heard men eke that ſheepe did kepe,
did ſtand and all behelde,
Where as a lion huge did runne,
and eke with him did beare
A manly childe, and loked as though
in pieces he would teare.
Then out they ſent their hungry dogs
the lion to overtake;

And ſo at length the lion he
the childe did quite forſake.
The woulfe likewiſe to beare the childe
already hath begunne,
Through mydſt of the plow men there,
and they at him do runne
With battes and ſtones: the praye he left,
and there the childe they founde:
A comely wight, no hurt he had,
but was both whole and ſounde.
The plowe men and the heard men both
are joyous of this thing
That chaunced hath, and to the towne
the children both they bring.
There they declare how that they toke
theſe tender babes of age
From beaſts ful fierce, and how they brought
them home to their village.
Theſe men they were both of one towne,
and ſet the babes to ſchole,
To learne ſuch things as after they
thereby their life might rule.
Now leave we here a while and ſtay,
and let us furder heare
Of Plaſidas, how he doth range
in dolefull heavy cheare.
He paſſed is the watrie ſtreames
of that unhappy ſhoare.
With ſobbes and teares his cares and ſmart
increaſeth more and more:
And then at laſt upon the ground
proſtrate on face he lies.

Have mercy, Lord, on me, vile wretch!
continually he cries.
Thou God that madeſt both heaven and erth,
the ſea, and eke eche thing,
Which al the windes from out their caves
and hollowe rockes doſt bring;
That madeſt the world, and eke eche beaſt
that liveth now therein;
Who makeſt pore, and eke doſt cauſe
of pore to ryſe a king;
Who made the ſea, the fiſh, the foule
that flies under the ſkies;
Who rules the very jawes of beaſtes,
in whome all force now lies;
Who placed firſt the heavenly throne
of thy Godhead divine,
Who eke hath made within the world
both houres, dayes and time;
Thou that didſt make the firmament
with Stars ſhining ſo bright;
Thou that for day didſt make the Sunne
mens ſteps to guide aright;
Thou that haſt made the planets ſeaven
in ſpheares to runne their race;
Thou that next to the croked Moone
the burning flame doeſt place;
And next to it a vacant place,
where aire doth all abounde;
The water eke which compaſſe doth
the heavy maſſive grounde;
That haſt to man ſuch power given
thy noble workes to knowe,

And yet on him of thy good grace
doſt dayly more beſtowe,
Graunt unto me thy ſervaunt here
one ſparke of thy good grace,
That in this land I may nowe finde
ſome joyfull reſting place.
Even I, that wretch who is devoyde
of wife and children twaine,
Give pacience, Lord! to me, pore wretch,
though languiſhed in payne.
Have mercy on my children deare,
where ſo their corps ſhall lie;
Have mercy on their parent eke,
who lives in miſerie.
This ſayde, unto the towne he goeth,
and ceaſſeth not to weepe
For children twaine, at laſt he commeth
in middeſt of the ſtreate.
And there the men of that ſame towne
do Plaſidas deſire
To kepe their ſheepe, and ſo he ſhould
of them receyve his hire.
Agreed they are, and Plaſidas
his ſheepe full well doth knowe;
And now forthwith into the fieldes
his ſheepe and he do goe.
Now leave we heare of Plaſidas
in ſhepheardes weede for gayne;
Sometime he was a noble lorde,
but now more pore certayne.
But now we forth will ſhewe the meane
how God did all provide

For mother and the children eke,
as it may well be ſpide
In ende, for loe! the fatall wretch
hath his rewarde with gayne;
His great deſire was once the cauſe
why that his corps was ſlayne.
For when on lofty roaring waves
he was, with winde at will,
He then in haſt would ſtrayght aſſay
his luſt for to fulfill:
But as he would by force of armes
have wrought the deedely acte,
The mighty God with death repayde
this his purpoſed facte;
And there in ſhippe all deade he lies,
whoſe luſt did cauſe his woe:
The mariners lament this caſe,
and eke to lande they goe,
With hir, on ſhoare to ſet, and eke
more victuals for to buy,
When winde is faire to cuntry ſoyle
agayne that they may hie.
And much they prayſe hir conſtancie,
hir beautie and hir grace;
Hir faithfulneſſe unto hir loue,
in this hir heavie caſe.
The Lorde they praiſe and honor him,
with all their might they have,
That ſo of his benignitie
his bleſſed flocke can ſave.
Then when to ſhore their boate was come,
ſhe there hir leave doth take,

And willingly not with them any
longer ſojorne to make,
Doth wende into a towne thereby,
intending there to live,
Untill that God ſhall ſee his tyme
hir from hir cares to meve.
Thus fiftene yeares all deſolate
ſhe lives in widdowes ray ;
Hir honeſt life not one there is
in all that toune that may
Diſtaine. And loe ! it ſo befell,
ſince Plaſidas was gone,
That enimies the Romane lande
Do vexe and warre upon.
At whome the king envying ſore
doth warre on them beginne ;
But all in vaine his travell was,
he loſt, and nought could winne.
Then of his knight good Plaſidas
to thinke he doth beginne,
And wiſhing alwayes that he were
in Romane land with him.
At length the king doth ſende abrode,
through many a place and towne,
His luſty knightes in haſt to ſeeke
Plaſidas of renowme,
And bring him home to Romane lande,
where earſt he was the knight
That did moſt harme unto his foes
by mortall dint of fight :
And who that findes the ſame in ende,
the king would honour give,

With riches eke in honour great,
all dayes of life to live.
Within the armie of the king
two knightes there were certayne,
Who ever under Plaſidas
in warres did much remayne.
They into Egipt land do goe,
ſome newes for to heare tell
Of Plaſidas, and loe! they chaunce
in ſtreate where he doth dwell.
And Plaſidas from field doth come,
as they were entred in;
Then to inquire of Plaſidas,
the knightes doe now begin.
If that he knewe not one within
that toune that had to name
Plaſidas, who of chivalrie
did beare away the fame.
He aunſwered them and ſayd, forſooth,
no ſuch man I doe knowe;
But yet he doth the knightes deſire
unto his houſe to goe,
And take ſuch things as he, poore ſoule,
unto them then might give,
Which might their weary faynting lims
from wearineſſe relieve.
With whom they went with al their harts,
and their repaſtes did take
With ſuch ſmall cheere as he, good man,
at that time could them make.
But when he did revolve in minde
the ſtate that he was in,

Sometime with them, good Lord, therefore,
to weepe he doth begin.
Then went he out from chamber where
the knightes did then remaine,
To waſh his face, and afterwardes
returne to them againe.
But whileſt he was from them a time,
they thought that it was he
Whome they appoynted were to ſeeke;
and ſo agreed they be,
At his retourne for to demaund
ſome licence and ſome leave
To ſee a wounde which ſometime he
in battayle did receave.
At length he commes, and they to him
with gentle wordes doe ſpeake:
Good ſir, ſayd they, much like thou arte
to him whome we doe ſeeke:
Therefore of thee we do deſire
this one thing, for to loke
Upon thy head, for ſuch a wounde
that he in battayle toke.
They then behelde the wound, and knewe
full well that it was he:
No tong can then expreſſe their joy,
fulfilled ſo they be.
With ſtretched armes they him embrace,
deſiring him to tell
Where that his children are become,
and where his wife doth dwell.
Then aunſwered he, and ſayd his ſonnes
were refte of vitall breath; F

And, as he thought, his wife likewiſe
taſted of cruell death.
And howe the Maſter had his wife,
unto the knightes he tolde;
And howe by force of armes from him
his wife he did with holde.
This done, in haſt throughout the land
reporte doth blowe this thing:
The neyghboures then do haſt unto
Plaſidas pore lodging:
With marvelling, much like unto
a ſwarme of bees they goe
About the houſe, and there the knightes
their meſſage forth do ſhew.
And then they ray ſir Plaſidas
with veſtementes of price;
Then from their ſeates to walke a while
the luſty knightes ariſe.
In haſt they leave that joyfull ſoyle,
and homewarde do they wende:
They are arived in Romane lande
ere fyftene dayes were ende.
The Emperour, then, when that he heard
that Euſtas was at hande,
Doth joy that God hath ſent this knight
agayne unto his lande.
Now Trayan he doth ryde in haſt
Plaſidas for to meete,
And joyfull Trayan Plaſidas
his loving friend doth greete.
Then Trayan with Plaſidas
unto his court doth goe,

With great frequent of people that
behind them did followe.
When he came there, of al his happes
he doth declare and tell;
Of all the woes and miſeries
that unto him befell.
How his wife was taken him fro,
how children both were ſlayne,
And how himſelfe nowe fyftene yeares
did live in dolefull payne.
From thence they goe to banketting,
to revels and to play;
In dauncing and in minſtrelſie
they ſpend that lucky day.
And Plaſidas is made, I ſay,
Lieutenant of the bande;
And all the ordering of the warres
is put into his hande.
He then before him calles the knightes,
and doth their number take,
Intending up an armie great
in haſt forthwith to make.
And doth commaund that ſtraygh t
eche towne to him ſhould ſende
Two luſty men, with Plaſidas
unto the warres to wende.
It happened ſo that that ſame towne
two ſouldiers forth muſt make,
Which from the Lion and the Woulfe
thoſe tender babes did take.
At length the townes men do agree
that both theſe children ſhould

Goe with the knight, with willing mindes
and heartes even ſo they would.
The countrie men theſe ſouldiers twayne
did bring unto the knight;
Their maners and their comelie ſhape
did much his minde delight.
Wherefore with firſt at table he
hath placed the ſame to be,
Bycauſe in them ſuch nobleneſſe
of maners he did ſee.
The day is come, to battayle they
muſt wende even out of hand;
And now they muſt the great aſſault
of cruell foes withſtande.
The battayles great, on eyther part
the flames do reach the ſkie;
The roaring ſound of canons ſhot
the force of walles doth trie.
The knightes with launce in hand, I ſay,
do pearce throughout the throng;
The ſouldier doth aſſay to lay
his enimie all along.
The battayle ſtandes in doubt, of truth,
which ſide ſhall other beate;
Here martch they on amayne, and there
they blowe agayne retreate.
Here all along on ground they lie,
and here from tourets hie
The deadly ſhaft through miſtey cloudes
aloft in ſkies doe flie;
And here in fleſh it lightes full deepe,
and gives a deadly wound;

And in another parte there is
a thouſand brought to ground.
Here fighted Plaſidas full harde
in midſt of all the throng;
And here the children, parent like,
ſlay enimies along:
They forwarde doe retire in haſt,
and men afore do lacke,
And Plaſidas aſſayles his foes
behinde upon their backe.
The wings, that were the ayde and helpe
of foote men, goe their way:
The battayles loſt, all through defacde,
of keping their aray.
The wings are fled, and battayle muſt
by footemen ſtand a while:
The battayles great, but at the length
they are brought to exile.
The enimies flie from fielde amaine,
and Romanes followe ſtyll
Upon the chaſe, for they did minde
their cruell foes to kyll.
Retreate is blowen, and home agayne
to campe the ſouldiers hie,
That willing were, eyther their foes
or they in chaſe to die.
The towne is made full ſtrong and ſure
with rampiers for ſhotte,
And eke eche ſyde of all the towne
with munition is hotte.
The ſcaling lathers downe to throwe,
they have their iron ſtaves;

They have their hatchets for to cut
in ſunder all their raves.
Some ſtand with ſlings from far to ſtrike
the Romane armies great,
Some ſtand with billes thoſe that aſſault
with furious force to beate:
The pike men they on walles doe ſtande
their towne for to defende,
And ſome from towre with bow in hande
the graygooſe wing do ſende.
The labourers do mende the walles
with gunſhot all to ſhake,
The townes men all within the towne
do ſeeke defence to make;
And ſluiſes al are opened
to ſtop the enemies way,
Leaſt that to ſcale their walles by night
the enimie doe aſſay.
The night is come, and it doth parte
the armies for that time:
The watch man he aloſt in towre
beginneth for to clime;
The warde at gate is kept all night,
the ſouldiers ſtand in ray,
That when the onſet ſhall be given,
reſiſt their foes they may.
The night is gone, and breake of day
beginneth to drawe nie,
By which the watch man in the towre
the armie may diſcrie,
And ſee from farre howe Plaſidas
doth order all his bande;

How that he telleth them the way
their foes for to withſtande.
He doth declare, as he can deeme,
what number that they be;
And doth eſpie if any troupe
of horſe men he may ſee
That doth aproch unto the towne:
for to increaſe their feare,
Plaſidas ſent horſe men forth
to range both here and there,
To ſee if that they enter would
from towne, and would deſcend
In open field by force of armes
their citie to defende.
But they within did kepe themſelves
in order for to fight.
Then had the day quite drove away
the lothſome myſtes of nyght,
And Plaſidas his comely trayne
unto the walles doth bring:
The which the watch man well perceyved,
and al arme out doth ring.
To walles they goe, both tagge and ragge,
their citie to defende:
And every man his buſineſſe
doth duely nowe intende.
The puſhing pikes ſtand next the walles,
their enimies downe to fling;
The ſielly boyes the heavy earth
on ſhoulders thither bring.
The ſunne from depth of Occean ſea
did ſcarce himſelfe areare,

When as the Romane armie did
before the towne appeare.
And then the gonnes the way doe make
through walles of ſtone and bricke,
And eke the flames of fiers do
the tops of houſes licke.
The Romanes they bring to the walles
their ſcaling lathers hie,
With iron hookes unto the tops
of houſes for to tie.
Now all the walles of Romanes ſtout
is filled to the ende,
And more and more continually
upon the walles aſcende.
The towne is wonne, and Plaſidas
in midſt thereof is ſet;
And all their labour is as nowe
the ſpoyle thereof to get.
The towne to duſt is quite conſumde,
and burnt with ſcorching fire;
The trumpets ſound triumphantly
to cauſe their men retire.
Then after, when the towne is wonne,
and all was brought to ground,
A reſting place for all his bande
there in a towne he found,
In which his wife did dwell, and kept
a houſe for hoſtage there,
To whom hir ſonnes for harbor then
unto hir do repaire:
Not knowing what ſhe was, in deede,
they there their reſtes doe take,

And for their noble victories
great joy they oft do make.
At laſt, the yonger doth deſire
the elder for to tell
His yong eſtate, and what to him
in childhode oft befell.
Whoſe talke the ſilly mother oft
did liſten much to knowe
Some newes by warriers ſtoutly done,
and afterwardes might ſhowe
The ſame unto hir friendes, that liſt
oft times of warres to talke:
Therefore full oft, I ſay, ſhe doth
before the chamber walke.
At laſt the eldeſt ſayd, good friend,
I doe remember well
Howe that my father rulde the knightes
of Rome that did excell;
And eke a lady faire I had,
to mother well I knowe:
Two children eke they had full fayre,
I well remember ſo.
My yonger brother was full faire,
ſurmounting in degree
All other men, ſo rich he was
with giftes of dame beautie.
Long did they live in joy and bliſſe
within that lande I know;
But yet by night he toke a ſhippe,
and from that lande did goe
Unto a countrey not farre thence,
the name I doe not knowe.

The ſhippe is come unto the porte,
and then to land we goe.
My mother ſhe behinde was left,
but howe I can not ſay;
But, as I judge, the maſter he
my mother there did ſtay.
And then from thence we did depart
unto a towne thereby,
With heavy minde, untill he came
unto a great ferry;
And there he ſet me downe on ground,
and over ſtrayght he bore
His yonger ſonne, over the floud
unto the other ſhore.
And entring now the floud agayne,
me thither for to fetch,
A cruel woulfe my brother yong
up in his mouth doth catch,
And wendes his way unto the wood.
my brother loud doth cry;
My father ſtill he ſtrived harde
agayne to me to hie.
But out, alas! a lion huge
came from the wood amaine,
And ſnatcht up me, and to the wood
he did returne agayne.
But when the lion great and tall
the heardmen they doe ſee,
Their dogs they ſet upon the beaſt,
and ſo they ſaved me.
The yonger ſayd, my brother deare,
even as I heard it tolde,

The plowmen toke me from a woulfe
which had me in his holde.
By that thou ſaydſt, conjecture I,
thy brother that I am :
Loe, happy day ! they both doe ſay,
that unto warres we came.
The joy that they doe make, forſoth,
no tong can it expreſſe ;
No heart can thinke, no eye hath ſeene,
ſuch bleſſed joyfulneſſe.
The mother then hath heard their talke,
and ponder it well doth ſhe ;
And doth revolve within hir minde
if that hir babes they be.
Then unto Plaſidas ſhe goeth,
and doth deſire him ſone
That he would let hir goe with him,
for ſhe was borne at Rome.
And as to him theſe wordes ſhe ſpake,
in ſounding ſhe oft fell ;
And cried at length, O Plaſidas !
I knowe thee very well.
I am thy wife, pore Theopis,
which taken was thee fro
In midſt of floudes, when thou from ſhip
vnto the land didſt go.
The mighty God of heaven and earth
for thee hath kept me cleane :
The maſter he for his deſerte
by darte of death is ſlayne.
Then Plaſidas doth well perceyve
his wife, his love and make,

His heart, his life; and unto him
in armes he doth hir take.
What joy was there I can not tell,
my fingers weary be
To write the ſame; my eyes like that
in world did never ſee.
The wife the husband doth embrace,
the man the wife likewiſe;
The joy to ſhewe the teares doe guſhe
like ſtreames from out their eyes;
And in their joy, the wife demaundes
where that her children be?
Then he did ſay: my loving wife,
their deathes my ſelfe did ſee;
Two cruel beaſtes with foming mouthes
our children both hath ſlayne.
Then ſayd his wife, be of good cheere,
alive they both remaine;
For loe! the God which unto us
this joyfull meeting gave,
By his good grace and power divine,
did both our children ſave.
Then him ſhe tolde how ſouldiers twaine
their infancie did ſhowe,
And ſtrayght he ſent for thoſe yong men
the truth of them to knowe.
The children both unto him come;
and eche of them doth tell
His infancie, by which he knoweth
they be hys ſonnes full well.
He then doth kiſſe, and eke embrace
thoſe tender babes of his;

The armie then for newes hereof
in heart right joyfull is.
They ſpende thoſe dayes in joy and bliſſe,
and after do intende
To Romane lande triumphantly
his hoſte and he to wende.
But whileſt in warres he did abyde,
good Trayan was deade,
And Adrian in the Empire
ſucceeded in his ſteade.
Who in all miſchiefes did abounde,
as ſtories us doe tell,
For perſecuting of the truth
he did the reſt excell.
When Plaſidas to Rome was come,
and did a time ſojourne,
Then Adrian did him commaund
his idols to adourne,
For that the Romanes did poſſeſſe
ſo great a victorie :
But Plaſidas would not ſo doe ;
he playnely did deny
That they were Gods, and unto him
they nought at all could give :
He ſayd by Chriſt, in Chriſt it was
that he in world did live.
Then Adrian commaunded that
devoured they ſhould be
Of a lion in church, whereas
his Goddes the facte might ſee.
And ſo it was as he commaunde
perfourmed eke and done :

The Lion he moſt joyfully
unto their feete doth come,
And there doth lie, much like a dogge
cum caude that doth play,
And from their feete no man ywis
can get the beaſt away,
But there he lies and mery makes;
he doth no hhurt at all.
Then Adrian doth ſtraight commaunde
his men them forth to call,
And doth commaund that they be put
in oxe of braſſe to die:
But nought they care; in Jeſus Chriſt
they had their truſt wholly.
The oxe with flame is thorow hote,
and they are put therein,
And joyfully in Chriſt they all
to ſing do then beginne.
Thus ended they their mortall race,
their file was at an ende:
That we may indure, good Lorde,
to us their mercy ſende!

JOHN PARTRIDGE.

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION.

THOMAS NASHE, or Nash, having been born in Nov. 1567, was only in his twenty-second year when he produced the very rare tract we have here reprinted. His father was the Rev. William Nash, or Nayshe, as the name was then arbitrarily spelt, the officiating clergyman at Lowestoft. The son was matriculated at St. John's, Cambridge, in 1582, and must have continued at college for nearly seven years; but he certainly fell in love before 1587, and seems to have travelled on the continent to wear out the deep impression. That his passion was unrequited is certain, and the production in the hands of the reader bears evident marks of his consequent hostility to the female sex: his abuse is unmeasured, especially where he exclaims that "constancy will sooner inhabit the body of a chamelion, or tiger, or a wolf, than the heart of a woman." Hence we may conclude that he had been jilted.

His first attempt at authorship was in 1587, when, having made the acquaintance of the famous novelist Robert Greene, Nash wrote an Epistle before "Menaphon," the first edition of which, it is said, bears date in that year. Possibly, Nash had some temporary difference with Greene, which continued until after the appearance of the "Anatomy of Absurdity," where the author disparagingly calls Greene "the Homer of Women," and ridicules his conceited and artificial style. It appears that subsequently a good understanding was restored between them, and it continued until the death of Greene, about August 1592. In fact, Nash's posthumous friendship for the author of "The Quip

for an Upstart Courtier" brought him into collision with Gabriel Harvey, the friend of Spenser. Nash expressly mentions "Howleglass" contemptuously, and so far accords with Harvey, whose attention had been directed to it by Spenser. ("Bibl. Account, &c.," i, 379.)

Nash's title, "The Anatomy of Absurdity," was in part derived from Philip Stubbes's "Anatomy of Abuses," which had gone through three editions in 1583, and to which Nash makes a clear allusion. He refers to, and ridicules many prevailing follies and peculiarities, but his experience, at the age of twenty-two, could not have been great, and towards the close he becomes more and more didactic. The scholar betrays himself throughout, and his many classical references are such as might be looked for from a studious and clever young man. His natural style of severity and humour hardly shewed itself until he engaged in the Mar-prelate controversy about the year 1589, and in the literary conflict in which he was involved with Gabriel Harvey in 1592. We give Nash's quotations just as they stand in the original tract, and readers of only moderate attainments will easily detect errors of the press. Some of the temporary and personal allusions are amusing and interesting, especially where Nash refers to Deloney, "the ballading silk-weaver," and to the street-poems circulated upon the floods in Calabria.

Nash died before 1601 (Fitzgeoffrey's *Affaniæ*, Sign. N. 3), and not in 1604, as is stated in Dyce's "Middleton's Works," v. 562. His latest performance bears date in 1599: his "Summers Last Will and Testament" has 1600 on the title-page, but it was written in 1593, and came out after the author's demise. See Dodsley's O. P., edit. 1825, ix, p. 12. J. P. C.

The Anatomie of Abſurditie :

Contayning a breefe confutation of the ſlender imputed prayſes to feminine perfection, with a ſhort deſcription of the ſeverall practiſes of youth, and ſundry follies of our licentious times.

No leſſe pleaſant to be read, then profitable to be remembred, eſpecially of thoſe, who live more licentiouſly, or addicted to a more nyce ſtoycall auſteritie.

Compiled by T. Nashe.

Ita diligendi ſunt homines, ut eorum non diligamus errores.

AT LONDON,
Printed by I. Charlewood for Thomas Hacket, and are to be ſolde at his ſhop in Lumberd ſtreet, under the ſigne of the Popes heade.
Anno Dom. 1589.

To the right worſhipfull Charles Blunt, Knight, adorned with all perfections of honour or Arte, T. Naſhe wiſheth what ever content felicitie or Fortune may enferre.

(∴)

IF (right Worſhipfull) the olde poet Perſæus thought it moſt prejudiciall to attention for Verres to declaime againſt theft, Gracchus againſt ſedition, Catiline againſt treaſon, what such *ſupploſus pedum* may ſufficiently entertaine my preſumption, who, beeing an acceſſarie to Abſurditie, have tooke uppon me to draw her Anatomie. But that little alliance which I have unto arte will authorize my follie in defacing her enemie; and the circumſtaunce of my infancie, that brought forth this embrion, ſomewhat tollerate their cenſures, that would derive infamie from my unexperienſt infirmities. What I have written proceeded not from the penne of vain-glory, but from the proceſſe of that penſivenes, which two ſummers ſince overtooke mee; whoſe obſcured cauſe, beſt knowne to everie name of curſe, hath compelled my wit to wander abroad unregarded in this ſatyricall diſguiſe, and counſaild my content to diſlodge his delight from traytors eyes.

Gentlemen that know what it is to encounter with in-

gratitude in the forme of Cupid will ſoone ayme at the efficient of my armed phraſe; for others that cannot diſcerne Venus through a clowde, they will meaſure each deformed fury by the Queene of Fayries, all birds by one phœnix, all beaſts by one lyon. For my part, as I have no portion in any mans opinion, ſo am I the Prorex of my private thought, which makes me terme poyſon poyſon, as well in a ſilver peece as in an earthen diſh, and Protæus Protæus, though girt in the apparrell of Pactolus. Howe ever the ſyren change her ſhape, yet is ſhe inſeperable from deceit, and how ever the devill alter his ſhaddowe, yet will he be found in the end to be a ſhe ſaint: I dare not prefixe a *nigrum theta* to all of that ſexe, leaſt immortalitie might ſeeme to have been taxt by my ſlaunder, and the puritie of heaven bepudled by my unhallowed ſpeeche. Onely this ſhall my arguments inferre, and my anger averre, that conſtancie will ſooner inhabite the body of a camelion, a tyger or a wolfe then the hart of a woman; who, predeſtinated by the father of eternitie, even in the nonage of nature, to be the *Iliads* of evils to all nations, have never inverted their creation in any countrey but ours.

Whoſe heavenborne Elizabeth hath made majeſtie herſelfe mazed, and the worlds eye ſight aſtonied. Time, wel maiſt thou exult, that in the evening of thy age, thou conceivedſt ſuch a ſubject of wonder; and Peace, ſing *io pæan*, for that in deſpight of diſſention ſhe hath patroniz'd thee under her wings. Felicitie ſaw her inveſted with royaltie,

and became young againe in the beholding. Fortune, aſhamed each ſorrowe ſhould ſmile, and her face alonely be wrapt with wrinkles, ſuted poore Flaunders and Fraunce in her frownes, and ſaluted Englands ſoule with a ſmoothed forehead. Plenty and Abundance, that long had lived as exiles with the utmoſt Indians, were no ſooner advertiſed of her advauncement, but they made their paſſage through ten thouſand perrils, to ſpende their proſperitie in her preſence. Why ſeekes my penne to breake into the buildings of Fame, and eccho my amazed thoughts to her braſen towres, when as my tongue is too to baſe a Tryton to eterniſe her praiſe that thus upholdeth our happy daies?

Wherefore, ſince my wordes impoveriſh her worths, my fervent zeale ſhall be the unceſſant attendant on her weale. I feare, right worſhipfull, leaſt the affection of my phraſe preſent mee as a foe to your important affaires, whoſe hart, exalted with the eye ſight of ſuch ſoveraigntie as ſoares above humane ſight, coulde not but methodize this admiration in this digreſſion of diſtinction. But from ſuch entercourſe of excuſe, let my unſchooled indignities convert themſelves to your courteſie, and acquaint you with the counſaile of my rude dedication.

So it was that, not long ſince lighting in company with manie extraordinarie gentlemen of moſt excellent parts, it was my chance (amongſt other talke which was generally traverſed amongſt us) to moove divers queſtions, as touching the ſeverall qualities required in Caſtalions Courtier:

one came in with that of Ovid, *Semper amabilis eſto;* another ſtood more ſtricktly on the neceſſitie of that affabilitie, which our Latiniſts entitle *facetius*, and we more familiarlie deſcribe by the name of diſcourſing; the third came in with his carpet deviſes, and tolde what it was to tickle a citterne, or have a ſweete ſtroke on the lute, to daunce more delicatlie, and revell it bravelie; the fourth, as an enemie to their faction, confuted all theſe as effeminate follies, and would needes maintaine that the onely adjuncts of a courtier were ſchollerſhip and courage, returning picked curioſitie to paultry ſcriveners and ſuch like; affabilitie to Ariſtippus and his crue; citterning and luting to the birthright of everie ſixe pennie ſlave; and, to conclude, dauncing and revelling to everie taylors holie day humour. But, as for thoſe two branches of honor before mencioned, they diſtinguiſh a gentleman from a broking Jacke, and a courtier from a clubheaded companion. This diſcourſe thus continued, at length they fell, by a jarring gradation, to the particuler demonſtrations of theyr generall aſſertions. One woulde have one thing preferred, becauſe ſome one man was thereby advaunced; another, another thing, becauſe ſome noble man loves it: every man ſhotte his bolte, but this was the upſhot, that England afforded many mediocrities, but never ſaw any thing more ſinguler then worthy Sir Phillip Sidney, of whom it might truely be ſaide, *Arma virumque cano.* In this heate of opinions, many hopes of nobility

were brought in queſtion, but nothing ſo generally applauded in every mans compariſons as your worſhippes moſt abſolute perfections; whoſe effectuall judiciall of your vertues made ſuch deepe impreſſion in my attentive imagination, as ever ſince there hath not any pleaſure mixt it ſelfe ſo much with my ſecret vowes as the undefinite deſire to be ſuppliant unto you in ſome ſubject of witte. From which, howſoever this my undigeſted endevour declineth, yet more earneſtly I beſeeche you, by that entire love which you beare unto artes, to accept of it in good part. And as the fooliſh painter in Plutarch, having blurred a ragged table with the rude picture of a dunghill cocke, willed his boy in any caſe to drive away all lyve cocks from that his worthles workmanſhip, leaſt by the compariſon he might be convinced of ignorance, ſo I am to requeſt your worſhip, whiles you are peruſing my pamphlet, to lay aſide out of your ſight whatſoever learned invention hath heretofore bredde your delight, leaſt their ſingularitie reflect my ſimplicitie, their excellence convince mee of innocence. Thus, hoping you will every way cenſure of me in favour, as one that dooth partake ſome parts of a ſcholler, I commit you to the care of that ſoveraigne content which your ſoule deſireth.

Your moſt affectionate
in all.

Uſque aras.

T. NASHE.

THE ANATOMIE

OF ABSURDITIE.

ZEUXES beeing about to drawe the counterfet of Juno, aſſembled all the Agrigentine maydes, whom after he pauſing had viewed, he choſe out five of the fayreſt, that in their beautie he might imitate what was moſt excellent: even ſo it fareth with mee, who beeing about to anatomize Abſurditie, am urged to take a view of ſundry mens vanitie, a ſurvey of their follie, a briefe of their barbariſme, to runne through authors of the abſurder ſort aſſembled in the ſtacioners ſhop, ſucking and ſelecting out of theſe upſtart antiquaries ſomewhat of their unſavery duncerie, meaning to note it with a *nigrum theta*, that each one at the firſt ſight may eſchew it as infectious, to ſhewe it to the worlde that all men may ſhunne it. And even as Macedon Phillip, having finiſhed his warres, builded a cittie for the worſt ſorte of men, which hee called πονεροπολις, *malorum civitas*, ſo I, having laide aſide my graver ſtudies for a ſeaſon, determined with my ſelfe, beeing idle in the countrey, to beginne in this vacation the foundation of a trifling ſubject, which might ſhroude in his leaves the abuſive enormities of theſe our times. It fareth nowe a daies with unlearned idiots as it doth with the aſſes who bring foorth all their life long; even ſo theſe brainleſſe buſſards are every quarter bigge wyth one pamphlet or other. But as an

egge that is full, beeing put in to water ſinketh to the bottome, whereas that which is emptie floateth above, ſo thoſe that are more exquiſitly furniſhed with learning ſhroude themſelves in obſcuritie, whereas they that are voide of all knowledge endevour continually to publiſh theyr follie.

Such and the very ſame are they that obtrude themſelves unto us as the authors of eloquence and fountains of our finer phraſes, when as they ſette before us nought but a confuſed maſſe of wordes without matter, a chaos of ſentences without any profitable ſence, reſembling drummes, which beeing emptie within, ſound big without. Were it that any morrall of greater moment might be fished out of their fabulous follie, leaving theyr words we would cleave to their meaning, pretermitting their painted shewe, we woulde pry into their propounded ſence; but when as luſt is the tractate of ſo many leaves, and love paſſions the lavish diſpence of ſo much paper, I muſt needes ſende ſuch idle wits to shrift to the vicar of S. Fooles, who in ſteede of a worſer may be ſuch a Gothamiſts ghoſtly father. Might Ovids exile admonish ſuch idlebies to betake them to a new trade, the preſſe should be farre better employed, hiſtories of antiquitie not halfe ſo much belyed; minerals, ſtones, and herbes should not have ſuch cogged natures and names aſcribed to them without cauſe; Englishmen shoulde not be halfe ſo much Italinated as they are; finallie, love woulde obtaine the name of luſt, and vice no longer maſke under the viſard of vertue.

Are they not ashamed, in their prefixed poſies, to adorne a pretence of profit mixt with pleaſure, when as in their bookes there is ſcarce to be found once precept per-

taining to vertue, but whole quires fraught with amorous diſcourſes, kindling Venus flame in Vulcans forge, carrying Cupid in tryumph, alluring even vowed Veſtals to treade awry, inchaunting chaſte mindes, and corrupting the continenſt? Henceforth, let them alter their poſies of profit with intermingled pleaſure, inſerting that of Ovid in ſteed:

Si quis in hoc artem populo non novit amandi,
Me legat & lecto carmine doctus amet.

So ſhall the diſcreet Reader underſtand the contents by the title, and their purpoſe by their poſie. What els, I pray you, doe theſe bable bookemungers endevor but to repaire the ruinous wals of Venus Court, to reſtore to the worlde that forgotten legendary licence of lying, to imitate a freſh the fantaſticall dreames of thoſe exiled Abbie-lubbers, from whoſe idle pens proceeded thoſe worne out impreſſions of the feyned, no where acts of Arthur of the rounde table, Arthur of litle Brittaine, ſir Triſtram, Hewon of Burdeaux, the Squire of low degree, the foure ſons of Amon, with infinite others. It is not of my yeeres nor ſtudie to cenſure theſe mens foolerie more theologicallie, but to ſhew how they to no Common-wealth commoditie, toſſe over their troubled imaginations to have the praiſe of the learning which they lack. Many of them, to be more amiable with their friends of the feminine ſexe, blot many ſheetes of paper in the blazing of womens ſlender praiſes, as though in that generation there raigned, and alwaies remained ſuch ſinguler ſimplicitie, that all poſterities ſhould be enjoyned by duetie to fill and furniſh theyr temples, nay townes and ſtreetes, with the ſhrines of ſhe ſaints. Never remembring, that as there was a loyall Lucretia, ſo there was

a light a love Lais; that as there was a modeſt Medullina, ſo there was a miſchivous Medea; that as there was a ſtedfaſt Timoclea, ſo there was a trayterous Tarpeya; that as there was a ſober Sulpitia, ſo there was a deceitful Scylla; that as there was a chaſt Claudia, ſo there was a wanton Clodia.

But, perhaps, women aſſembling their ſenate, will ſeeke to ſtop my mouth by moſt voices, and, as though there were more better then bad in the bunch, will object unto me Atlanta, Architumna, Hippo, Sophronia, Leæna: to theſe I will oppoſe proude Antigone, Niobe, Circe, Flora, Rhodope, the deſpightfull daughters of Danaus, Biblis, and Canace, who fell in love with their owne brothers, Mirrha with her own father, Semiramis with her own ſonne, Phædra with Hippolitus, Venus inconſtancie, Junos jealouſie, the riotous wantonneſſe of Paſiphae, with whom I wil knit up this packet of paramours. To this might be added Mantuans invective againſt them, but that pittie makes me refraine from renewing his worne out complaints, the wounds wherof the former forepaſt feminine ſexe hath felt. I, but here the Homer of women hath foreſtalled an objection, ſaying, that Mantuans houſe holding of our Ladie, he was enforced by melancholie into ſuch vehemencie of ſpeech, and that there be amongſt them, as amongſt men, ſome good, ſome badde; but then let us heare what was the opinion of ancient philoſophers, as touching the femall ſexe.

One of them beeing aſked what eſtate that was, which made wiſe men fooles, and fooles wiſe men, anſwered marriage. Ariſtotle doth counſell us, rather to gette a little wife then a great, becauſe alwaies a little evill is better then a

great; ſo that hee counted all women, without exception, evill and ungratious. Another of them beeing aſked what was the greateſt miracle in the world, ſaide, a chaſte woman. One requiring Diogenes judgment when it was beſt time to take a wife, anſwered, for the young man not yet, and the olde man never. Pythagoras ſayd, that there were three evils not to be ſuffered: fire, water, and a woman. And the forenamed cinick deemed them the wiſeſt lyers in the world, which tell folke they will be married, and yet remaine ſingle; accounting it the leſſe inconvenience of two extremities to chooſe the leſſe. The ſelfe ſame man affirmeth it to be the only means to eſcape all evils, to eſchew womens counſaile, and not to ſquare our actions by their direction. The olde ſages did admoniſh young men, if ever they matcht wyth any wife, not to take a rich wife, becauſe if ſhe be rich, ſhee wyll not be content to be a wife, but will be a maiſter or miſtreſſe, in commaunding, chiding, correcting, and controlling. Another philoſopher compared a woman richly apparelled to a dunghill covered with graſſe. Socrates deemed it the deſperateſt enterpriſe that one can take in hand, to governe a womans will.

What ſhall I ſay of him that beeing aſkt, from what women a man ſhould keepe himſelfe, anſwered, from the quick and from the dead; adding, moreover, that one evill joynes with another when a woman is ſicke. Demoſthenes ſaide, that it was the greateſt torment, that a man could invent to his enemies vexation, to give him his daughter in marriage, as a domeſticall furie to disquiet him night and day. Democritus accounted a faire chaſte woman a miracle of miracles, a degree of immortality, a crowne of try-

umph, becauſe ſhee is ſo harde to be founde. Another beeing aſked, who was he that coulde not at any time be without a wife, anſwered, hee that was alwaies accurſt: and what dooth thys common proverbe, he that marrieth late marrieth evill, inſinuate vnto us, but that if a man meane to marry, he were as good begin betimes as tarry long, and beeing about to make a vertue of neceſſitie, and an arte of patience, they are to beginne in theyr young and tender age. Moreover, amongſt the thinges which change the nature and conditions of men, women and wine are ſette in the forefront, as the chiefe cauſes of their calamitie.

Plutarch, in his precepts of wedlocke, alleageth a reaſon why men fail ſo often in chooſing of a good wife; becauſe, ſaith hee, the number of them is ſo ſmall. There be two eſpeciall troubles in this worlde, ſaith Seneca, a wife and ignoraunce. Marcus Aurelius compared women to ſhyps, becauſe to keepe them wel and in order there is alwayes ſomewhat wanting; and Plautus ſaith, that women decke themſelves ſo gorgiouſly, and lace themſelves ſo nicely, becauſe foule deformed things ſeeke to ſette out themſelves ſooner then thoſe creatures that are for beauty far more amiable. For my part, I meane to ſuſpende my ſentence, and to let an author of late memorie be my ſpeaker, who affyrmeth that they carrie angels in their faces to entangle men, and devils in their devices. Valerius, in *Epiſt. ad Ruf.*, hath theſe words of womens trecherous works:— *Amice ne longo diſpendis te ſuſpendam, lege aureolum Theophraſti, et Medeam Jaſonis, et vix pauca invenies impoſſibilia mulieri, Amice det tibi Deus omnipotens fœminæ fallacia non falli:* My friend, leaſt I ſhould holde thee too long with too tedious a circumſtaunce, reade but the golden

booke of Theophraſtus, and Jaſons *Medea*, and thou ſhalt finde fewe things impoſſible for a woman; my ſweet friende, God Almightie graunt that thou beeſt not entrapt by womens trecherie. Furthermore, in the ſame place, he ſaith,—*Quis muliebri garrulitati aliquid committit, quæ illud ſolum poteſt tacere quod neſcit:* Who will commit any thing to a womans tatling truſt, who conceales nothing but that ſhee knowes not? I omit to tell with what phraſes of diſgrace the ancient fathers have defaced them, wherof one of them ſaith,—*Quid aliud eſt mulier niſi amicitiæ inimica*, &c.: What is a woman but an enemie to friendſhippe, an unevitable paine, a neceſſary evil, a naturall temptation, a deſired calamitie, a domeſticall danger, a delectable detriment, the nature of the which is evill ſhadowed with the coloure of goodnes? Therefore, if to put her away be a ſinne, to keepe her ſtill muſt needes be a torment. Another ſaith,—*Illud adverte quod extra paradiſum vir factus eſt*, &c.: Conſider this, that man was made without Paradiſe, woman within Paradiſe, that thereby we may learne that every one winneth not credit by the nobilitie of the place, or of his ſtock, but by his vertue. Finally, man, made better, is found without Paradiſe, in a place inferior; and contrariwiſe, ſhe which was created in a better place, namely Paradiſe, is founde to be worſer. Another hath theſe words:—*Diligit mulier ut capiat, decipit ut rapiat; amat quod habes, non quod es:* A woman loves, that ſhe may entrappe; ſhee deceives that ſhe may ſpoyle; ſhe loves that thou haſt, not that thou art. Another writeth after thys manner:—*Nulla eſt uxoris electio*, &c.: There is no choiſe to be had of a wife, but even as ſhe comes ſo we muſt take her; if teatiſh, if foolish, if deformed, if proude,

if ſtinking breathed, or whatſoever other fault she hath, we know not till we be married. A horſe, an oxe, or an aſſe, or a dogge, or what ſoever other vile merchandiſe, are firſt prooved, and then bought; a mans wife alone is never throughly ſeene before, leaſt shee dyſpleaſe before she be married. *Viros ad unumquodque maleficium ſingulæ cupiditates impellunt* (ſaith Tully) *mulieres ad omnia maleficia cupiditas una ducit: muliebrium enim vitiorum omnium fundamentum eſt avaritia:* Mens ſeverall deſires doe egge them to each kind of evill, but one onely affection leades women to all kind of wickednes; for covetouſneſſe is the foundation of all womens evill inclinations. Seneca alſo ſaith thus in his *Proverbs:—Aut amat, aut odit mulier, nil tertium eſt, dediſcere flere fœminam, mendacium eſt,* &c.: A woman either loves or hates; there is no third thing: it is an untruth to ſay that a woman can learne to forget to weepe: two kinde of teares are common in their eyes, the one of true ſorrowe, the other of deceipt: a woman meditates evill when she is muſing alone.

Thus you ſee how farre their wickednes hath made authors to wade with invectives in their diſpraiſe: wherefore I shall not need to urge their inconſtancie more vehemently, reſembling them to Battus, who was wonne with a cowe and loſt with a bull, nor ſtand to repeate that of Plato, who doubted whether he shold put women among reaſonable or unreaſonable creatures; who alſo gave thanks to Nature eſpeciallie for three things, whereof the firſt and cheefeſt was, that shee had made him a man and not a woman. I omitte that of Ariſtotle, who, alleaging the inconveniencie of too timely marriages, expreſſeth this as the eſpecial incommoditie, that it is the author of ſuper-

fluities, and good for nothing but to fill the world with women. Reade over all Homer, and you shall never almoſt ſee him bring in Juno but brawling and jarring with Jupiter, noting therby what an yrkeſome kind of people they are. In ſome countries, therefore, the bride, at the day of her mariage, is crowned by the matrons with a garland of prickles, and ſo delivered to her husband, that he may know he hath tyed himſelſe to a thornie pleaſure. The Maſſagets told Pompey they lay with their wives but once a weeke, becauſe they wold not heare their ſcoldings in the day, nor their pulings in the night.

But what ſhould I ſpend my yncke, waſte my paper, ſtub my penne, in painting forth theyr ugly imperfections and perverſe peeviſhneſſe, when as howe many hayres they have on their heads, ſo many ſnares they will find for a neede to ſnarle men in ; how many voices all of them have, ſo many vices each one of them hath ; how many tongues, ſo many tales ; how many eyes, ſo many allurements. What ſhall I ſay ? They have more shyfts then Jove had ſundry shapes, who in the shape of a ſatyre inveigled Antiope, tooke Amphitrios forme when on Alcmena he begat Hercules, to Danae he came in a shower of gold, to Lœda in the likenes of a ſwan, to Io like a heyfer, to Ægine like a flame, to Mnemoſyne like a sheephearde, to Proſerpina like a ſerpent, to Paſiphae like a bull, to the nimph Nonacris in the likenes of Apollo. For crueltie they ſeeme more terrible then tygers. Was not Orpheus, the excellenteſt muſition in any memory, torne in peeces by women, becauſe for ſorrow of his wife Euridice, he did not onelie himſelfe refuſe the love of many women, and lived a ſole life, but alſo diſſwaded from their company.

Did not mercileſſe Minerva turne the hayres of Meduſa, whom she hated, into hyſſing adders? Therefore, ſee how farre they ſwerve from theyr purpoſe who with Greene colours ſeeke to garnish ſuch Gorgonlike shapes. Is not witchcraft eſpecially upholden by women? Whither men or women be more prone unto carnall concupiſcence, I referre them to Thebane Tyreſias, who gave judgment againſt them long agoe: what their impudencie is, let antiquitie be arbiter. Did not Calphernias impudencie (who was ſo importunate and unreaſonable in pleading her owne cauſe) give occaſion of a law to be made that never woman after shoulde openly pleade her owne cauſe in courts of judgment.

Sabina may be a glaſſe for them to ſee their pride in, who uſually bathed herſelfe in the milke of five hundred aſſes, to preſerve her beauty. Galeria, alſo, that gallant dame which ſcorned the golden pallace of the emperor Nero as not curious inough to shroude her beauty; yea, Cleopatra, according to Xiphilinus judgment, was not ſlaine with venimous ſnakes, but with the bodkin that she curled her hayre. To conclude, what pride have they left unpractiſed? what enticement to luſt have they not tried?

Did they imagine that beautie to be moſt commendable which is leaſt coloured, and that face moſt faire which ſeldomeſt comes into the open ayre, they would never ſet out themſelves to be ſeene, ne yet woulde they covet to leave impreſſions of their beauties in other mens bodies, nor the forme of their faces in other mens fancies. But women, through want of wiſedome, are growne to ſuch wantonneſſe, that uppon no occaſion they will croſſe the

ſtreete to have a glaunce of ſome gallant, deeming that men, by one looke of them, shoulde be in love with them, and not ſtick to make an errant over the way to purchaſe a paramour to helpe at a pinche; who, under her husbands, that hoddy-peekes noſe, muſt have all the deſtilling dew of his delicate roſe, leaving him onely a ſweet ſent, good inough for ſuch a ſenceleſſe ſotte.

It was a cuſtome in Greece, that every married woman, as ſoone as she was betrothed to her husbande, shoulde touche fire and water; that as the fire purgeth and purifieth al thinges, and the water is cleane, and of nature fitte to clarifie everie part of the body, and to ſette the face free from any ſpot, except it be an Ethiopian blot, ſo ſhe would reſerve herſelfe chaſte and undefiled to her husband, her head. In Boëtia they will not ſuffer a new married wife at firſt to goe over the threſholde, becauſe ſhe ſhould ſeeme unwilling to enter in there, where ſhee ſhould leave and lay aſide her chaſtitie. In the ſame place alſo they burne the axletree of a cart before the doore of the bryde, after ſhe is married, ſignifying that ſhe ought not to gadde abroade, as though that were remooved which might moove her to make any errants unto any other place.

In Rome the bride was wont to come in with her ſpyndle and her diſtaffe at her ſide, at the day of her mariage, and her husband crowned and compaſſed the gates with her yarne; but now adaies towe is either too deere or too daintie, ſo that if hee will maintaine the cuſtome hee muſt crowne his gates with their ſcarfes, periwigs, bracelets, and ouches: which imports thus much unto us, that maides and matrons now adaies be more charie of their ſtore, ſo that they will be ſure they will not ſpend too much ſpittle with

ſpynning; yea, theyr needles are nettles, for they lay them aſide as needleſſe, for feare of pricking their fingers when they are painting theyr faces; nay, they will abandon that trifling which may ſtay them at home, but if the temperature of the wether will not permitte them to pop into the open ayre, a payre of cardes better pleaſeth her then a peece of cloth, her beades then her booke, a bowle full of wine then a handfull of wooll, delighting more in a daunce then in Davids Pſalmes, to play with her dogge then to pray to her God; ſetting more by a love letter then the lawe of the Lord, by one pearle then twenty *Pater noſters*. Shee had rather view her face a whole morning in a looking glaſſe then worke by the howre glaſſe: ſhee is more ſparing of her Spaniſh needle then her Spaniſh gloves, occupies oftner her ſetting ſticke then ſheeres, and joyes more in her jewels then in her Jeſus.

Is this correſpondent to the modeſtie of maydens and the maners of matrons? nay, rather it ſeemes that law is turned to libertie, and honeſt civilitie into impudent ſhamefaſtnes. Antient antiquitie was woont to bee ſuch a ſtoycall obſerver of continencie, that women were not permitted ſo much as to kiſſe their kinſmen, till the Troyan dames firſt attempted it in Italie: for when as by the force of tempeſtious ſtormes they were caſt upon the Italian coaſte, and each man landed upon whom the ſalt ſea ſome had not ſeaſed, the women, beeing wearie of theyr yrkeſome travaile and long and tedious toyle, abhorring the ſight of the ſeas, ſet the ſhyps on a light fire; by reaſon of the which deed they, dreading the diſpleaſure of their huſbandes, ran every one to their kinſman, kiſſing moſt kindly, and embracing moſt amiably every one that they mette.

From that time forth to this preſent it hath beene taken up for a cuſtome not to be ſparing in that kind of curteſie.

But now, craftie Cupid, practiſing the wonted ſleights, and ſhufling his ſhafts, meditates new ſhifts, which each amorous courtier, by his veneriall experience, may conjecturallie conceive. Menelaus hoſpitalitie mooved young Paris to adulterie: I ſay no more; you knowe the reſt, the wiſer can apply it. Well woorthy are the Eſſenians to be extolled for their wyſedome, who abhorre the company of women, and deteſt the poſſeſſion of gold and ſilver; and they to be deemed as ſoothing flatterers who ſpende ſo much paper about a propoſition of praiſe ſette apart from any apparance of probabilitie. Peradventure they thinke that, as the poets invent that Atlas upholds the heavens with his ſhoulders, becauſe by an excellent imagination he found out the courſe of the ſtars, even ſo they, by compiling of pamphlets in their miſtreſſe praiſes to be called the reſtorers of womankind. But idle heads are uſually occupied about ſuch trifling texts; wanton wits are combred with thoſe wonted fittes; ſuch buſie braines ſowe where they reape ſmall gaines. When witte gives place to will, and reaſon to affection, then follie with full ſaile launcheth foorth moſt deſperatlie into the deepe. Did they conſider that that prayſe is onely priviledged in wiſe mens opinion which onely proceedes from the penne of the prayſed, they would have pauſed a while upon the worthleſſe imputation of ſuch prodigall commendation, and conſulted for their credit in the compoſition of ſome other more profitable contrary ſubject.

I leave theſe in their follie, and haſten to other mens furie, who make the preſſe the dunghill, whether they carry

all the muck of their mellancholicke imaginations, pretending, forſooth, to anatomize abuſes and ſtubbe up ſin by the rootes, when as there waſte paper, beeing wel viewed, ſeemes fraught with nought els ſave dogge daies effects, who, wreſting places of Scripture againſt pride, whoredome, covetouſnes, gluttonie, and drunkenneſſe, extend their invectives ſo farre againſt the abuſe, that almoſt the things remaine not whereof they admitte anie lawfull uſe. Speaking of pride as though they were afraid ſome body ſhould cut too large peniworthes out of their cloth; of covetouſnes as though in them that proverbe had beene verified, *Nullus ad amiſſas ibit amicus ſpes;* of gluttonie as though their living did lye uppon another mans trencher; of drunkenneſſe as though they had beene brought uppe all the dayes of their life with bread and water; and, finally, of whoredome, as though they had beene eunuches from theyr cradle, or blind from the howre of their conception. But as the ſtage player is nere the happier becauſe hee repreſents oft times the perſons of mightie men, as of kings and emperours, ſo I account ſuch men never the holier becauſe they place praiſe in painting foorth other mens imperfections.

Theſe men reſemble trees, which are wont eftſoones to die if they be fruitfull beyond their wont; even ſo they to die in vertue if they once overſhoote themſelves too much wyth inveighing againſt vice, to be braineſicke in workes if they be too fruitfull in words. And even as the vultures ſlay nothing themſelves, but pray upon that which of other is ſlayne, ſo theſe men inveigh againſt no new vice which heeretofore by the cenſures of the learned hath not beene ſharply condemned, but teare that peecemeale wiſe which long ſince by ancient wryters was wounded to the death;

ſo that out of their forepaſſed paines ariſeth their pamphlets, out of their volumes theyr invectives. Good God! that thoſe that never taſted of any thing ſave the excrements of artes, whoſe thredde-bare knowledge, beeing bought at the ſecond hand, is ſpotted, blemiſhed, and defaced through tranſlaters rigorous rude dealing, ſhoulde preferre their ſluttered ſutes before other mens glittering gorgious array, ſhould offer them water out of a muddie pit who have continually recourſe to the fountaine, or dregs to drink who have wine to ſell. *At ſcire tuum nihil eſt, niſi te ſcire hoc ſciat alter.* Thy knowledge bootes thee not a button, except another knowes that thou haſt this knowledge. Anacharſis was wont to ſay that the Athenians uſed money to no other ende but to tell it; even ſo theſe men make no other uſe of learning but to ſhewe it. But as the panther ſmelleth ſweetlie but onely to brute beaſtes, which ſhee draweth unto her to theyr deſtruction, not to men in like maner, ſo theſe men ſeeme learned to none but to idiots, whom, with a coloured ſhew of zeale, they allure unto them to their illuſion, and not to the learned in like ſort. I know not howe it delighteth them to put theyr oare in another mans boate, and their foote in another mans boote, to incurre that proverbiall checke, *Ne ſutor ultra crepidam*, or that oratoricall taunt, *Quam quiſque norit artem in ea ſe exerceat*, with the elephant to wade and wallowe in the ſhallow water when they woulde ſooner ſincke then ſwym in the deepe river, to be converſant in thoſe authors which they cannot underſtande but by the tranſlatour their interpreter, to vaunte reading when the ſum of their divinitie conſiſts in twopennie catichiſmes; and yet their ignoraunt zeale wyll preſumptuouſly

preſſe into the preſſe, enquiring moſt curiouſlie into every corner of the common wealth, correcting that ſinne in others wherwith they are corrupted themſelves. To preſcribe rules of life belongeth not to the ruder ſorte; to condemne thoſe callings which are approoved by publique authoritie argueth a proude contempt of the magiſtrates ſuperiority. Protogenes knew Apelles by one lyne, never otherwiſe ſeene; and you may knowe theſe mens ſpirit by theyr ſpeeche, their minds by their medling, their folly by their phraſe. View their workes, and know their vanitie; ſee the bookes bearing their name, and ſmile in thy ſleeve at their ſhame. A ſmall ſhip in a ſhallow river ſeemes a huge thing, but in the ſea a very litle veſſell; even ſo, each trifling pamphlet to the ſimpler ſorte a moſt ſubſtantiall ſubject, whereof the wiſer lightly account, and the learned laughing contemne. Therefore, more earneſtly I agravate their faulte, becauſe their crime is crept into credit, and their dooinges deemed devotion, when as, purpoſelie to ſome mans deſpight, they bring into act their cholericke motions.

A common practiſe it is now adaies, which breedes our common calamitie, that the cloake of zeale ſhould be unto an hypocrite in ſteed of a coate of maile; a pretence of puritie, a pentiſſe for iniquitie; a gloſe of godlines, a covert for all naughtines. When men ſhall publiquelie make profeſſion of a more inward calling, and ſhall waxe cold in the workes of charitie, and fervent in malice, liberall in nothing but in laviſhe backbyting, holding hoſpitalitie for an eſchewed hereſie, and the performance of good workes for Papiſtrie, may we not, then, have recourſe to that caveat of Chriſt in the Goſpell, *Cavete ab hipocritis.* It is not the

writhing of the face, the heaving uppe of the eyes to heaven, that ſhall keepe theſe men from having their portion in hell. Might they be ſaved by their booke, they have the Bible alwaies in their boſome; and ſo had the Phariſies the lawe embroidered in their garments. Might the name of the church infeoffe them in the kingdom of Chriſt, they will include it onely in their conventicles, and bounde it even in barnes, which many times they make their meeting place, and will ſhameleſlie face men out that they are the church millitant heere upon earth, when as they rather ſeeme a company of malecontents, unworthy to breath on the earth. Might the boaſt of the ſpirit, pind to their ſleeves, make them elect before all other, they will make men beleeve they doe nothing whereto the ſpirit dooth not perſwade them; and what heretiques were there ever that did not arrogate as much to themſelves? Theſe they be that publiquely pretende a more regenerate holines, beeing in their private chambers the expreſſe imitation of Howliglaſſe. It is too tedious to the reader to attend the circumſtaunce of their ſeverall ſhyftes, the lothſomneſſe of their guilefull wiles, the tract path of theyr treacherie: you know them without my diſcourſe, and can deſcribe their hypocriſie, though I be not the notarie of their iniquitie. Seeing their works, ſhun theyr waies.

Another ſort of men there are, who though not addicted to ſuch counterfet curioſitie, yet are they infected with a farther improbabilitie, challenging knowledge unto themſelves of deeper miſteries, when as with Thales Mileſius they ſee not what is under their feete, ſearching more curiouſlie into the ſecrets of nature, when as, in reſpect of deeper knowledge, they ſeeme meere naturals, coveting

with the phænix to approche ſo nye to the ſunne, that they are ſcorcht with his beames, and confounded with his brightnes. Who made them ſo privie to the ſecrets of the Almightie, that they ſhould foretell the tokens of his wrath, or terminate the time of his vengeaunce? But lightly ſome newes attends the ende of every tearme, ſome monſters are bookt, though not bred againſt vacation times, which are ſtraight waie diverſly diſpearſt into everie quarter, ſo that at length they become the alehouſe talke of every carter; yea, the country plowman feareth a Calabrian floodde in the midſt of a furrowe, and the ſillie ſheephearde committing his wandering ſheepe to the cuſtodie of his wappe, in his field naps dreameth of flying dragons, which for feare leaſt he ſhould ſee to the loſſe of his ſight, he falleth a ſleepe: no ſtar he ſeeth in the night but ſeemeth a comet; hee lighteth no ſooner on a quagmyre but he thinketh this is the foretold earthquake, wherof his boy hath the ballet.

Thus are the ignorant deluded, the ſimple miſuſed, and the ſacred ſcience of aſtronomie diſcredited; and in truth what leaſings will not make-ſhifts invent for money? What wyl they not faine for gaine? Hence come our babling ballets, and our new found ſongs and ſonets, which every rednoſe fidler hath at his fingers end, and every ignorant ale knight will breath foorth over the potte, as ſoone as his braine waxeth hote. Be it a truth which they would tune, they enterlace it with a lye or two to make meeter, not regarding veritie ſo they may make uppe the verſe: not unlike to Homer, who cared not what he fained, ſo hee might make his countrimen famous. But as the ſtraighteſt things beeing put into water ſeeme crooked, ſo the credibleſt

trothes, if once they come within compaſſe of theſe mens wits, ſeeme tales. Were it that the infamie of their ignoraunce did redound onelie uppon themſelves, I could be content to apply my ſpeech otherwiſe then to their Apuleyan eares; but ſith they obtaine the name of our Engliſh poets, and thereby make men thinke more baſelie of the wittes of our countrey, I cannot but turne them out of their counterfet liverie, and brand them in the foreheade, that all men may know their falshood. Well may that ſaying of Campanus be applyed to our English poets, which hee ſpake of them in his time: They make (ſaith he) poetry an occupation; lying is their lyving, and fables are their mooveables; if thou takeſt away trifles, ſillie ſoules, they will famish for hunger. It were to be wished that the acts of the ventrous and the praiſe of the vertuous were by publique edict prohibited, by ſuch mens merry mouthes to be ſo odiouſlie extolde, as rather breedes deteſtation then admiration, lothing then lyking. What politique counſailour or valiant ſouldier will joy or glorie of this, in that ſome ſtitcher, weaver, ſpendthrift, or fidler, hath ſhuffled or ſlubberd up a few ragged rimes, in the memoriall of the ones prudence, or the others proweſſe. It makes the learned ſort to be ſilent, when as they ſee unlearned ſots ſo inſolent.

Theſe buſſards thinke knowledge a burthen, tapping it before they have halfe tunde it, venting it before they have filled it, in whom that ſaying of the orator is verified, *Ante ad dicendum quam ad cognoſcendum veniunt.* They come to ſpeake before they come to know. They contemne arts as unprofitable, contenting themſelves with a little countrey grammer knowledge, God wote, thanking God, with that

abſcedarie prieſt in Lincolneſhire, that he never knewe what that Romiſh popiſh Latine meant. Verie requiſite were it that ſuch blockheads had ſome Albadanenſis Appollonius to ſend them to ſome other mechanicall arte, that they might not thus be the ſtaine of arte. Such kind of poets were they that Plato excluded from his common wealth, and Auguſtine baniſhed *ex civitate Dei*, which the Romans derided, and the Lacedæmonians ſcorned, who wold not ſuffer one of Archilocus bookes to remaine in their countrey; and amiſſe it were not, if theſe which meddle with the arte they knowe not, were bequethed to Bridwell, there to learne a new occupation: for as the baſiliſke with his hiſſe driveth all other ſerpents from the place of his aboad, ſo theſe rude rithmours with their jarring verſe allienate all mens mindes from delighting in numbers excellence, which they have ſo defaced, that wee may well exclaime with the Poet, *Quantum mutatus ab illo!*

But leaſt I ſhould be miſtaken as an enemie to poetrie, or at leaſt not taken as a friend to that ſtudie, I have thought good to make them privie to my mind by expreſſing my meaning. I account of poetrie as of a more hidden and divine kinde of philoſophy, enwrapped in blinde fables and darke ſtories, wherin the principles of more excellent arts and morrall precepts of manners, illuſtrated with divers examples of other kingdomes and countries, are contained: for amongſt the Grecians there were poets before there were any philoſophers, who embraced entirely the ſtudie of wiſedome, as Cicero teſtifieth in his *Tuſculanes*, whereas he ſaith, that of all ſorts of men, poets are moſt ancient; who, to the intent they might allure men with a greater longing to learning, have folowed two things, ſweetnes of verſe, and

variety of invention, knowing that delight doth prick men forward to the attaining of knowledge, and that true things are rather admirde if they be included in ſome wittie fiction, like to pearles that delight more if they be deeper ſette in gold. Wherfore, ſeeing poetry is the very ſame with philoſophy, the fables of poets muſt of neceſſitie be fraught with wiſedome and knowledge, as framed of thoſe men which have ſpent all their time and ſtudies in the one and in the other. For even as in vines, the grapes that are fayreſt and ſweeteſt are couched under the branches that are broadeſt and biggeſt, even ſo in poems, the thinges that are moſt profitable are ſhrouded under the fables that are moſt obſcure: neither is there almoſt any poeticall fygment wherein there is not ſome thing comprehended, taken out either of hiſtories, or out of the phiſicks or ethicks; wher upon Eraſmus Roterdamus very wittilie termes poetry a daintie diſh ſeaſoned with delights of every kind of diſcipline. Nowe, whether ryming be poetry, I referre to the judgment of the learned: yea, let the indifferent reader divine, what deepe miſterie can be placed under plodding meeter. Who is it that, reading Bevis of Hampton, can forbeare laughing, if he marke what ſcambling ſhyft he makes to ende his verſes a like. I will propound three or foure payre by the way for the readers recreation:

The porter ſaid, by my ſnout,
It was Sir Bevis that I let out.

Or this:

He ſmote his ſonne on the breaſt,
That he never after ſpoke with clark nor prieſt.

Or this:

This almes by my crowne,
Gives ſhe for Bevis of South-hamptoune.

Or this:

Some loſt a noſe, ſome a lip,
And the King of Scots hath a ſhip.

But I let theſe paſſe as worne out abſurdities, meaning not at this inſtant to urge (as I might) the like inſtance of authors of our time, leaſt in laying foorth their nakednesſe, I might ſeeme to have diſcovered my mallice; imitating Ajax, who, objecting more irefully unto Ulyſſes flattery, detected him ſelfe of follie.

As theſe men offend in the impudent publiſhing of wittes vanitie, ſo others overſhoote themſelves as much another waie, in ſenceleſſe ſtoicall auſteritie, accounting poetrie impietie, and witte follie. It is an old queſtion, and it hath beene often propounded, whether it were better to have moderate affections, or no affections? The Stoicks ſaid, none. The Peripaticians anſwered, to have temperate affections; and in this reſpect I am a profeſſed Peripatician, mixing profit with pleaſure, and precepts of doctrine with delightfull invention. Yet theſe men condemne them of laſciviouſnes, vanitie, and curioſitie, who under fayned ſtories include many profitable morrall precepts, deſcribing the outrage of unbridled youth having the reine in their owne hands, the fruits of idlenes, the of-ſpring of luſt, and how availeable good educations are unto vertue. In which their preciſer cenſure, they reſemble them that caſt away the nutte for miſlike of the ſhell, and are like to thoſe which loath the fruite for the leaves, accounting the one ſower becauſe the other is bitter. It may be, ſome dreaming

dunce whoſe bold affected eloquence making his function odious, better beſeeming a privie then a pulpit, a miſterming clowne in a comedy then a choſen man in the miniſterie, will cry out, that it breedes a ſcabbe to the conſcience to peruſe ſuch pamphlets, beeing indeed the diſplay of their duncerie, and breeding a miſlike of ſuch tedious dolts barbariſme by the view of their rethoricall invention. Such trifling ſtudies, ſay they, infect the minde and corrupt the manners; as though the minde were only converſant in ſuch toies, or ſhold continuallie ſtay where the thoughts by chaunce doo ſtray. The ſunne beames touching the earth remaine ſtill from whence they came; ſo a wyſe mans mind, although ſometimes by chance it wandereth here and there, yet it hath recourſe in ſtaied yeeres to that it ought. But graunt the matter to be fabulous, is it, therefore, frivolous? Is there not under fables, even as under the ſhaddowe of greene and floriſhing leaves, moſt pleaſant fruite hidden in ſecrete, and a further meaning cloſely compriſed? Did not Virgill, under the covert of a fable, expreſſe that divine miſterie which is the ſubject of his ſixt Eglogue?

Jam nova progenis cœlo demittis alto.

I could ſend you to Ovid, who expreſſeth the generall deluge which was the olde worldes overthrowe, in the fable of Deucalion and Pirrha, under which, undoubtedly it is manifeſt (although divers authors are of contrarie opinion) he meaneth Noes floodde; in ſo much as there is a place in Lucian, in his booke *De Siria Dea*, by the which it appeareth, that by Deucalion's deluge is underſtoode, not (as ſome will) that enundation whereby in times paſt Greece and Italie was overflowne, and the Ile Atlanta deſtroied,

but that univerſall flood which was in the time of Noe. For thus Lucian writeth in that place, that it was received for a common opinion among the Grecians, that this generation of men that now is, hath not been from the beginning, but that it, which firſt was, wholy periſhed, and this ſecond ſort of men which now are be of a new creation, growing into ſuch a multitude by Deucalion and Pirrhas meanes. As touching the men of the firſt worlde, thus much (ſaith he) is committed to memorie; that when as they began to be puft uppe with pride of their proſperitie, they enterpriſed all iniquitie priviledged by impunitie, neither regarding the obſervation of oath, nor the violation of hoſpitalitie; neither favouring the fatherleſſe, nor ſuccouring the helpleſſe: whereuppon in lieu of their crueltie they were plagued with this calamitie, the ſprings brake foorth and overflowed their bounded banks, the watrie clowdes with paſhing ſhowres, unceſſantlie ſending down their unreaſonable moyſture, augmented the rage of the ocean, ſo that whole fieldes and mountaines could not ſatis-fie his usurping furie, but citties wyth their ſuburbs, townes with their ſtreets, churches with their porches, were nowe the walke of the waves, the dennes of the dolphin, and the ſporting places of the huge leviathan: men might have fiſht where they ſold fiſh, had they not by the ſuddaine breaking foorth of the ſhowres been made a pray unto fiſh: the child in the cradle could not be ſaved by the embracings of the dying mother, the aged criple, removing his weary ſteps by ſtilts, was faine to uſe them in ſteed of oares, till at length his diſmaied gray haires, deſpairing of the ſight of any ſhoare, gave place to death and was ſwallowed uppe in the deepe, and ſo the bellie of the whale became his grave.

The earth after this ſort beeing excluded from the number of the elements, there was no memorie left of mankinde in this watry world, but onely in Deucalion's arke; who, in regarde of his prudence and pietie, was reſerved to this ſeconde generation, who having made a great arke wherin he put his wife and children, tooke two beaſtes of every kind, as wel lions as ſerpents, hawkes as partriches, wolves as lambes, foxes as gees, amongſt which there was ſuch mutuall concord, that as they were harmeleſſe towardes him, ſo they were hurtleſſe one towards another, al which ſailed with him till the waters ceaſed.

Hetherto Lucian, an heathen poet: Plutarch alſo recordeth in his treatiſe *De induſtria animalium,* that a dove beeing ſent out of Deucalion's arke ſhewed the waters ceaſing. By theſe proofes it is evident, that by Deucalion's deluge is underſtoode Noe's flood, becauſe the very like thinges are ſette downe in Geneſis, of brute beaſtes received by Noe into the arke, and the dove ſent forth by him alſo. I truſt, theſe probabilities beeing duely pondered, there is no man ſo diſtruſtful to doubt, that deeper divinitie is included in poets inventions, and therefore not to be rejected, as though they were voide of all learning and wiſedome.

I would not have any man imagine, that in prayſing of poetry, I endeavour to improve Virgil's unchaſt Priapus, or Ovid's obſcenitie. I commend their witte, not their wantonnes, their learning, not their luſt; yet even as the bee out of the bittereſt flowers and ſharpeſt thiſtles gathers honey, ſo out of the filthieſt fables may profitable knowledge be ſucked and ſelected. Nevertheleſſe, tender youth ought to bee reſtrained for a time from the reading of ſuch ribaldrie, leaſt chewing over wantonlie the eares of

this ſummer-corne, they be choaked with the haune before they can come at the karnell.

Hunters, beeing readie to go to their game, ſuffer not their dogges to taſte or ſmell of anything by the way, no carrion eſpecially, but reſerve them wholy to their approching diſport; even ſo youth, beeing ready to undertake more waightier ſtudies, ought in no caſe be permitted to looke aſide to laſcivious toyes, leaſt the pleaſure of the one ſhould breed a loathing of the profit of the other. I would there were not any, as there be many, who in poets and hiſtoriographers reade no more then ſerveth to the feeding of their filthy luſt, applying thoſe things to the pampering of their private Venus, which were purpoſely publiſhed to the ſuppreſſing of that common wandering Cupid. Theſe be the ſpyders which ſucke poyſon out of the hony combe, and corruption out of the holieſt thinges; herein reſembling thoſe that are troubled with a fever, in whom divers things have divers effects; that is to ſay of hote things they waxe cold, of cold things hote: or of tygers, which by the ſound of melodious inſtruments are driven into madneſſe, by which men are wont to expel melancholie. He that wil ſeeke for a pearle muſt firſt learne to know it when he ſees it, leaſt he neglect it when hee findes it, or make a nought worth peeble his jewell: and they that covet to picke more precious knowledge out of poets amorous elegies muſt have a diſcerning knowledge before they can aſpire to the perfection of their deſired knowledge, leaſt the obtaining of trifles be the repentant end of their travell.

Who ſo ſnatcheth up follies too greedilie, making an occupation of recreation and delight his day labour, may happes prove a wittome whiles he fiſheth for finer witte,

and a foole while hee findes himſelfe laughing paſtime at other mens follies, not unlike to him who drinking wine immoderatly, beſides that hee many times ſwallowes downe dregs, at length prooves ſtarke drunke.

There is no extremitie either in active or contemplative life more outragious then the excessive ſtudies of delight, wherwith young students are ſo beſotted, that they forſake founder artes to follow ſmoother eloquence; not unlike to him that had rather have a newe painted boxe, though there be nothing but a halter in it, then an old bard hutch with treaſure invaluable, or Æſops cocke, which parted with a pearle for a barlie kurnell. Even as a man is inclined, ſo his ſtudies are bended: if to vaine-glorie, to eloquence; if to profounde knowledge, to Ariſtotle; if laſcivious, good in ſome Engliſh deviſe of verſe; to conclude, a paſſing potman, a paſſing poet.

I might have fitted mens ſeverall affections with their ſundry ſtudies, but that I am afraide there be many aſhamed of their ſtudies, which I will not repeate leaſt ſome ſhold bluſh when as they reade their reproche.

It is a thing of no paines or experience to ayme at the practiſes of the proude, the ſecret inclinations of the covetous, the imaginations of the inceſtuous, the hooded hypocriſie of thoſe that pretend puritie, which things, beeing practiſed in youth, become trades of profite in age. An uſuall thing it is, that the flower of our yeeres ſhould be the fountaine of follie, which by the conduit pype of continuall cuſtoms conveiance cauſeth the gray headed to carry corruption, their ſoules infection, unto their graves. When the endevor of youth ſhal prove naught els but the exerciſe of all abuſes, is it like that a mans after life ſhall be without blemiſh?

There is almoſt no man now a daies who doth not in his ſecrete thought eſtimate vice after his vilenes; yet ſecuritie hath ſo blinded many, that looſing the habit of vertue, they covet to reſtraine wiſedome onely to their wicked waies, concluding that in the imitation of their actions conſiſts the hygh way to happines, becauſe their humor is ſuch, condemning that ſtate of life which is an enemie to their vicious appetites. It is impossible for theſe men, either by hearing or reading, to profit in integritie of life, whiles in the one and in the other they will regarde no more then availeth to their advantage. The covetous careth for no more Scripture then that which priviledgeth him to provide for his familie ; the proude ſort are converſant continually in this text, "They that are in kinges courts weare ſoft rayment" ; and theeves reade with delight how the Egiptians in Egipt were by the Iſralites robbed of theyr jewels. Thus every one maketh that ſacred preſervative a pernicious poiſon unto his ſinfull ſoule, nouriſhing his vanitie with ſacred verities, increaſing his damnation by the ordeyned meanes to ſalvation.

If men in their youthes beſt luſt, and in the prime of proſperitie would but caſt their eye on the one ſide to future alterations, and thinke of a further felicitie, beholding adverſitie on the other ſide cladde with follies repentant robes, compaſſed about with contempt in ſteed of a gyrdle, guarded with feends, not accompanied with friends, having for momentarie pleaſure endleſſe paine, death without date for a dyſſolute life repented too late, they woulde then ſo behave themſelves heere upon earth as they might have a Saviour in heaven.

Pausanias, king of the Lacedemonians, bydding Simo-

nides to a ſumptuous banquet, inſtantly intreated him to ſpeake ſomething notable which ſavoured of learning: Why then (quoth he) remember thou art a man. Which ſaying Pauſanias ſcornfully deſpiſed; afterward, being in pryſon in Chalciæco, was almoſt famiſhed ere hee died, where remembring Simonides' ſpeech, with a loude lamentable voice, he cried, O my friende of Cæos, would God I had regarded thy words!

Good counſaile is never remembred nor reſpected till men have given their farewell to felicitie, and have beene overwhelmed in the extremitie of adverſitie. Young men thinke it a diſgrace to youth to embrace the ſtudies of age, counting their fathers fooles, whiles they ſtrive to make them wiſe, caſting that away at a caſt at dice which coſt theyr daddes a yeares toyle; ſpending that in their velvets which was rakt uppe in a ruſſette coate; ſo that their revenewes rackt, and their rents raiſed to the uttermoſt, is ſcarce inough to maintain ones ruffling pride, which was wont to be manie poore mens reliefe. Theſe young gallants, having leudly ſpent their patrimonie, fall to begging of poore mens houſes over theyr heads, as the laſt refuge of their ryot, remooving the auncient bounds of lands to ſupport their decayed port, rather coveting to encloſe that which was wont to be common then they wold want to maintaine their private prodigalitie.

The temple of Terminus Deus, amongſt the Romans, who was ſuppoſed to have the preheminence over the boundes of lands, had ever a hole in the roofe, for as much as they thought it unlawfull for the bounds of landes to be covered, and that rich men might learne to know their landes from poore mens grounds. A ſtrange thing it is

that theſe men cannot learne to thrive before all be gone, and that they, in the midſt of their plentie, ſhould be more needy then those that, ſaving their day labour, are nought but povertie. But as the brooke Achelous carrieth whole trees and huge ſtones with hidious roaring noyſe downe his ſtreames; ſo the courte is, as it were, a devouring gulfe of gold and the conſumption of coyne. It fareth with them as it did with Calchas, that cunning ſoothſayer, who died for ſorrowe because Mopsus ſurpaſt him in ſcience: ſo if they ſee any excell them in braverie, in whoſe ſteps, at every inche, they are not able to treade, they hang the heade as they were halfe dead.

Howe farre are theſe fondlings from imitating Crates, the philoſopher, who, to the intent that he might more quietly ſtudie philoſophy, threw all his goods into the ſea, ſaying, Hence from me you ungratious appetites; I had rather drowne you then you ſhould drown me. By this that hath beene alreadie ſette down, it may plainely appeare that where pride beareth ſway, hoſpitalitie decaies; nay, this kind of men will never be ſaved by their workes, in ſo much as the poore alwaies myſſe as often as they ſeeke to them for almes: yea, they ſeeme onely to be borne for themſelves, and not to benefite any els, who, with the woers of Penelope, will by their porters prohibite the poore from having acceſſe unto their porches, terming them the marrers of mirth and procurers of ſadnes. But what ende doo they propounde to themſelves in their prodigall expences, but the feeding of their miſtris fancie, and the foſtering of their lawleſſe luſts, ſhrouding under their purple roabes and embroydered apparrell a hart ſpotted with all abuſes: wherefore they may be aptlie reſembled to the Ægiptian temples,

which without are goodly and great, their walles arriſing unto a huge height, with ſtatelie marble turrets, but if you goe in and looke about you, you ſhall find for a god either a ſtorke, a goate, a cat, or an ape. Did they conſider that not *veſtis ſed virtus hominem evehit*, they would reiect all ſuperfluitie as ſinfull, and betake themſelves to a more temperate moderation in each degree of exceſſe.

When as the outward garment, not the inwarde vertue, muſt be faine to commend a man, it is all one as if a man ſhold love the ſnake for his gay coloured ſkin, or poiſon becauſe it is in a ſilver peece, or pilgrim ſalve becauſe it is in a painted boxe. It is learning and knowledge which are the onely ornaments of a man, which furniſheth the tongue with wiſedome, and the hart with underſtanding; which maketh the children of the needy poore to become noble peeres, and men of obſcure parentage to be equall with princes in poſſeſſions: with whom, if you talke of lineall diſcents, they will lay before you the pence, being able to fetch their petigree from no ancient houſe, except it be from ſome olde hogſtie, deriving their kindred from the coffer, not from the Conqueſt; neither can they vaunt any notable ſervice of their auncitry in the field, but can tel you how their grandſire uſed to ſette his folde. Neither doo I ſpeak this to the diſgracing deriſion of vertuous nobilitie, which I reverence in each reſpect, but onely endevour ſummarilie to ſhewe what goodlie buildings Fortune doth raiſe on vertues ſlender foundations. I am not ignoraunt that many times the covetous ignorant ſcrapeth that from the tayle of the plowe, which maketh all his after poſteritie thinke ſcorne to looke on the plough, they overſeeing that by a ſervant, on which theyr father was as

tilſman attendant, beeing tranſlated by his toyle from the parriſh, good man Webbe, in the countrey to a portly gentleman in the court, beſtowing more at one time on the herralde for armes then his father all his life tyme gave in almes. No matter though ſuch vanting upſtarts, which have as little vertue as antiquitie to honeſt their poſterity, become the ſcoffe of a ſcholler and the ſtale of a courtier, which will make them, if they faile heereafter in nobilitie of byrth, to ſeeke it by learning.

In times paſt, ignorance in eache ſexe was ſo odious, that women, as well as men, were well ſeene in all liberall ſciences. Was not Gracchus, who was counted a moſt excellent orator, inſtructed by his mother, Cornelia, in eloquence? What ſhould I ſpeake of Aripithis, the king of Scithias ſon, whom his mother, Iſtrina, likewiſe inſtructed in the elements of the Greeke tongue? But leaſt in prayſing of learning in ſo learned an age, I ſhould bring maniſeſt truethes into queſtion, and ſo ſwarve from the logicians preſcriptions, or, by dilating on ſo affluent an argument, might ſeeme to gather ſtones on the ſea ſhoare, I will ceaſe to proſecute the praiſe of it, and will propound unto you the ſpeciall plague that is iminent unto it.

Science hath no enemie but the ignoraunt, who contemne it as vile, becauſe their groſſe capacitie perceives nothing in it divine. Such an ignorant was Valentinianus the emperour, who was a profeſſed enemie to all excellent artes; or Licinius, who likewiſe termed learning the plague and poiſon of the weale publique. Such covetous ignorance dooth creepe amongſt the cormorants of our age, who, as the chamelion, which is fed with the ayre, ſtands alwaies with his mouth wide open, ſo theſe men, which live

upon almes, have alwaies their mouthes open to aſke, and having felt the ſweetnes of abby landes, they gape after colledge living, deſiring to enrich themſelves as much with the ſilver of the one, as their aunceſters got by the gold of the other; much like to him that having bathed his hands in the blood of wilde beaſtes, proceedeth to the ſlaughter of men, the one no more ſatisfied with money, then the other with murder. If ſuch goodly buildings were againe to ariſe by the common coſt, a man may eaſily geſſe how backward they would be in giving, who are now ſo forward in detracting. Can commonweales floriſh where learning decaies? ſhall not felicitie have a fall when as knowledge failes? Yea, peace muſt needes perriſh from amongſt us, when as we rather ſeeke to choke then cherriſh, to famiſh then feede the nurſes of it, depriving them of all outward ornaments (as much as in us lyeth) who are the onelie ornaments of our ſtate: but I hope their needie enmitie ſhall returne to them in vaine, and not prove the procurement of our common plague and paine, that the more they oppugne our proſperitie, the greater ſhalbe our welfare; like to the trees in whom thoſe partes are ſtronger that are oppoſite to the north then thoſe which bend towarde the ſouth or weſt winde.

I will not ſtand to amplifie their diſcredit, which endevour to turne our day into night, and our light into darkneſſe; nor yet will compare them to thoſe that are called Agrippæ, who, beeing prepoſterouſly borne with their feete forward, are ſaide to enter into the world with ill fortune; and to the great myſchiefe of mankind, as Marcus Agrippa and Nero; onelie this I will wiſh, that beeing dead, the learned may give them ſuch epitaphes of diſgrace as they

deſerve, and that the Chronicles may record their reproch unto all ages. Amen, ſay all they that are friends to the Muſes!

How can we hope for anie further exhibition, when as wee ſee men repine at that we have alreadie? It fareth with finer wits as it doth with the pearle which is affirmed to be in the head of the toade: the one beeing of exceeding vertue is incloſed with poiſon; the other of no leſſe value, compaſt about with poverty. Learning now adaies gets no living if it come empty handed. Promotion, which was wont to be the free propounded palme of paines, is by many mens lamentable practiſe become a purchaſe. When as wits of more towardnes ſhal have ſpent ſome time in the Univerſitie, and have, as it were, taſted the elements of arte, and laide the foundation of knowledge, if by the death of ſome friend they ſhoulde be withdrawne from theyr ſtudies, as yet altogether raw, and ſo conſequently unfitte for any calling in the common wealth, where ſhould they finde a friend to be unto them in ſteed of a father, or one to perfit that which their deceaſed parents begun? nay, they may well betake themſelves to ſome trade of husbandry for any maintenance they gette in the way of almes at the Univerſitie, or els take uppon them to teach, beeing more fitte to be taught, and perch into the pulpit, their knowledge beeing yet unperfit, verie zealouſlie preaching, beeing as yet ſcarce grounded in religious principles. How can thoſe men call home the loſt ſheepe that are gone aſtray, comming into the miniſtery before their wits be ſtaied? This greene fruite, beeing gathered before it be ripe, is rotten before it be mellow, and infected with ſciſmes before they have learned to bridle their affections, affecting innovations as

newfangled, and enterpriſing alterations wherby the Church is mangled.

But ſome may object that I goe beyond my Anatomie in touching theſe abuſive enormities : I anſwer, that I diſcourſe of theſe matters as they are become the follies of our time and the faults of our age, wiſhing the redreſſe of ſuch raſhnes, and the ſuppreſſion of the forenamed ravenous rable, theſe abuſes beeing as intollerable as the worſt, and therfore to be condemned with the firſt. I truſt there is no man ſo ſimple who can diſcerne wiſedome from folly, and knowledge from ignorance, but his mother wit wil afford him ſo much underſtanding, that there is neceſſary uſe of learning in every calling, bringing praiſe to them that poſſeſſe it, and ſhame to them that want it; without the which no externall ornament is any whit availeable to advancement, but ſeemeth rather a diſgracing deformitie, having diſlike his attendant. Reject then pride to embrace it to your profit; neglect vain-glory, and ſtrive to attaine to the knowledge of arts, the pathway to honor. Let the lives of the philoſophers be the direction of youthes imitation, who ware no more clothes then wold keepe away cold, and eate no more meate then would expell hunger; yea, many of them, the more to keepe downe their bodies, being placed in the midſt of plentie, have contented themſelves with a thin hungry diet, the companion of ſcarſitie. Diogenes choſe rather to lick diſhes at Athens then to live daintily with Alexander. Plato had rather bid Dioniſius adiew, then he would be driven from his philoſophicall dyet. Porus, that peereleſſe Indian prince, contented himſelfe with breade and water as his accuſtomed cheere. Ageſilaus, king of the Lacedæmonians, paſſing through the countrey

of Thaſius, being lovingly met by the nobles, and entirely welcommed by the common ſorte into the countrey, with diverſitie of dainties and bravery of banquets, would not taſte any thing ſave breade and water, notwithſtanding earneſt entreatie to the contrarie; but their importunitie increaſing, to put by all ſuſpition of ingratitude, he willed his ſlaves and footmen to take their repaſt with their proviſion, ſaying, that abſtinencie and temperancie, not varietie of viandes and delicacie, beſeemeth him that is placed in chayre of authoritie. Conſtantius kept himſelfe ſo hungerly, that many times hee woulde crave a cruſt of breade of a poore woman to expell hunger. The prieſts of Ægipt abſtained from fleſh and wine. The Perſians were ſatisfied with breade, ſalt, and water. In Rhodes he was reputed a groſſe braind man which fed on any thing but fiſhe. So warily in times paſt hath temperate moderation beene obſerved in all nations, that by Zaleucus law, he was put to death which dranke wine without the phiſitians advice. The matrons and ladies of Rome were expreſſly prohibited the taſte of it; in deed by this counſaile ſquaring their decrees, that wine is the efficient of heate, heate of luſt, luſt of murder. Eg. Mæcenius ſlew his owne wife (as Plinie recordeth) for that ſhee loued wine too much, and was by Romulus law ſaved from death: in which place of Plinie it is alſo ſpecified that a certaine matron of Rome was adjudged to die becauſe ſhee cloſelie kept the key of a celler of wine. Cenſoriall Cato was ſo curious in the obſervation of this ordinaunce, that hee cuſtomably cauſed certaine men to kyſſe the women to know whether theyr breath ſmelled of wine; in whoſe time, no man whatſoever, whether he were couſul, ſenator, tribune, or dictator, might drinke

any wine before he was thirtie and five yeres of age. I doo not alleage theſe examples to the end I might condemne the moderate uſe of wine as unlawfull, but to ſhew by the compariſon how farre we exceede them in exceſſe whoſe banquets are furniſht with ſuch waſtfull ſuperfluitie.

It is a common complaint, that more perriſh with the ſurfet then with the ſworde ; which many have followed ſo farre that, to the recovering remedie of this ſurfeiting maladie, they have reſtrained a healthfull diet to two or three diſhes, deeming our diſgeſtion would be better if our diſhes were fewer. Which opinion, although Sir Thomas Eliot, a man of famous memory, in his booke called the Caſtle of Health, in ſome politique reſpects doth ſeeme to favour, yet I doo think in his private judgment, hee did acknowledge the diverſitie of meates not to be ſo incommodious as he there pretends. But that I may aunſwere what they urge, firſt ſay they, What ſay you to brute beaſtes, who beeing nouriſhed but with one kinde of meate, and onely after one manner, are farre more healthfull and ſounde of body then men, that diet themſelves with ſundry diſhes ? To this I anſwer, that either of theſe aſſertions are untrue, for neither doo they uſe onely one kind of nouriſhment, neither are diſeaſes more diſtant from them then from us. The firſt is prooved by the choyſe of paſtures wherein they graze, where there is graſſe both bitter and ſavorie, ſoure and ſweete, ſome nouriſhing colde, ſome nouriſhing hote juyce. Is then the ſubſtance of their meate ſimple, who feede uppon boughes and weedes, beſides ſo many ſundry kinde of fielde hearbes, no leſſe divers in nutriment then in name ? To proove that diſeaſes are no leſſe incident to beaſtes then to men, I will ſticke to Homer's authoritie,

who reporteth the peſtilence to be begun by brute beaſtes. To ſhew how great the infirmities are of other creatures, the ſhort life of ſome of them may ſufficientlie ſerve, except you have recourſe to thoſe recorded fables of crowes and ravens, who commonly ſeaſe uppon all kinde of carrion, picke up each ſort of new ſowne ſeede, and are at hoſte with every kind of fruite in the orchard. Secondly they adde, that there was never phiſition ſo confidently careleſſe of his patient that he woulde preſcribe the use of divers meates at once, to him that is diſtreſſed with a fever; wherby (ſay they) it may be gathered that one kind of meate is more availeable to a ſpeedie diſgeſtion then many, becauſe that phiſitions preſcribe but one kinde of meate to them whoſe diſgeſtion is weakeſt.

This objection is thus taken away; firſt there is not the ſame proportion to be observed in diet, in ſicknes and in health: ſecondly, in as much as they are wont to ſet before them onely one ſort of meate, it is not becauſe it is more eaſie of diſgeſtion, but leaſt the ſight of much meat ſhould breede in the weake ſtomacks a lothing of it: thirdly they object, that the nouriſhment of divers meates is no leſſe noyſome then the drinking of divers kinds of wines is daungerous. Every one knowes that he that washeth his braines with divers kinds of wines, is the next doore to a drunken man, and he like (ſay they) to be endangered by diſeaſes, who affecteth variety in his diet. Here doe I denie the coherence of the compariſon, for what is hee that by eating overmuch doth incurre the like inconvenience that he dooth that drinketh much: hee that hath overloded his ſtomacke with ſundry meates is pained a little perhaps in his bellie; hee that hath overcharged his

braine with wyne is no better then a mad man for the time ; which the rather ſeemes to me, becauſe the groſenes of the meate, remaining in one place, expecteth the adminiſtration of diſgeſtion, and, beeing thorowly conſumed, is ſuddainly voided ; but wine, beeing by nature lighter, aſcendeth higher, and tickleth the braine, placed in the top, with the inflamation of a hote fume ; and therefore diverſitie of wines at once is shunned of them that are wise, leaſt the matter which is readie to poſſeſſe the nead on a ſuddaine, in a moment overturne the ſeate of reaſon, which daunger in the diverſitie of meates no reaſon can be rendred why we should dread. But they will perhaps ſay, that the diverſitie of juyce, framed of the diverſitie of meats, agrees not with our bodies; as though our bodies were not compounded of qualities, as of hote and cold, dry and moiſt, but he which feedeth onely on one kinde of meat, ſendeth foorth but the juyce of one qualitie : the ſpring is hote and moiſt, the ſommer dry and hote, autume dry and cold, winter both moiſt and colde together, ſo alſo the elements which are our beginninges. What reaſon is it, then, that our bodies should be reſtrained to one kind of meat ? Thus, then, we ſee that diverſitie is not ſo incommodious, but one kinde of meate may be as daungerous, for gluttony may as well be committed by one dish as twentie. May not a man as ſoon ſurfet by eating a whole sheep with Phago, or an oxe with Milo, as by the ſipping taſte of ſundry dainties?

But why ſtand I ſo long about meates, as though our life were nought but a banquet? or why am I ſo large in diſputing of the diet of our bodies, as though thereby wee shoulde purchaſe quiet to our ſoules?—what is this but to

imitate the foolish tender mother, whiche had rather her childe should be well fed then well taught? Wherefore, to make use of my Anatomie as well to my ſelfe as to others, I will preſcribe, as near as I can, ſuch a rule for ſtudents, that therby ſquaring their actions, they shall not be eaſily attached of any notable abſurditie.

Here be three things which are wont to ſlack young ſtudents endevour; negligence, want of wiſedome, and fortune. Negligence, when as we either altogether pretermit, or more lightly paſſe over, the thing we ought ſeriouſly to ponder. Want of wiſedome, when we obſerve no method in reading. Fortune is in the event of chaunce, either naturally hapning, or when, as by poverty or ſome infirmitie or natural dulnes, we are withdrawne from our ſtudies and alienated from our intended enterpriſe by the imagination of the rareneſſe of learned men: but as touching theſe three, for the firſt, that is to ſay, negligent ſloth, he is to be warned; for the ſecond, he is to be inſtructed; for the thirde, he is to be helped. Let his reading be temperate, whereunto wiſedome nor wearines muſt preſcribe an end; for, as immoderate faſt, exceſſive abſtinence, and inordinate watchings are argued of intemperance, perriſhing with their immoderate uſe, ſo that theſe thinges never after can be performed as they ought in any meaſure, ſo the intemperate ſtudie of reading incurreth reprehenſion, and that which is laudable in his kinde is blameworthy by the abuſe. Reading two waies is lothſome to the mind and troubleſome to the ſpirit, both by the qualitie, namely, if it be more obſcure, and alſo by the quantitie, if it be more tedious, in either of which we ought to uſe great moderation, leaſt that which is ordained to the re-

freſhing of our wittes be abuſed to the dulling of our ſences. We reade many things, leaſt by letting them paſſe we ſhould ſeeme to deſpiſe them; ſome things we reade leaſt we ſhould ſeeme to be ignorant in them; other thinges we reade, not that we may embrace them, but eſchew them. Our learning ought to be our lives amendment, and the fruites of our private ſtudie ought to appeare in our publique behaviour.

Reade that ſitting which may be thy meditation walking; ſhunne as well rude manners as rude phraſe, and falſe dealing as much as falſe Latine: and chooſe him to be thy teacher whome thou maiſt more admire when thou ſeeſt then when thou heareſt. *Quid faciendum ſit, a faciente diſcendum eſt.* Learne of all men willingly that which thou knoweſt not, becauſe humility may make that common to thee which nature hath made proper to every one. Thou ſhalt be wiſer then all, if thou wilt learne of all. Heed what Chriſippus ſaith in his proverbs: that which thou knoweſt not, peradventure thy aſſe can tell thee. If thou be deſirous to attaine to the truth of a thing, firſt learn determinate concluſions before thou dealeſt with doubtful controverſies; he ſhall never enter into the reaſon of the trueth who beginneth to be taught by diſcuſſing of doubts. Thinke not common things unworthy of thy knowledge of which thou art ignorant: thoſe thinges are not to be contemned as little without the which great things cannot ſtand. Poſt not raſhlie from one thing to another, leaſt thou maiſt ſeeme to have ſeene many things and learned fewe: *Nil aſſequitur qui omnia ſequitur.* I am not ignorant, that farre more ardent is the deſire of knowing unknowne thinges, then of repeating knowne things: this we ſee

happen in ſtageplayers, in orators. In al things men haſt unto novelties, and runne to ſee new things, ſo that whatſoever is not uſuall, of the multitude is admired; yet muſt ſtudents wiſely prefer renowned antiquitie before newe found toyes, one line of Alexanders maiſter before the large invective ſcolia of the Pariſian kings profeſſor.

Many there be that are out of loove with the obſcuritie wherein they live, that to win credit to their name, they care not by what diſcredit they encreaſe others ſhame; and, leaſt by the contention their vaunted victory might be deſtitute of all glorie, they encounter with them on whoſe ſhoulders al artes doe leane, as on Atlas the heavens; thinking that men ſhoulde thus imagine that none, except he knewe himſelfe ſufficientlie furniſhed with the exquiſite knowledge of all excellent arts, durſt undertake ſuch a taſke; as though any were more readie to correct Appelles then the rude cobler, to contend with Appollo then contemptible Pan. But theſe upſtart reformers of arts, reſpect not ſo much the indagation of the truth, as the ayme of their pride, and coveting to have newe opinions paſſe under their names, they ſpende whole yeeres in ſhaping of ſects. Which their pudling opinions are no longer publiſhed, but ſtraight way ſome proude ſpirited princocks, deſirous to differ from the common ſort, gets him a liverie coate of their cloth, and ſlaves it in their ſervile ſutes, enlarging the wilful errors of their arrogancie. Nothing is ſo great an enemie to a ſounde judgment as the pride of a peeviſh conceit, which cauſeth a man both in life and beliefe, either to ſnatch uppe or hatch newfangles. This one thing alſo deceiveth many; forſooth they wyll ſeeme wiſe before their time, that nowe they both beginne to counterfet that which

they are not, and to be aſhamed of that which they are; and therein they are moſt diſtant from wiſedome, wherein they thinke themſelves to be thought wyſe. Others there be that thinke ſo well of themſelves, that no word can ſo much as ſcape by chaunce, but they thinke it worthy of a penmans paines, and ſtriving to ſpeake nought but proverbs, they make their bald eloquence a common by word, cockering themſelves in their owne conceits, till they be ſcorned as cockſcombes. Theſe they be that, knowing not howe to ſpeake, have not learned to hold their peace, teaching manie times the thinges they underſtand not, and perſwading what they knowe not, becomming the maiſters of the ignorant before they be the ſchollers of the learned. There is no ſuch diſcredit of arte as an ignoraunt artificer, men of meaner judgement meaſuring oft times the excellencie of the one by the ignoraunce of the other. But as hee that cenſureth the dignitie of poetry by Cherillus paultry paines, the majeſtie of rethorick by the rudeneſſe of a ſtutting Hortenſius, the ſubtiltie of logique by the rayling of Ramus, might judge the one a foole in writing he knewe not what, the other tipſie by his ſtammering, the thirde the ſonne of Zantippe by his ſcolding; ſo he that eſtimats artes by the inſolence of idiots, who profeſſe that wherein they are infants, may deeme the Univerſitie nought but the nurſe of follie, and the knowledge of artes nought but the imitation of the ſtage. This I ſpeake to ſhew what an obloquie theſe impudent incipients in arts are unto art.

Amongſt all the ornaments of artes rethorick is to be had in higheſt reputation, without the which all the reſt are naked, and ſhe onely garniſhed; yet ſome there be who woulde ſeperate arts from eloquence, whoſe oppugne, be-

cauſe it abhorres from common experience. Who doth not know that in all tongues taſke eloquence is odious if it be affected, and that attention is altogether wanting where it is rejected. A man may baule till his voice be hoarſe, exhort with teares till his tongue ake and his eyes be drie, repeate that hee woulde perſwade till his ſtalenes dooth ſecretlie call for a cloake bagge, and yet move no more then if he had been all that while mute, if his ſpeech be not ſeaſoned with eloquence and adorned with elocutions aſſiſtance. Nothing is more odious to the auditor then the artleſſe tongue of a tedious dolt, which dulleth the delight of hearing, and ſlacketh the deſire of remembring; and I know not how it comes to paſſe, but many are ſo delighted to heare themſelves, that they are a cumber to the eares of all other, pleaſing their auditors in nothing more then in the pauſe of a ful point, when as by their humming and hawking reſpit, they have leiſure to geſture the miſlike of his rudenes. To the eſchewing therefore of the lothing hatred of them that heare them, I would wiſh them to learne to ſpeake many things in few; neither to ſpeake all things which to theyr purpoſe they may ſpeake, leaſt thoſe things be leſſe profitably ſpoken which they ought to ſpeake: neither would I have them overſhoote themſelves with an imitation of brevitie, ſo that ſtriving to be very ſhort, they ſhould proove very long, namelie, when as they endevor to ſpeake many things breefelie. Perſwade one point thoroughlie rather then teach many things ſcatteringly; that which we thinke let us ſpeake, and that which we ſpeake let us thinke; let our ſpeech accorde with our life. Endevour to adde unto arte experience: experience is more profitable voide of arte then arte which hath not ex-

perience. Of it ſelfe arte is unprofitable without experience, and experience raſhe without arte. In reading, thou muſt with warie regard learne as wel to diſcerne thy loſſe as thy gaine, thy hurt as [thy] good, leaſt, being wonne to have a favourable like of poets wanton lines, thou be excited unto the imitation of their luſt. It is very unſeemely that nobler wits ſhoulde be diſcredited with baſer ſtudies, and thoſe whom high and mightie callings doo expect ſhold be hindered by the inticements of pleaſure and vanitie. Young men are not ſo much delighted with ſolide ſubſtances as with painted ſhadowes, following rather thoſe thinges which are goodly to the viewe then profitable to the uſe; neither doo they love ſo much thoſe things that are dooing, as thoſe that are founding, rejoycing more to be ſtrowed with flowers then nouriſhed with frute. How many be there that ſeeke truth, not in truth but in vanitie, and find that they ſought not according to trueth, but according to vanitie, and that which is moſt miſerable in the words of life, they toile for the merchandiſe of death. Hence commeth it to paſſe that many make toyes their onely ſtudie, ſtoring of trifles, when as they neglect moſt precious treaſures, and having left the fountaines of truth, they folow the rivers of opinions. I can but pittie their folly who are ſo curious in fables, and excruciate themſelves about impertinent queſtions, as about Homers country, parentage, and ſepulcher; whether Homer or Heſiodus were older; whether Achilles or Patroclus more ancient, in what apparrell Anacharſis the Scithian ſlept, whether Lucan is to be reckoned amongſt the poets or hiſtoriographers, in what moneth in the yere Virgill died, with infinite other; as touching the letters of the hiacinth, the cheſtnut tree, the

children of Niobe, the trees where Latona brought foorth Diana: in all which idle interrogatories they have left unto us not thinges found, but things to be ſought, and peradventure they had founde neceſſary things if they had not ſought ſuperfluous thinges. Innumerable ſuch unneceſſary queſtions, according to philoſophy, are made as touching the ſoule; as whence it is, what maner of one it is, when it doth begin to be, how long it may bee, whether it paſſeth not from his firſt manſion els where, and ſo alter his abiding, or ſhift into other formes of brute beaſtes; whether one ſoule ſerveth no more but once and one, what it ſhall doo when as by us it ſhall ceaſe to doe any thing, howe it ſhall uſe his libertie when as it is eſcaped out of this dungion, or whether it be forgetfull of former things. What do al theſe things availe unto vertue? Wherfore, even as he that enterpriſeth to ſaile over the endleſſe ocean, whiles he cannot paſſe any further, is conſtrained to returne by the way he came, ſo theſe men, beginning to ſound the infinite depth of theſe miſteries in ignorance, are faine to ceaſe in ignorance: let them therfore refraine from ſuch folly, and not ſeeke that which is not to be found, leaſt they find not that which is to be found. Socrates, who reduced all philoſophy unto the manners, ſayd, that thys was the greateſt wiſedome, to diſtinguiſh good and evill thinges: unto which diſcerning diſtinction is required deliberative meditation, in ſo much as in it conſiſts our lives vertuous direction. Neither is it to live well one daies worke, but the continuall exerciſe of our whole life, beeing the beſt effect that ever knowledge did afford. When as wee duely conſider whether every way leadeth, or wiſely ponder with our ſelves to what end we refer each

one of our actions, and exact of our ſtraying thoughts a more ſevere account of their wandering courſe, we ſhal find no victory ſo great, as the ſubduing of vice, nothing ſo hard as to live well, no ſuch uneſtimable jewell as an honeſt converſation: let him that is inclined but to one extreame, ſecretly try by himſelfe with what facilitie or difficulty he may ſuppreſſe it in himſelfe, and his owne practiſe will teache him that he is led captive by his owne inclinations, and overcome by his wicked cogitations. If, then, ſo difficult thing in accompliſhment ſeemes one ſins ſuppreſſion, howe laborious woulde be the reformation of an altogether evill converſation. Since then the onely ende of knowledge ought to be to learne to live well, let us propound this uſe and end unto our ſelves, leaſt after ſo many yeres paines we miſſe of the marke whereat our parents in our education aymd. Turning over hiſtories, and reading the lives of excellent orators and famous philoſophers, let us, with Themiſtocles, ſet before our eyes one of the excellenteſt to imitate, in whoſe example inſiſting, our induſtry may be doubled to the adequation of his praiſe.

I know the learned wil laugh me to ſcorne for ſetting down ſuch rams horne rules of direction; and even nowe I begin to bethinke me of Mulcaſters *Poſitions*, which makes my penne heere pauſe as it were at a full point; which pauſe hath changd my opinion, and makes me rather refer you to Aſchame, the antienter of the two, whoſe prayſes ſeeing Maiſter Grant hath ſo glorioufly garniſhed, I will referre you to his workes, and more eſpecially to his *Schoolemaſter*, where he hath moſt learnedly cenſured both our Latine and Greeke authors. As

for lighter ſtudies, ſeeing they are but the exerciſe of youth to keepe them from idlenes, and the preparation of the minde to more weightie meditations, let us take heede, leaſt whiles we ſeeke to make them the furthering helps of our finall profeſſion, they prove not the hindering harmes of our intended vocation, that we dwell not ſo long in poetry that wee become pagans, or that we make not ſuch proceedinges in Ariſtotle that we proove proficients in atheiſme. Let not learning, which ought to be the levell whereby ſuch as live ill ought to ſquare theyr crooked waies, be the occaſion unto them of farther corruption, who have already ſucked infection, leaſt their knowledge way them downe into hell, when as the ignorant goe the direct way to heaven.

And thus I ende my Anatomie, leaſt I might ſeeme to have beene too tedious to the reader in enlarging a theame of Abſurditie, deſiring of the learned pardon, and of women patience; which may encourage me heereafter to endevour in ſome other matter of more moment, as well to be anſwerable to the expectation of the one, as to make amends to the other. In the meane time, I bidde them both farewell.

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION.

Our reprint is made from what we believe to be the only existing perfect copy of the original: parts of it, with various dates, are deposited in different public and private libraries; but ours, we apprehend, is the sole remaining exemplar of the entire collection. It is a curious assemblage of discordant materials, the only point upon which they agree being the loyalty they display on the return of Charles II to his throne, and the animosity they invariably show to the party which drove him from it.

Thomas Jordan, the author of the work, was an actor some years before the decapitation of Charles I; and, like nearly all his brethren of the stage, adhered firmly to the royal cause, as far as we may take his word for it, even during the reign of the Protector. The theatres were closed temporarily in 1642, and more permanently in 1647; and then it was that those who were turned adrift, and deprived of their calling, were compelled to adopt other means of obtaining subsistence. Jordan, who began writing in 1637, seems to have relied upon his pen; and a unique portion of the volume in the hands of the reader consists of songs and ballads, sung in the public streets, the stories of which were derived from the very plays in which Jordan and his fellows had been in the habit of acting. Several of these, on "The Merchant of Venice", "The Winter's Tale", "Much Ado About Nothing", etc., are highly valuable, showing, probably, that the dramas continued popular to the last date at which they were allowed to be performed, but that they were nearly forgotten at the time when Jordan made use of them: hence, probably, the variations he

thought himself warranted in introducing. These are peculiar specimens, and we know of no pieces exactly parallel to them: they have been invariably adopted as illustrations of the works of our great Dramatist ever since we directed attention to them about thirty years ago. The work also contains an unexampled production of a dramatic character.

These performances will justify the choice of "The Royal Arbour of Loyal Poesy" for our reprint: it contains great variety, and evinces much cleverness of thought and versification, although there is not a single line properly entitled to a place in the highest class of poetry: Jordan lived long and wrote much; but not a few of his titles were the only real novelty the books possessed, because one of the shifts he resorted to was the repetition of old performances under new names, and the dedication of them to different individuals, from whom he obtained money for what they supposed an especial distinction. In one known instance, he even adopted the offspring of another writer, prefixing only a new dedication. Loyalty seems to have been the only creditable principle to which he constantly adhered, and, in the end, it may be said to have procured for him the office of Pageant Poet to the City of London. In this capacity he contributed many verses, etc., to the shews on civic anniversaries, down at least to the year 1684, after which date we hear no more of him. We have met with no record of his burial.

The pagination of nearly all Jordan's productions was irregular, owing to the manner in which he not unfrequently coupled fragments remaining in his hands, which he was anxious to dispose of as novelties. J. P. C.

A

ROYAL ARBOR

OF

LOYAL POESIE,

CONSISTING OF

POEMS AND SONGS.

Digeſted into { Triumph, Elegy, Satyr, Love, & Drollery.

COMPOSED BY THO. JORDAN.

Mediocribus eſſe Poetis
Non Homines, non Dii, non conceſſere Columne.
HORACE, DE ARTE POET.

London, Printed by R. Wood for Eliz. Andrews,
at the White Lion near Pye-Corner, 1664.

To the most liberall Lover of

Sciential Induſtry and Native Ingenuity, the truly Noble *John Adams*, Gent.

Much honored Sir,

WHEN you ſhall pleaſe to make a review of your own ſerene merits, and peruſe with pauſing curioſity theſe poetical imperfections, my fears are that you will condemn my confidence; but my hopes are as great, that you will commend my prudence: from whence I extract this preſumption, that though all criticks ſhould comply to cry down my wit in compoſing my poems, they ſhall applaud my judgement in the choice of my patron. Sir, your own deſervings declare you to be no leſs then a palace of honour; if theſe poems, like a vine or woodbine, may ſupport themſelves upon your edifice, they ſhall by this fortunate tranſplantation grow more fragrant and gratifie your indulgence. The buſineſs of the whole world is but folly diverſified, nor can I make a better apology for my poetry, but that it is vanity in variety; yet no leſs innocent then thoſe actions which the nobleſt perſons in the worthieſt times have eſteemed their cleareſt recreations. I muſt

confeſs that the multiplicity of reaſonleſs rhymers and irregular readers have very much defaced the majeſty of poeſie, but one beam of your favour will re-inthrone it. Sir, you will find ſome pieces in this promiſcuous gallery very plainly dreſt, but withall very properly, for my aims were always rather at aptitude then altitude, and to make my compoſitions more genuine then gorgeous: it is no more proper in poets then in painters to clothe a tinker in tiſſue. Sir (in one word), your candor hath compell'd me to make theſe poetical addreſſes: if any thing in them may either provoke your praiſe or pardon, I ſhall congratulate that happy means which hath ſafely conducted me to ſo ſplendid a ſphere of love and ingenuity, and be always ſtudious to deſerve (what I have been ever ambitious to deſire) a ſeat in your memory, and liberty to ſubſcribe,

Sir,

The humbleſt of all your faithful ſervants, and the devouteſt of your honourers,

THO. JORDAN.

To all Noble, Learned, and Ingenious
Lovers of Poets and Poetry.

Moſt Royal, Honourable, and truly Worthy.

ALTHOUGH poets and poetry (which the beſt ages formerly had in an exalted eſtimation) are in these looſe latter times ſo diſcrowned and diſcouraged that the very name is made but a title of infamy, and their inſpired perſons conſidered but in the needleſs number of metrical mendicants (becauſe poverty and poetry are ſuch correlatives), yet I hope thoſe perſons to whom I direct my endeavours, and would onely ſelect to be my ſuperviſors, are qualified with diviner inſpection. It hath been frequently obſervable amongſt hiſtorians, when times did grow degenerate, and declined into barbariſm, poetry did wane into contempt and contumely; but *(è contrario)* in flouriſhing, well modell'd and orderly guided republicks it advanced to honour and admiration. I am not ſo extravagant as once a preſented poetaſter (in a good comedy) ſaid, *Who loves not verſe is damn'd;* nor ſo rapt with a vain-glorious humour and ſelf-admiration as old Ben was when he made this diſtick, the theam being poets,

"When God begins to do ſome exc'lent thing,
He makes a poet, or at leaſt a king;"

but I am perſwaded that the prieſts of Apollo are very much better then the ſquint-eyed ſouls of ruſtick capacities render them.

I remember (very opportunely) that I once preſented a manual of meeter to a very popular phyſician of this city in Oliver's time, who made me no better return then that *he hated poetry;* after which words ſuch a judgement fell upon him, that he hath lien ſweating under the heavy diſpleaſure of Venus ever ſince. I could tell you more and worſe puniſhments that have fallen upon ſuch hereticks, but I ſhould then make my epiſtle exceed the length of my book and your patience; which, I fear, I ſhall preſerve to ſuffer more by the ſaw of my rude compoſitions, although never the intent of

Your Servant,

THO. JORDAN.

AN INDUCTION.

When eighteen years had crucify'd our pleaſure
With civil ſwords, by waſting blood and treaſure;
When by the power of a ſciſmatick brood
Religions glorious face was in a cloud,
After the mildeſt King the ſun e're ſaw
Was murther'd by imaginary law;
When Cov'nants, made to God, Angels and men,
Were broke by thoſe who fain would do't agen,
After they did the bloody corps interr
Of praying, preaching, perjur'd Oliver;
When Parliaments were worn unto the ſtump,
And Englands head was ruled by a Rump;
When (blinde with ſorrow) we began to grope,
When all were out of heart, and out of hope,
Then Monck, the King of Gen'rals, came forth
In a myſterious march out of the North
To London City, where he and his men
Pull'd down the Gates, but ſet them up agen;
When by his ſmiles he put hope in us all,
This Speech was ſpoken to him in this Hall.

A SPEECH made to his EXCELLENCY the LORD GENERAL MONCK and the COUNCIL OF STATE at Skinners-Hall on Wednesday, being the fourth of April 1660. At

which time he was nobly entertained by that Honourable Company.

I can forbear no longer: out it muſt
If I ſhall prove ingenious or juſt.
I have with wary eyes obſerv'd your ſteps,
Your ſtands, your turns, your pauſes and your leaps,
And finde, however you may maſk your brow,
You are a States-man, and ambitious too;
A right ſelf-ended perſon, for be't known,
Yours and the publick ſafety are all one:
You are ambitious to be good: that feat
Our States-men miſt, for they were to be great.
But yet (as Solomon made that choice which
Commanded all) wiſdom will make you rich,
And great, and glorious; and theſe ſhall laſt
As long as time, and after time is paſt,
When ſuch as have their countreys rights betray'd
Shall receive pay in Lucifers Brigade.
My Lord, I ſcorn to flatter, I'le be true t'ye:
All the good deeds y'have done, are but your duty;
But yet your hand, ſtretch't in Jehovah's name,
Hath ſnatch'd three burning kingdoms from the flame.
Our laws, our liberties, or what to us
And all mankinde may be held precious,
Were at the ſtake: this action hath out-run
All thought: we cannot tell you what y'have done,
Nor you your ſelf; it may not be expreſt
Till divers years have made it manifeſt.
Thoſe ravenous beaſts that our deſtruction wrought,
When Church and State were to the *Barebone* brought

(Praiſe God) you ranſom'd, and without a Club,
Beat down the daring doctrine of the Tub:
The ſinking Pulpit to[o] you did reſtore;
Our apron-Prelates muſt come there no more;
And now the Iron-monger will not ruſh in,
But ceaſe to make an anvile of the cuſhin.
This you have done, quite unknown to the ſilly
Prognoſtications of Booker and Lilly,
Who know not (with all help their arts can do)
What 'tis guides Charles his Wain ſo well as you.
But I forget my meſſage: Sir, by me
This faithful hoſpitable Company
Doth bid you welcome; welcome as the Spring,
As you your ſelf would welcome home—the thing
We all expect, without the which each Nation
Subſiſteth onely by anticipation.
Theſe ten or twelve years our three Kingdoms have
Liv'd in a darkneſs equal to the grave,
Stifled for want of breath, until the bright
Beams of your preſence gave a little light.
Tis yet but twilight; could we gain the Sun
And the clear wholeſome air, the work were done.
You can diſpel the miſts, and make all fair;
We ſue for nothing but the *Sun* and *Air*.

Continuation of the Induction.

The wary General whoſe art did lye
Much in the ſoul of buſineſs, ſecreſie,
Was ſo obſcure in all his poſtures, we
Could not diſcover his dark loyalty:
So ſilent was his tongue, ſecret his face,

We could by neither finde he did embrace
Our royal hints; but when the upſhot came,
Swifter then powder put into a flame,
Through all obſcuring cloud before he ſpeaks,
Even as a hand Granado ere it breaks,
He fir'd us all, for (with a true conſent)
The Kingdom calls a full free Parliament,
That he by lawful conſequence might bring
The ſuffering Sovereignty of our dread King
Home to his glories, which no time could do
But this, 'cauſe Providence would have it ſo.
And now the Scene is chang'd; for what before
The people did ſo hatefully abhor,
They heartily embrace: no other thing
Can prove ſo great a cordial as the King:
Nothing but he can cure 'm, for the Devil
Had over-run the land with the Kings Evil.
Now he's proclaim'd the Bells joyfully ring (May 10.)
The bonfires blaze, all cry *God ſave the King!*
'Twill make all ages ſtudy and admire on't:
Him whom they call'd the Son of the late Tyrant
Is now a God; and no where can be had
(To heal their wounds) the Balm of Gilead,
But in King Charles. Whole Troops of glitt'ring men
Contend by thouſands who ſhall fetch him in.
The City ſends forth acclamations high,
No prayers are made but for his Majeſty.
Thus do they guard him to Whitehall, where we
Will pray for him and his poſterity, (May 29.)
That when the worſt of ſtate-diſtempers ſpring,
We may be cured by praying for the King.

Another Speech at Goldsmiths-Hall to the General. April 9, 1660.

After a Song concluding with a Chorus of Amity, Enter a Sea Captain: he divideth the Singers and ſpeaketh.

Let me make one too. Are ye grown ſo ſtout
To contrive peace, and leave the Sea-man out?
Have you in theſe large bowls which Plenty gave ye,
Drank off the Ocean, and ſwallow'd the Navy?
You never think upon our rocks and ſhelves,
So you may ſnudge in ſafety by your ſelves.
Are not you Brittains? is not navigation
The onely guard and glory of a Nation?
Can ye have treaſure brought without a Fleet?
What is it gilds Cheap-ſide and Lumbard-ſtreet,
But our Sea Trade? by our cutting the curl'd
Ocean, ye hold commerce with all the world.
Whence come your coſtly carpetings and works,
That grace the chambers of triumphant Turks,
But from beyond ſea? and wiſe men of truſt
Believe, if we have peace agen, it muſt
Come from beyond ſea, and d'ye go about
To make a peace and leave the main maſt out?
But where's my Admiral? Oh! I have ſpy'd him;
His merits are ſo clear, no clouds can hide him:
I muſt go droll with him though. What cheer? hey!
Up to the ears in cuſtard? here's a fray
Compounded without blood-ſhed. Theſe would be
Good bits upon a march, George, or at ſea,
When in the fury of tempeſtuous weather

We and our meat are pickled up together.
Here are pure quarters! Plenty keeps her Spring
In London: 'tis a City for a King!
I came juſt now aſhore to ſpeak with you,
Directly up to Goldſmiths-Hall: I knew
Where I ſhould finde you out. You love to ſettle
With honeſt hearts, and men of the beſt mettle:
They love Saint George, and yet do highly ſet
A value on Saint Dunſton: they'r well met:
Both of them put the Devil in a dump,
One had him by the noſe, 'tother the Rump,
And thereby hangs a tail: when I came hither,
My buſineſs and my boldneſs mixt together
Made me thruſt in. Where crowd ye? cry'd they all:
Quoth I, to ſpeak with my Lord General:
I'm one of his Sea Captains. Preſently
The Maſter and the generous Company
All bad me welcome, and did ſtrongly woo
Me to bid you ſo, and this Council too.
In theſe, or ſuch like words, they bade me ſay,
The Suns not welcomer to a dark day
Then you are to this City; for you are
Temp'rate in undertakings, ſtout in war,
Prudent in Councils, quick when dangers call,
Secret in great deſigns, honeſt in all.
'Twould make the rudeſt Rebel quite renounce ill
To ſee but ſuch a Souldier, ſuch a Council.
God proſper both! and may you never ceaſe
Till you have brought home the bright Princes Peace,
That long loſt Lady: could we make a crown
As rich as that was worn by Solomon,

Rather then we would loſe her, or diſpleaſe her
(I mean fair Peace) we'd give that Crown to *ſeize her.*

A Speech spoken to the General and Council, when he was feaſted at Fiſhmongers-Hall.

After a Song of difference betwixt the Lawyer, the Souldier, the Citizen, and the Countrey-man, the Chorus being ended, Enter the Speaker, habited properly for the Ghoſt of Maſſianello, Fiſherman of Naples.

Is your Peace juſt? what rock ſtands it upon?
Conſcience and Law make the beſt union.
If you gain birth-rights here by blood and ſlaughter,
Though you ſing now, you'l cry for ever after:
Truſt my experience, one that can unfold
The ſtrangeſt trueſt tale that ere was told.
In my degree few men ſhall overtake me;
I was as great as wickedneſs could make me.
This heart, this habit, and this tongue to boot,
Commanded forty thouſand Horſe and Foot:
In three dayes time my fortune grew ſo high,
I could have match't my Fiſher's family
With the beſt blood of Naples: right and wrong,
And life and death attended on my tongue,
Till by a quick verticity of fate
I finde too ſoon what I repent too late;
And though a Rebel in a righteous cloathing,
My glow-worm glories glimmer'd into nothing.
Thus fell that Fiſherman that had no fellow:
I am the wandring ſhade of Maſſianello,
Who, ſince I was in this perdition hurl'd,

I come to preach this doctrine to the world:
Rebels, though back't with power and ſeeming reaſon,
Time and ſucceſs, ſhall feel the fate of Treaſon.
But ſtay! what picture's this hangs in my ſight?
Tis noble Walworth, the king-ſaving Knight,
That ſtab'd Jack Straw: had Walworth liv'd within
Theſe four months, where had Jack, the cobler, bin?
It was a bold brave deed, an act in ſeaſon,
Whilſt he was on the top branch of his Treaſon.
But from that ſhadow dropping down my eye,
I ſee a ſubſtance of like loyalty.
If long renowned Walworth had the fate
To ſave a King, you have to ſave a State.
And who knows what, by conſequence, the Knight
By that brave deed gain'd every man his right;
And you by this may give each man his due,
Not only truſty hearts, but traitors too.
He drew blood; you did not; 'tis all one ſence,
There's but a *Straw's* breadth in the difference.
He ſav'd the town from being burnt, and you
Have reſcued it from fire and plunder too:
He was this Companies good benefactor,
And you have been their Liberties protector;
For which I heard them ſay, they would engage
Their ſtates and bloods and lives againſt all rage
That ſhould oppoſe your juſt deſign; and that
You are the welcom'ſt gueſt ever came at
This table: they ſay, all they can exhibit
Is not ſo much a treatment as a tribute:
They call you the firſt ſtep to England's peace,
The right fore-runner of our happineſs.

And joyn'd with theſe great Councellors you are
Our beſt preſervatives in peace and war.
You have a loyal heart, a lucky hand,
Elected for the cure of this ſick land;
Who (by Protectors and unjuſt Truſtees)
Hath been enſlav'd, and brought upon her knees.
We humbly pray this may be thought upon,
Before the kingdoms treaſure be quite gone,
And hope you will (though Envy look a ſquint)
When all is fit, put a juſt STEWARD in't.

Chorus of ten Voices.

Then may your fame out-live all ſtory,
And prove a monument of glory:
Kings and Queens (as tribute due)
On their knees ſhall pray for you;
Whilſt all true hearts confeſs with tongue and pen,
A loyal Subject is the beſt of men!

A SPEECH compoſed to welcome to the Engliſh ſhore the moſt ſacred and inimitable Majeſty of CHARLES THE SECOND: perſonated by the Genius of England.

Mirrour of Majeſty, bright riſing Sun,
The virtues of all kings compriz'd in one!
How ſhall I look on thee, great Lord of Light?
Lay by thy beams, or fortifie my ſight.
Thou art ſo frequent at the throne of Grace,
That God's reflective glory gilds thy face.
Shall I make bare my feet, as I am bound,
Or ſhall I kneel, for ſure 'tis holy ground?
I will do ſo: England, behold and bluſh!

Here's the beſt emblem of the burning buſh.
I need not paraphraſe, but wiſh this Nation
May come to uſe, as well as application.
Remember Worceſter: that eſcape may well
Match the demenſions of a miracle:
Had I been rebel of the worſt degree,
That very fate would have converted me.
Who ſaw not that ſaw nothing.——But I come,
Dread Majeſty, to bid you welcome home:
So doth the Kingdom too, and all about ye,
For (in plain terms) we could not live without ye.
The Law, and Goſpel too, bad us good night:
All had been wrong, if you had loſt your right.
Till Lot came out, great Sodoms lofty towers
Could not take fire: this very caſe is ours.
The land ere this had all in aſhes bin,
But that, as theirs went out, our Lot came in.
Each individual perſon in the nation
May bid you welcome, next to their ſalvation.
The very Schiſmaticks, and ſuch as are
The manifeſt incendiaries of war,
May bid you welcome; for their lives and lands
Had elſe been raviſh'd by each others hands.
You have a kingdom here in order put,
So out of frame Chaos was nothing to 't:
Your very preſence doth at once diſpence
Light, heat, life, growth, and god-like influence.
You gain'd commiſſion from the King of Kings
To bring us our redemption in your wings.
Therefore, may all the joyes that Kingdoms want,
All that good men can beg, or God can grant,

All kindes of happineſs, paſt and to come,
From the Creation till the Day of Doom,
Fall on your Majeſty! may every thing
Contribute to the comforts of the King;
And when the beauties of a royal Bride
Shall by your ſacred arms be ſanctifi'd,
May the pure power of union ſo inflame ye,
That married pairs may proſper when they name ye:
And may your princely progeny out-vye
The ſtars for light and multiplicity!
You are a man, Sir, *after Gods own heart:*
May Stuarts name and Englands crown nere part,
But may it prove our comfort and our cure,
So long as either ſun or moon endure;
May you have faithful Councellours, and all
As juſt as George, your loyal General!
May peace crown all, and if there ever ſprung
A Prophets ſpirit in a Poets tongue,
May mine hit right, and all my dayes I'le ſing
Upon no theam but this, *God ſave the King!*

A Prologue to the King.

Long live the King! in your celeſtial eyes
The vertue of our late Creation lyes;
Our Re-Creation, for on Engliſh earth
You are to every thing a ſecond birth.
We muſt acknowledge, liberty nor lands
Could come more grateful, then your dread commands
Did to our very ſouls; but we are ſorry
We ſhould this night attend on ſo much glory
With ſuch weak worth, or your clear ſight engage

To view the remnants of a ruin'd Stage;
For doubting we ſhould never play agen,
We have play'd all our *Women* into *Men*,
That are of ſuch large ſize for fleſh and bones
They 'l rather be taken for Amazons
Then tender Maids; but your mercy doth pleaſe
Daily to paſs by as great faults as theſe.
If this be pardon'd, we ſhall henceforth bring
Better oblations to *my Lord the King*.

Epilogue to the King.

We have all done; if we have giv'n diſtaſte
It were much better we had done our laſt:
But, mighty Monarch, in your power it lies,
And onely yours, to ſave or ſacrifice:
What we do want in playing, it ſhall be
Supply'd in praying for your Majeſty.

On a Picture of the King's Escape in the Oake.

Behold the King, to avoid danger's ſtroke,
Confines his royal body in an Oake,
Which liv'd until his Fathers life was done,
Then dyed to prove a ſafety for the Son;
And to us all this well-try'd truth imparts,
Better truſt hollow trees then hollow hearts.

On the King and Mistris Lane on Horseback.

Behold a Lady who had once the honour
Of having a great King to wait upon her:
A matchleſs Madam, Pieties reſtorer,

For in one man four Kingdoms rides before her,
The great Defender (as true Story ſaith)
Of him that is *Defender of the Faith.*

On the Picture of the King on horseback, in Parliament Robes.

Behold King Charles the Second doth preſent
In royal Robes both King and Parliament;
Which ſignifies that in thought, word, and deed,
The King and Parliament are both agreed,
Whilſt Traytors heads are mounted on that Hall
Where Charles the Firſt did finde his final fall
By an high Court of Juſtice, who conſent
At once to ruine King and Parliament.
Long live the King! and God (in whom his truſt is)
Preſerve his life from ſuch High Courts of Juſtice.

On Pictures of the King and Queen.

Two of the brighteſt ſtars that have been ſeen
Shine in this glorious King and vertuous Queen,
In whoſe fair ſouls all that is good and great
In England (or in Portugal) are met;
And may the heirs of Charles and Katharine be
The ſtems of all ſucceeding Sovereignty.

On Pictures of the Duke and Dutchess of York.

Behold Yorks Duke and Dutcheſs too, whoſe lives
Are patterns for good husbands and chaſte wives:
Good nature and good nurture too in them

Make Love appear the greateſt diadem :
May they all ne're more ſee (as ſad beholders)
Religions head upon Rebellions ſhoulders.

A Prologue to the King, August 16, 1660.

Sure ſuch a glory, ſo ſerene, ſo bright,
Started from Chaos when God call'd for light ;
For (like that glittering birth of beams) you do
Tranſluminate this Weſtern world : from you
Our Saint, our Soul, our Sovereign, our King,
We live and grow, as the ſun broods the Spring :
Then (as in loyalty oblig'd) 'tis fit
We render part of our ſmall ſtock, our wit,
Which hath ſo long been crampt under their rage
Who durſt not ſee their actions on the Stage,
That, numb'd with a ſtupidity, we fear
We ſhall aſſault the ſoftneſs of your ear.
We have been ſo perplex't with gun and drum,
Look to your hats and cloaks ! the Redcoats come !
D'Ambois is routed, Hotſpur quits the field,
Falſtaffs out-filch'd, all in confuſion yield,
Even auditor and actor : what before
Did make the Red-Bull laugh, now makes it roar :
We curſe the miſery in which our trade is,
And are ſecur'd ; but our magnifick ladies,
(Thinking to 'ſcape them) are torn by the throats,
And (like Wine porters) put in petty-coats,
Dragg'd to the Muſe for plotters ; but your preſence
Nullifies them, and gives us a new eſſence ;
Till you came hither, all was ſo forlorn
We wiſh'd we had been buried, or unborn :

All things were retrograde; the night and day
Were ſhrinking to *prima materia.*
We liv'd in ſuch a ſtrange diſtorted age,
Men durſt not ſee their figures on the Stage,
But furious, as the deform'd lady was,
Who for revenge broke her own looking-glaſs,
They crack'd our mirrour, and now none but you,
Dread Majeſty, can *mend* or make us *new.*

A Prologue to a Play call'd "The Florentine Ladies," played in the night by gentlemen.

You 're welcome to our Ladies, and I know,
Moſt courteous gallants, ladies will pleaſe you,
Though at this hour, or midnight, elſe I'le ſwear
Moſt of our knights are loſt with the laſt year.
Theſe creatures are of Florence, and not ſcorn
To let you know they are Italians born.
Your Ladies, worthy Gentlemen, tis thought,
Love things that are far fetcht and dearly bought:
Why ſhould not they, who of this opinion are,
Let you love Ladies that are come ſo far?
It is a queſtion, and they may miſtake
Our Ladies to be Ladies of the Lake,
Which in our Engliſh broadneſs is a whore:
Then what are we? Nay, they that keep the door.
What are you, too, my Maſters? Something 'tis
That make your wives thus follow you to this.
A ſhrewd ſuſpicion when our wandring knights
Arreſt ſtrange Ladies, and ſo late at nights.
But there's no hurt, for if they pleaſe but you,
We doubt not they'l content the Ladies too.

Pray take 't as 'tis; the beſt we can afford:
If we do pleaſe, why ſo. Hab nabs the word.

The Epilogue, on New-Years-Day at Night.

With the new year theſe Marriages begin,
Which will be broke e're the next year come in,
Unleſs your hands do give us; all our pains
In Love is loſt, if you forbid the banes:
But if you grant us Licence, and appear
Each day to ſee us thorow the whole year,
Come to our Wedding, to requite your loves,
Shew us your hands, we 'l fit you all with gloves.

A Prologue to a Play of mine, call'd "Love hath found his eyes, or Distractions."

I know ye did expect me, but for what?
To ſay we have a Play? the Bills ſay that.
Why, let's begin then. Sound!—But ſome will ſay
Are there no faults in th' Actors, or the Play
To beg your patience for? Yes, faith, there's ſtore,
Yet all we craue is, you 'l not make 'em more.
A very juſt petition; and 'tis fit,
I think, we bear no more then we commit.
Yet there are ſome wiſe judges that do ſeek
To raiſe their laughter on what you miſlike,
The errors of the Actors: and they be
The witty tribe of our own quality.
Why, let them laugh: they paid for't. Why ſhould we
Deprive a man of his felicity?

That cannot help, nor hurt us; and I pray
How ere it prove, don't call't a *pretty Play:*
Let it be good or bad, that ſlight word *pritty*
Shews the Play naught, and the depraver witty.
  The language is but low, and the invention
  No higher then a common apprehenſion;
And (in a word) the Authours wiſh is ſuch
You 'l not deſpair, nor yet expect too much.

THE EPILOGUE, SPOKEN BY CUPID.

I hope theſe mutual Marriages expreſs
My opticks are reſtor'd, for each diſtreſs,
The Lovers once ſuppos'd they had by me,
I have converted to a Jubilee.
  All's happy but my ſelf, for I, poor I,
  That figure an eternal Deity,
Muſt quit my glorious ſupremacy
To ſtand the cenſure of mortality.
Be curteous to a God then, whoſe high laws
Commands all hearts, yet now muſt beg applauſe;
For if you cenſure me like rig'rous men,
You ſpoil the plot and ſtrike me blinde agen.
All our diſtractions now are out of date;
I would they were ſo too in Church and State,
That Englands King and people were at reſt,
Without confounding eithers intereſt;
That jealouſies and feares might never more
Let loyal hearts lie weltring in their gore;
That ſo the God of Love may often view
This Iſland, and preſent himſelf to you.

A SPEECH, by the way of EPILOGUE, to thoſe that would riſe out of the Pit at the Red Bull in the laſt Scene, and diſturb the concluſion by going on the Stage: June 23, 1660.

Pray keep your places, Gentlemen! don't riſe,
Stay and take t'other glaſs, as Peters cryes:
'Tis the Cataſtrophe crowns all the ſport.
I warrant, if you had places at Court,
You would not part with them ſo ſoon: pray ſtay
Till Grace be ſaid, and we have took away.
You wrong your Ladies in the nick of pleaſure:
They would ſee 't out: women love London meaſure.
Pray keep your ſeats: let us be your adviſers;
You ſee (of late) what comes of early Riſers:
But if your fancy to this cuſtom tends,
Hence forth we'l ſtudy Playes that have no ends.

A PROLOGUE TO THE COMEDY CALL'D "THE TAMER TAMED:" June 24, 1660.

Enter, reading of the Bill.

The Tamer Tam'd! what do the Players mean?
Shall we have Rump and Rebel in the Scene?
Junctos of Safety, with the righteous rabble
Of Apron-Peers, Knights of Sir Arthurs Table?
Shall Baxter, Hewſon, Scot and Fox be nam'd?
Theſe were our Tamers, but, I hope, they'r tam'd;
For thoſe were men who (in their holy rage)
Did things too horrid for a civil Stage,
Unleſs our company ſhould all comply

To leave good language and ſpeak blaſphemy.
This play, *The Tamer Tam'd*, is Fletchers wit,
A man that pleas'd all pallats: therefore ſit,
And ſee the laſt ſcene out: pray, do not run
Into confuſion till the Play be done.
Should ſtrangers ſee you mix among us thus,
They would be apt to think you ſome of *Us.*
Pray, keep your ſeats: you do not ſit in fear
As in the dangerous days of Oliver:
It is not now (in good time be it ſpoke)
Enter the Red-Coats, *Exit* Hat and Cloak;
But ſuch a proſp'rous change doth now attend ye,
That thoſe who did affront ye, ſhall defend ye.

THE EPILOGUE, SPOKEN BY THE TAMER, A WOMAN.

With licence of my husband I apply
My ſelf to this honour'd ſociety.
I fear I have offended the good laws
Of houſhold government, and given cauſe
By my example (in this wilde aſſay)
For ſome to put in practice what we play,
And, cauſe the breeches now come near the make
Of petty-coats, may willingly miſtake.
Theſe are old quarrels, and, no doubt, came in
When Adam digg'd and Madam Eve did ſpin.
They'r ne're the honeſter for that: the crime
Of bold Rebellion is older then Time.
The breach of truſt is old, the breach of laws,
Murther of Kings, witneſs *the good old cauſe;*
But we exhibit to your approbation,
Not the *Rebellion*, but the *Reformation.*

A PROLOGUE, to introduce the firſt Woman that came to act on the Stage in the Tragedy call'd The Moor of Venice.

I come, unknown to any of the reſt,
To tell you news: I ſaw the Lady dreſt.
The Woman plays to day: miſtake me not;
No man in gown, or Page in petty-coat;
A Woman to my knowledge, yet I cann't
(If I ſhould dye) make *affidavit* on't.
Do you not twitter, Gentlemen? I know
You will be cenſuring; do't fairly though.
'Tis poſſible a vertuous woman may
Abhor all ſorts of looſeneſs, and yet play,
Play on the ſtage, where all eyes are upon her.
Shall we count that a crime France calls an honour?
In other kingdoms husbands ſafely truſt'um,
The difference lies onely in the cuſtom;
And let it be our cuſtom, I adviſe:
I'm ſure this Cuſtoms better then th' Exciſe,
And may procure us cuſtom: hearts of flint
Will melt in paſſion when a woman's in't.
But, Gentlemen, you that as judges ſit
In the Star-Chamber of the houſe, the pit,
Have modeſt thoughts of her: pray, do not run
To give her viſits when the Play is done.
With Dam me, your moſt humble ſervant, Lady.
She knows theſe things as well as you, it may be:
Not a bit there, dear Gallants; ſhe doth know
Her own deſerts, and your temptations too.

But to the point. In this reforming age
We have intents to civilize the Stage.
Our women are defective, and ſo fiz'd,
You 'd think they were ſome of the Guard diſguiz'd;
For (to ſpeak truth) men act, that are between
Forty and fifty, wenches of fifteen;
With bone ſo large, and nerve ſo incomplyant,
When you call Deſdemona, enter Giant.
We ſhall purge every thing that is unclean,
Laſcivious, ſcurrilous, impious or obſcene;
And when we 've put all things in this fair way,
Barebones himſelf may come to ſee a Play.

Epilogue.

And how d'ye like her? Come, what is 't ye drive at?
She 's the ſame thing in publick and in private;
As far from being what you call a Whore,
As Deſdemona injur'd by the Moor.
Then, he that cenſures her in ſuch a caſe
Hath a foul blacker then Othello's face.
But, Ladies, what think you? for, if you tax
Her freedom with diſhonour to your ſex,
She means to act no more, and this ſhall be
No other Play but her own Tragedy:
She will ſubmit to none but your commands,
And take Commiſſion onely from your hands.

A Prologue to the Poor Mans Comfort.

Enter, reading the Title. May 28, 1661.

The Poor Mans Comfort: this title ſome will ſay
Is fitter for a Pray'r-book then a Play;

And ſome may cenſure, who are Democraticks,
The times will change; Players are turn'd Phanaticks,
And the Red Bull, where ſports were wont to be
Is now a Meeting-houſe: would 'twere for me
A good full Meeting-houſe! we ſhould not be
Contrivers of a new Fifth Monarchy,
And charge up for King Judas. No, the very
Plain truth is this: we meet but to be merry.
Then do you judge what pitty 'tis that we
Should every day want merry company!
Surely the fault is ours, or yours, or both.
Let us conſider where it lyes: in troth
You will appear moſt guilty I 'm afraid:
'Tis a full Houſe that makes the Play well play'd.
A numerous preſence doth at once inſpire
Actor and Auditor with mutual fire:
Therefore, pray meet: come as you do to tother,
If not for us, yet to meet one another.
But let me ſee: what was I going to ſay?
O! 'tis about the title of the Play.
The great Mans Comfort is above my thought:
The Merchants Comfort is a ſhip full fraught;
The Plow mans Comfort is a field well till'd,
Our Poor Mans Comfort is a Houſe well fill'd.

MARCH 16, 1661.

AN ADVENT TO THE KING'S CORONATION.

Let all your hearts be fill'd with joy!
King Charles his Coronation day
Is coming on: let every thing
That fears God and honours the King

Advance their ſpirits, and expreſs
A royal, loyal thankfulneſs.
That man that was by dangers toſt
From place to place, and almoſt loſt;
He that did 'ſcape an armies ſtroke,
And made a Kingdom of an Oak;
The royal Orphant that was fed
With ſorrow, and with borrow'd bread;
He whom his Subjects would confound,
And crucifie, ſhall now be crown'd.
Then let all ſouls for ſuch ſalvation
Cry up King Charles his Coronation!

On the Day.

The happy day (long wiſh'd by ſome)
By Gods appointment now is come,
In which our joyful eyes ſhall ſee
King Charles adorn'd with Majeſty;
And he who liv'd a life like Job
Shall now with Crown, Scepter, and Globe,
With peaceful feed aſcend his Throne,
And every man ſhall have his own.
The Juncto, Oliver and Rump,
That turn'd up all the Knaves for Trump,
Are totally diſſolv'd, and we
Are ſubjects to true Majeſty.
Then let us all with one conſent
Pray for the good old Government,
Under whoſe power we may encreaſe
In truth and treaſure, eaſe and peace,
And children yet unborn ſhall live to ſay
This was the happy Coronation day.

AFTER THE CORONATION.

The joyful dayes are come, and we
Obtain our ancient liberty:
Religion rules, Rebellion rots,
We ſleep ſecurely without plots;
Our lives are ſafe, our laws are free,
White-Hall's a Court of Equity.
We are ſecur'd from tyrants ſwords,
Malignant and ſuch canting words
Are out of date: Phanatick broods,
That preach't away your lands and goods,
Are put to ſilence, and we fear
No forgeries at Weſtminſter.
Would you know how all this comes round,
Take 't in four words, *King Charles is crown'd!*
Since it is ſo, let every thing
Praiſe God and ſay, *Long live the King!*

A LETANY DELIVERED, JAN. 1, 1659, TO A FRIEND, AS A NEW-YEARS GIFT.

From all, and more then I have written here,
I wiſh protection to you this New Year.

From thoſe who for ſelf-ends would all betray,
From thoſe new Saints, who piſtol when they pray;
From flattering features with infernal ſouls,
From Reformation ſuch as pull'd down Pauls;
From Church-land purchaſers, from Town betrayers,
From weaving Preachers, and extemp're Prayers;

From blood, and ſomething elſe that I could tell ye on,
From pulpit blaſphemy and bold Rebellion;
From new falſe teachers which betray the old,
From thoſe that turn the Goſpel into gold;
From that black pack where clubs are alwayes trump,
From bodies politick and from the Rump;
From thoſe that ruine where they ſhould repair,
From thoſe who cut off heads inſtead of hair;
From twelve moneths taxes and abortive votes,
From chargeable nurſe-children in red coats;
From ſuch as ſell their ſouls to ſave their ſumms,
From City Charters that make heads for drums;
From City Saints whoſe Annagram is *ſtains*,
From plots and being choak'd with our own chains;
From zeal that wants both piety and knowledge,
From the hot diſputants in Greſham Colledge;
From Coblers which aſcend to Council Tables,
From dens of thieves, from Churches turn'd to Stables;
From theſe and ten times more like to enſue,
We humbly pray, *Good Lord deliver you!*

On a view of the Rebels arms.

Croſſes are crucify'd, the Organ which
In bright Cathedrals ſoar'd a lofty pitch,
Are now demoliſh'd by ſuch men (ſtrange riddle)
Who in the room ſet up the Croſs and Fiddle.

On Independency.

An Independent is a maggot, bred
In fly-blown brains of Presbyterian head.

On the Act against Cock-matches, the next succeeding their putting down of Church-Marriages.

When Wedlock was pull'd down by powerful hand,
We might well gueſs Cock-matches would not ſtand.

On the Jesuite and Puritan.

The Jeſuite and Puritan prevail
In ſpoil, like Sampſon's Foxes tail to tail.

Another.

The Jeſuite and Puritan are two
Who, under the beſt names, moſt miſchief do.

Representations in parts to be habited, ſung, and acted, as they have been often times with great applauſe performed before the Lord Major and the Sheriffs of London.

An Eclogue or Representation in four parts, compoſed for the Lord Major, Sir Tho. Allen, and ſung by the City Muſick Decemb. 18th, 1659.

The Preſenters.

Love, Plenty, Truth, and Courage.

Love. My honour'd Lord and Lady,
May that great hand that made ye
Supply this cheer,
From year to year,
And may no ſtrength degrade ye.

Truth. I am a bold intruder,
Which makes me ſeem the ruder;
But the City is
Much us'd to this
Since Civil War ſubdu'd her.

Plenty. We are no lance-preſadoes,
No baſket-hilt bravadoes;
When you know our names,
You 'l love our fames:
We deal not in Granadoes.

Love. We come not to invade ye,
Or ſubt'ly to perſwade ye.

Truth. I am Truth (in a word).
Plenty. I am Plenty, my Lord.
Love. And I am Love, my Lady.

Chorus.

1 Let Buff-coat and Feather
2 Go drumming together.
All. We fear not the force of invaſion.
3 The voice and the lute
1 Makes a better diſpute,
All. Love hath the beſt art of perſwaſion.

Plenty. But ſtay! methinks our melody is dull;
We want a voice to make the Chorus full.
Love. Truth, where is Peace? *Truth.* Her abſence is no wonder,
For Peace and Truth have been long time aſunder.
Where is ſhe gone? We 'l hawl her in with cables.
Love. Peace ſeldom goes where Churches are made ſtables.
Truth. Peace never comes, amongſt thoſe sad diſaſters,
Into that land where ſervants beat their maſters.
Plenty. Peace ſeldom into ſuch confuſion comes,
Where City Charters are made heads for drums.
Love. Peace loves good men that profeſs what they 'l dye for,
Not ſuch as make Covenants ſtand for a cipher.
Truth. Peace n're comes where Brother doth fight againſt brother,
Nor where Proteſtations drive out one another.
Plenty. Peace knows that the Sword men will ne're be true friends,
For Collonels, like Coblers, are awl for their ends:
She never appears (though ſhe very much pitty)
Where a bunch of bandoleers are the keyes of a City.

Love. When wiſdom's wanting,
Truth. And zeal is canting,
Plenty. Then rage is ranting,
All. And Peace lies panting.

Chorus together.

Then blame not the words of our tongue or our pen;
We ſhall ne're hold our peace till we get her agen,
For Love, Truth and Plenty muſt quickly decay,
As experience will tell us, when Peace is away.

Love. But now Peace is gone,
And hath left us alone,
What other foundation can we build upon?
Truth. Let Courage come rule.
Plen. I fear he 's too cool.
Love. If he leave Love and Plenty and Truth, he 's a fool.
Truth. Can Fury out-brave him?
'Tis Truth that muſt ſave him:
Go, call him. *Plen.* I can not; the Prentices have
Love. Go, tell him our need: [him.
Our liberties bleed,
And ſay that my Lord doth command him with
Plen. At that word he comes. [ſpeed.

Enter Courage.

Courage. Boyes, beat up your drums!
Are Sword-men abroad, and we picking crums?
Have we the bold valour, the wealth, and the wit,
And ſhall we be ſhallowly cheated of it?
Truth, Plenty and Loue, you all are well met:
In honeſter cauſes ye ne're ventur'd yet.
We ſerve a brave Maſter, who for publick good
Will hazard his fortune, his fame and his blood:

Let Love, Truth and Courage and Plenty endeavour
To wait on his perſon, and ſerve him for ever.
Then let every voice, like a well ſkill'd Muſician,
Diſcover the progreſs of Pride and Ambition.

Courage.

The baſeſt condition
Is Pride and Ambition:
It rifles and ſtifles
True Love and Allegiance:
'Tis never contented
Till Time hath conſented
to take off and ſhake off
The bonds of Obedience.

Truth.

It was a ſtrewd weed in
The Garden of Eden;
It drew out and threw out
Poor Eve and her Adam.
'Twas one of the ſtrange ills
That caſt down the Angels
So ſteep, and ſo deep,
That no meaſure can fadom.

Plenty.

It is but a ſad ſort of ſinning,
And ends with a terrible taſte;
It ſhews like a Saint in beginning,
But looks like a Devil at laſt.

Love.

Ambition ſtrikes every thing dumb
That dams up the way of her hope;
It often doth aim at a kingdom,
And frequently ends in a rope.

Chorus.

All. Then, ſince bold ambition doth work ſuch diſaſters,
Why ſhould we be monſters in hope to be maſters?
That City ſhall hold out in ſpight of all weather,
Where Conſcience and Courage are coupled together.

THE CHEATERS CHEATED.

A Repreſentation in four parts to be ſung, Nim, Filcher, Wat and Moll; made for the Sheriffs of London.

Enter Nim, a Cheat, at one door, and Filcher, his fellow, at the other.

Nim. Good morrow, fellow Filcher.
What! do we ſink or ſwim?
Thou look'ſt ſo like a pilcher.
Filch. Good morrow, fellow Nim.
The devils in our deſtiny,
I cannot get a pluck.
Nim. No; ſurely if the Devil were in't,
We ſhould have better luck.

2.

Fil. What ſtar is my director?
I am in ſuch a ſtate.
Nim. Nay, prethe, brother Hector,
Do not fall out with fate;
For we are fortunes minions,
And fight under her banner:
'Tis ſhe is Queen of all the world.
Fil. A miſchief light upon her!

3.

No money is reveal'd yet;
I wonder where it lingers.
Nim. The Souldier hath conceal'd it;
'Tis faſt in iron fingers,
From whence if we could get it,
By fury or by fraud,
We had as good attempt to pick
The pocket of a Baud.

4.

Filch. Your roaring Cavalier,
Who, when he had the chink,
Would bravely domineer
In diceing, drabs and drink,
Go aſk him now for money,
And he hath none at all,
But cryes, 'tis in my Compting-houſe
In Haberdaſhers-Hall.

5.

Nim. Our ſly trappanning trade,
Maintain'd with ſo much fury,
Is openly bewray'd
Both by the Judge and Jury;
For lawyers have ſo many quirks,
And are ſuch curious ſkanners,
That they grow cunninger then we,
And do trappan trappanners.

6.

Fil. Our dyceing trade is down too,
For when we do begin
By drilling wayes to draw
A yonger brother in,

The Souldier falls upon us,
And proves the beſt Projector.
Nim. Faith, every Red-coat now can make
A puppy of a Hector.

7.

Enter Wat, a Weſt Countrey-man.

Fil. Stay! prethe who comes here?
Nim. A gaping countrey Clown.
Fil. Look, how the ſlave doth ſtare!
Nim. He 's newly come to town.
Filch. He gazeth in the air as if
The ſky were full of rockets:
Lets fleece him. (*Nim.*) But how ſhall we get
His hands out of his pockets?

8.

Fil. Let me alone for that: I lately bought a glaſs
Wherein all ſeveral colours may
Be ſeen that ever was,
If held up thus with both hands.
Nim. A pretty new deſign:
This trick will fetch his fingers out.
Fil. And hey then, in go mine.

9. *Tune changeth.*

Wat. Our Taunton den is a dungeon,
And yvaith cham glad cham here,
This vamous zitty of Lungeon
Is worth all Zomerzetzhere:
In wagons, in carts and in coaches
Che never did yet zee more horſe:
The wenches do zhine like roches,
And as proud as my fathers vore horſe.

10.

Che never zince che was able
To keep my vathers voulds,
Did ever zee ſuch a ſtable
As thick a thing called Powls.
A Mezle in a red jacket
Had like to have knack me down,
Becauſe che'd undertake it,
Held all the beaſt in the town.

11.

Cham come to zee my Lord Major,
And thick as do hang the thieves,
Ch've forgot what vine neames they are,
(A meazle on them) the zhreeves.
They zay they wear chains and ſcarlets,
And vollow'd by many guardiants,
Ch've loſt the neams of the varlets,
A miſchief on them, the Sergeants!

12.

And now chill walk my ſtations
To every place in town:
Che mean to buy new vaſhions;
Iche have above fifty pound:
Che took't away from vather,
When he was gone a vield:
Cham come away the rather,
'Cauſe ch'ave got a wench with childe.

Tune change. Filcher and Nim looking in the glaſs.

13.

Filch. The rainbow never knew
Such colours as are here.

Nim. Heres purple, green and blew.
Wat. Zooks! what have they got there?
Good morrow, Maſter what d'ye cal't?
Filch. Good morrow, good man clot.
Wat. Nay, vaith vine gallant, there y'are out;
My neame is honeſt Wat.

14.

Fil. I'le ſhew thee ſuch a ſlight that
Thou ne're ſaw, honeſt Wat,
Neither by day nor night yet.
Wat. Yvaith ch' ud laugh at that.
Fil. Here, take this glaſs into thy hand,
And hold it to thy eyes;
Thou there wilt ſee more colours than
A dyar can deviſe.

15.

Wat. I cannot zee a colour yet.
Nim. Thou doſt not hold it high.
Wat. Che hav't it, che ha't, ch'av got it now!
Nim. I faith, and ſo have I. *Picks his pocket.*
Wat. Here's black, and blew, and gray, and green,
And orange-tauny white;
And now Ich ave loſt all agen. *Filch. picks*
Fil. In troth y'are in the right. *tother pocket.*

16.

Now, prethe tell me, honeſt Wat,
How do'ſt thou like my glaſs?
Wat. It is the vitteſt veat, yvaith
That er'e was brought to paſs;
And if that thou wilt ſpare it,
Chill give thee money down.

Fil. I will have nothing for it.
[*Wat.*] Chill give thee half a crown. *Feels in's pocket.*

17.

Yvaith, cham very willing.
Nim. You ſhall not do it now.
[*Wat.*] To give thee vour zhilling.
Filch. 'Tis more then you can do. *Aſide.*
Nim. Farewel, good Wat: thou ſhalt not pay.
Good morrow, Gentlemen.
Wat. Chill get me gone vor vear that they
Zhould get my glaſs agen. *Exit Wat.*

18. *Tune change.*

Fil. Quick let us ſhare
For fear of apprehenſion.
Nim. Guſman could ne're
Compare with this invention.
Fil. That ruſtick Clown
Hath brought a happy harveſt.
Nim. Lay your money down.
Fil. My purſe is at your ſervice,
Crown for crown.

19.

Nim. Open the purſe,
Our ſhip of Fortune ſail's in't. *Open it.*
Fil. Oh heavy curſe!
It hath nothing but nails in't.
Nim. Ne're men till now
Were gull'd by ſuch a Coſtard.
Fil. If we meet, I vow
Wee'l bang the bacon baſtard
black and blew.

20.

Unlock that font: *Open the other.*
Lets enter by degrees in 't.
Nim. A pox upon 't,
Theres nought but bread and cheeſe in 't.
Fil. Come let 's depart
And drink a Saxon Rumkin.
Nim. I am vext at heart,
But if I ſpare the Bomkin,
Hang me for 't. *Exeunt.*

Enter Mol Medlar, ſola, with a baſket.
Tune changeth.

[21.]

Souldiers fight and Hectors rant on,
Whilſt poor Wenches go to rack:
Who would be a wicked wanton,
Onely for ſuppers, ſongs and ſack;
To endure the alteration
Of theſe times that are ſo dead:
Thus to lead a long vacation
Without money, beer or bread?

22.

Farewel Bloomsberry and Sodom,
Lukeners-lane and Turnbull-ſtreet:
Woe was me when firſt I trod 'em
With my wilde unwary feet.
I was bred a Gentlewoman,
But our family did fall,
When the gentry's coin grew common,
And the ſouldiers ſhar'd it all.

23.

I was ſure unto a Hector,
Who hath baſely broke his vow.
Would I had a good projector,
That would well ſupport me now!
Who comes here? What ſimple Thumkin? *Ent.*
Oh! I gueſs him by his coat: *Wat.*
This is ſure ſome countrey Bumkin.
Now 'tis time to change my note.
Tune changeth: ſhe ſingeth and danceth.

24.

I can dance, and I can ſing,
I am good at either:
I can do the tother thing
When we get together.

25.

I have lately loſt my dear,
'Twas a holy brother:
If he do not meet me here,
I faith, I'le get another.

26.

I can nimbly come above,
I can tumble under;
And if I do but like my love—
Wat. What Vary's that is yonder?

27.

Tis a dainty dancing girle,
Zhee would make me gladder:
Her vace doth zyne like mother of pearl,
Chould chuſe no more and chad her.

28.

Mol. A Dutch-man loves his pipe and can,
A Jew doth like a Turk well,
But I could hug a countrey-man,
For he will do his work well.

29.

Citizens are full of flight,
They will cog and flatter;
But a countrey-man will do me right.
Wat. Che long now to be at her.

30.

Good morrow, Miſtris Trip and goe.
Mol. My countrey-man, I take it.
I loue you, Sir. (*Wat.*) Chill love thee to[o],
And vaith chil veze thy jacket.

31.

Mol. What's thy name? Come, tell me that:
Thou ſhalt be my jewel.
Wat. Why zom vorzooth do call me Wat,
But my neame is Water-Gruel.

32.

Pethe ſay, and ben't avrayd,
Art thou not a pedlar?
Mol. I live cloſe by in Tickle Yard,
My name is Mary Medlar.

33.

Wat. Then, zweet Mol, come buſs thy Wat:
Let us twain be merry.
Mol. I could nimbly dance, but that
My baſket makes me weary.

[34.]

Wat. Give it me: chill dance a ſpring: *He takes her*
Che have no veaver lurden? *baſket.*
Mol. If thou wilt dance, then, I will ſing,
And thou ſhalt bear the burden.

35.

Wat. A match, a match: it's well a vine, *Both dance*
We both ſhall make ſome ztuff on't. *to their*
Mol. Unleſs thy feet keep pace with mine, *own ſing-*
Thoul't quickly have ynough on't. *ing.*

36.

Wat. Well don, Moll. (*Moll.*) 'Tis well done, Wat.
Wat. Chill do it to a tittle.
Mol. But I have too much ſtrain'd my throat;
I prethe, ſing a little. *She doth dance off.*

37.

Wat. Fa la la la liera lo!
This is pretty prancing.
We will go to Tickle Yard
When we have done dancing.

38.

Now che think ch' av vetcht it up.
Zing a little, Mary:
We will gulge a merry zup,
Zhuggar and Canary.

39.

Thou doſt dance and make no noiſe;
Zhall I turn and kiſs thee?
Prethe, let me hear thy voice.— *Turns about and*
Hoop! where the Devil is ſhee? *miſſeth her.*

40.

Zhe hath left me all alone
Here to mum and maſk it;
But, yvaith, if zhe be gon,
Ich chill keep her baſket.

41.

Here's good fortune come to me
In a merry minuit:
Now chill puttne down and zee
What zhee have gotten in it.

Tune changeth: he ſets down the baſket, and looks in it.

42.

Oh! wo, wo! what zhall chee do?
Che con no know which way to go.
With thick whore here, and her vine ſong
Che have a bore her burden too long:
Che may curſe the occaſion that e're che came here.
Would che were agen in Zomerzet-zhere.

Pulls a childe out of the baſket.

43.

O, Lungeon! Ich cham undone.
Ch' ave a brungeon a daughter or a zon.
Thick a jewel hath me beguil'd:
Water Gruel muſt now veed the childe.
Ich chud never be zorry, but vind it a place,
If che had now but good ſtore of larzhant:
It looks tory rory, and zmells ſo of mace
That a zure it was got by zome zarzhant. *Huſhes it: carries it to the men; then to the women.*

44.

Goodman Zhreeve, zee, look on the vace,

Vor a believe me, it may be your own caſe.
Honeſt vree men, Ich cham baſely begeld.
Good a woman, hold but the cheld.
Chil but ſtep here hard by, 'tis but home to Taunden,
And chill bring ye zom gold in a caſket.
Thick all are hard hearted, both women and men:
Che muſt march with my youth in a baſket. *Puts it in agen to the baſket and exit. Tune change.*

45.

Enter Filcher and Nim.

Fil. We ſhall ne're have lucky minuit,
None of our deſigns will hit.
Nim. Some ill planet ſure is in it,
Fortune makes a fool of wit:
All our feats
Are ſimple cheats,
And deſtiny will have it ſo.
Fil. There's nothing hits,
But with thoſe wits
That cheat *cum Privilegio.*
Nim. The holy drum
And godly gun
Are now the onely engines that
Make pimp and whore
And Hector poor,
And wiſe men do they know not what.

46.

Fil. All our joyful dayes do leave us.
Nim. Never were ſuch times as theſe.
Fil. Every Bumkin can deceive us. [cheeſe.
Nim. With hob-nails. (*Fil.*) And with bread and

Nil. Though we miſt it,
He confeſt it,
That he brought up fifty pound.
Nim. Where he did it,
How he hid it,
Is the plot that may be found.
Filch. If we meet him
We will fit him.
Nim. Hark! I here one coming in. *They retreat to*
Very pleaſant! *ſeveral corners.*
'Tis the peaſant.
Filch. Now let's to our guards agen. *Tune changeth.*

Enter Wat, with a little Trunck on a ſtick hanging at his back.

47.

Now farawel Ludgeon Iche may zing;
Chill no more here until the next Spring:
Chave put in ſecurity vor the thing,
Which no body can deny.

48.

Che did a veat in Zomerzet-zhere,
Which vorſt me at virſt to zee faſhions here:
Ich am out of the vrying pan into the vere;
Che either muſt burn or vrye.

49.

In pluſh and in zatten a vynely wrought
Ich chave laid out forty pound every groat.
Fil. I want a ſilk waſtcoat. (*Nim.*) I lack a pluſh coat.
Wat. Ch' have puttne all in the Trunk.

50. *Fil. comes alone to Wat.*

Heres zilk and gold and zilver ſtrings,

Heres gloves, ſilk hozen, points and rings.
Fil. Stand! (*Wat.*) What are you? (*Fil.*) Lay down your things.
[*Wat.*] Why zure the meazle is drunk.

51.

What would ye do to a poor countrey man?
Nim. Firſt lay down your trunk, you ſhall know more anon.
Wat. A very vine way to have my trunk gone.
Filch. Do ſo, or I'le knock thee down.

52.

Wat. Nay vaith, good man gentle, ſince ch' have zeen it, man.
Chill lay it down there, and if che can win it,
Thou zhalt have my trunk, and all that is in it:
Twill coſt above vorty pound.

53.

Fil. I'l have as much blood as thy heart can afford.
Filch. draws and fights.
Wat. Thou cowardly knave, wilt thou vight with a zword?
[*Nim.*] And what do you think of another? *Nim draws.*

54.

This rapier I thorow thy body will run,
Wat. Ud zooks, there's no vighting with two agen one:
Ich che rather will truſt to my legs and be gon. *Exit Wat.*
Fil. Why now, gramercy brother.

55.

Nim. The raſcal already is run out of ſight.
Fil. His hands are vile heavy. (*Nim.*) His legs are as light.
The pluſh for a jacket I claim as my right.
Fil. Which really I deny;
For was it not I that prov'd the projector?
Nim. But if this good ſword had not been your protector,

The clown would have made you a pittiful Hector,
And beaten you. (*Fil.*) Sirra, ye lye.

57.

My force hath been try'd againſt caſtles and towers.
The prize as it lies is equally ours;
Let victory make it out mine or yours.
Nim. I grant it with all my heart. *They fight.*

58. *Enter Moll.*

Mol. What mad men are theſe! pray, what do you mean?
I never did ſee ſuch a ſorrowful ſcene:
Nay, ſweet Mr. Filcher. (*Fi.*) Stand further, ye quean.
I'le make the proud raſcal ſmart.

59.

Mol. You alwayes were friends: what makes ye fall out?
Pray, tell me true, what is the quarrel about?
Nim This duel will ſuddenly end all the doubt.
Mol. I'le ſuffer between your ſwords. *They make paſſes.*

60.

[*Mol.*] Ere ſuch a kind couple of Hectors as yee *Mol is*
Shall ſquabble and quarrel for Paddington tree, *between.*
Jack Filcher! Tom Nim! be counſel'd by me.
Deliver your cauſe in words.

61.

You know that the law againſt Duels is high.
Nim. That Rodomontado there gave me the lye.
Mol. Pray, do but conſider that Tyburn is nigh.
Nim. That very word cools my wrath.

62.

For my own part, I onely would live by my trade.
Fil. The bargain betwixt us muſt end by the blade.
Mol. Pray, let me but know the conditions ye made:
I'le judge it between ye both.

63.

Fil. I'le tell you then how the quarrel did riſe.
This fellow and I have took a rich prize.
Nim. And now he denies me my ſhare in't. (*Fil.*) He lies.
We agreed that the ſword ſhould decide it.

64.

This trunk is well furniſhed, as e're it can hold,
With ſilk and with velvet, with ſilver and gold.
Mol. Turn't all into money, and when it is ſold,
You equally may divide it.

65.

But firſt what aſſurance have you, when you win it,
Tis worth all this danger? (*Nim.*) We have not yet ſeen [it].
[*Mol.*] Why, then, let us open 't, and ſee what is in it,
That ev'ry thing may be ſhown.

66.

Nim. A match: let her break the trunk open and ſee.
Mol. It may be by this means you 'l ſooner agree.
Fil. Faith, open 't or ſhut it, 'tis all one to me;
I vow I'le have all or none. *Mol. opens the trunk.*

67.

Mol. Then, look on your bargain: you both are beguil'd;
Pray tell me if this be the velvet three pil'd?
Mol. takes out the childe.
Is this figurd ſatten? (*Nim.*) I vow 'tis a child.—
You ſwore you 'd have all or none.

68.

Fil. I'le ſtand to my bargain, for I will have none.
Nim. What! Can you ſo ſuddenly alter your tone?
Mol. Come, kiſs it and love it, for faith 'tis your own.
Remember when we were alone.

69.

For this pretty babe I have ſhed many ſhowers,
And ſuffer'd a thouſand diſconſolate hours :
As ſure as 'tis mine, I 'm certain its yours.
I never knew man but you.

70.

Fil. Theſe projects to me are riddles and charms.
How came the child hither ? (*Mol.*) For fear of worſe harms,
I left it even now in a countreymans arms,
A fellow that I never knew.

71.

'Twas left to be loſt, though the plot would not hit :
I never could ſee you to tell you of it,
A countrey-man brought it. (*Fil.*) A pox of his wit.
I would I were rid of my life !

72.

Mol. Before I knew Filcher I was a pure maid :
Pray do but remember the contract we made ;
You ſaid you would wed me, and live by your trade.
Fil. I'le preſently make thee my wife.

73.

Mol. For all the worlds wealth I will ne're be a whore.
Fil. I'le purchaſe new credit upon an old ſcore.
Nim. I'le deal in theſe damnable courſes no more.
All. We every one will mend.

74.

Fil. I never will quarrel, or ſwagger and roar.
Nim. Then make the poor ſimpletons pay all the ſcore.
Mol. I never will do as I have done before.
All. We every one will mend. *Exeunt.*

Enter Wat, ſolus.

75.

Ch' have overcome my voes, *Tune change.*
And Watty now is vree:
It is no ſin to couzen thoſe
That would have cheated me.

76.

Had che but met with one,
Che had not been o'remaſter'd:
Ich che wonder what they thought upon,
When they did vind the baſtard.

77.

Did ever fellow vinde
Zuch zimple zots as theſe,
To leave my fifty pounds behinde,
And ſteal my bread and cheeſe?

78.

Theiſe zitty theeves are fool'd
That meant to do me hurt:
The meazles could not vind my gold,
Che knittne in my zhurt.

79.

Ich che cannot chuſe but zmile,
That men who can talk Lattin,
Should be zuch fools to take a child
For velvet, zilk and zatten.

80.

But pride will have a vall;
The proverb zaith as much.
Now, how do you, my Meaſters all?
Ich cham com to laugh a touch.

81.

God bleſs my Lady Zhreeve,
And all that noble pack:
Ch' am almoſt dead with grief,
Che want a cup a zack.

82.

God zave my Meaſter too,
And zend him to live long:
Vayth, now ch' a nothing elſe to do,
Chill zing a merry zong.

A Song on the Twelve Companies.

83.

The other day among many papers,
Che voun'd a vine zong of the Merchants and Drapers,
The Grocers, the Goldſmiths, the Taylors and Skinners,
And many zuch vinical zinners.

1 Mercers. 84.

The Mercer virſt a vine dapper blade is:
He zells yee ſoft zattin, and very well paid is;
He makes his commodity cover the Ladies,
Zo zoft and zweet his trade is.

2 Grocers. 85.

The Grocer layes his zhuggered baits:
He loves to have his zhip in the Straits;
He deals in ſweet almonds, prunellos, and dates,
With ladies as light as his weights.

3 Drapers. 86.

The Drapers next in my fancy doth hover:
It is the beſt trade betwixt Barwick and Dover;

But when his ſhort yard the women diſcover,
They will have a handful over.

4 Fiſhmongers. 87.

And now have at the Fiſhmongers jacket :
It proves a good trade as the taverns do make it ;
But of all the vish in the zea, chill undertake it,
He'd rather have a virgin naked.

5 Goldſmiths. 88.

The Goldsmiths ſtall will make me to ſtop,
For Goldſmiths-Hall hath been a great prop :
Of all the rich myſteries this is the top ;
The Tower was a Goldſmith's zhop.

6 Merchant-Taylors. 89.

The Merchant-Taylors may not be outed ;
His calling hath been ere ſince Adam was routed.
A zuit makes a gallants wealth not to be doubted,
That is but a beggar without it.

7 Skinners. 90.

The Skinners hate Ich che muſt not incurr.
He covers the corps of your worſhipful zur,
And cleaves to your Aldermans back like a bur,
Whoſe lineing is voxes vur.

8 Haberdaſhers. 91.

Your Haberdaſhers art che may call
The onely fine trade that doth cover us all ;
But woe to the Cavalier that did vall
Into Haberdashers-Hall.

9 Salters. 92.

The Zalters trade we zhall not omit :
The ſcholars zay zalt is an emblem of wit ;

But, vaith, I believe they love a vreſhh bit,
When mutton and capers meet.

10 Ironmongers. 93.

The fame of the Ironmongers do ring:
The ſtrength of the mettle can conquer a King.
The helmet, muſket and gauntlet can bring
A ſcepter out of a ſling.

11 Vintners. 94.

The Vintners art but few men do know,
Vor it is a zience too zuttle to zhow:
The devil and he a conjuring go,
When both are a brewing below.

12 Cloth-workers. 95.

The Cloth-workers trade is a very vine thing,
And of all the trades may be counted the king;
But yet he will merrily tipple and zing,
Till his wits go a wool-gathering.

96.

And now Ic che hope no tradeſman will take
Exzeptions at me vor my merriment ſake:
Their trades are all good, but the Vintners the bonniest.
God bleſs them, and make them all honeſt!

97.

Ic che now will go home to Zomerzetzheere,
And tell all the country what vine things are here:
Chil jog to my Jug, and zee what God hath zent her,
And chil come here agen next winter.

End of the Repreſentations.

ACROSTICHS,

ANNAGRAMS,
EPIGRAMS,
ELEGIES
AND
EPITAPHS.

ACROSTICHS.

An Acrostick on Mrs. Hester Noy.

H ow much I am obliged to your worth
E ach faculty I have cannot ſet forth :
S ure I ſhall dye in debt, unleſs you pleaſe
T o binde me more by granting a releaſe.
E xcellent Lady, may the Powers above
R eward you with thoſe joyes which Angels love.

N othing that hath affinity with ill
O ppoſe your underſtanding, or your will :
Y our vertues which ſo copiouſly extend
E ternity can onely comprehend.

A double Acrostich on Mrs. Susanna Blunt.

S weet S oul of goodneſs, in whoſe ſaint-like breſt
V irtue V ows dwelling to make beauty bleſt :
S ure S ighing Citherea ſits, your eyes
A re A ltars whereon ſhe might ſacrifice.
N ow N one will of the Paphean Order be,
N atur's N ew work tranſcends a deity.
A rabias A romaticks court your ſcent,

B right B eauty makes your gazers eloquent.
L et L ittle Cupid his loſt eyes obtain
V ail'd, V iewing you would ſtrike him blind again.
N ay N ever think I flatter: if you be
T hus T o none elſe, by Love you are to me.

AN ACROSTICK ON TWO PAIRS OF INSEPARABLE FRIENDS WHO WERE MARRIED IN ONE DAY.
A FOUR-FOLD ACROSTICK.

Jove Joyn theſe Pairs, and May each bleſſed
Obtain A guard of Angels for A Guide [Bride
Heaven Nature Vertue Reaſon in commu-
Nobilitate, Enrich, and Love Your union: [nion

Grace Faith and Knowledge Bind ye: may you be
Each Others bliſs, No evil Injure ye.
Let nothing Re-divide; Eternal Reſt,
Love, Dwell and Last in each Diviner Breſt.

A CROSS ACROSTICK ON TWO CROST LOVERS.

Though croſt in our Affections, ſtill the flames
Of Honour ſhall ſecure our noble Names.
Nor ſhall Our fate divorce our faith Or cauſe
The leaſt Miſlike of loves Diviner lawes.
Croſſes ſomtimes Are cures Now let us prove
That no ſtrength Shall Abate the power of love:
Honour, wit, Beauty, Riches, wiſe men call
Frail Fortunes Badges; In true love lies all.
Therfore to him we Yield, our Vowes ſhall be
Paid, ——— Read and written in Eternity:
That All may know when men grant no Redreſs,
Much love can ſweeten the unhappineſS.

AN EPITHALAMIUM IN A DOUBLE ACROSTICK written on the noble Names and ſacred Nuptials of the worthy honoured Edward Marrow, Esquire, and the moſt truly vertuous Mrs. Anne Grantham.

E minent Pair! whatever Sidney ſaw
in Argalus and his Partheni A
D ooth figure out your excellence; how then
ſhall I depict ye with ſo poor a pen N
W hat powers ſhall I implore? Apollo's gon
for whom my Muſe lies drench'd in Helico N
A rts are malignant, Poems out of date,
the layman calls learning a Reprobat E
R eaſon is baniſh'd, and what ere did ſpring
from thoſe fair banks where peace was flourishin G
D ivineſt pair, whoſe bright perfections are
more luminary then the morning Star R
M ay all the pleaſures Phœbus ever ſaw
in Europe, Aſia, or Americ A
A ttend your genial joyes: what Nature can
contribute to the excellence of ma N
R edouble your felicity: may night
and day contend which shall yeeld moſt deligh T
R iches and honour, vertue (the beſt wealth)
beauty, with all the circumſtance of healt H
O bey your wish: and he that will not pray
as I have done, is Loves Anathem A
W arre never fright ye; whereſoe're you come
may bright Apollos harp drown Mars his dru M.

Intemperance. A fancy upon Words.

He that's devoted to the - - - - Glaſs,
The Dice or a laſcivious - - - - laſs,
At his own price is made an - - - aſs.

He that is greedy of the - - - - Grape,
On Reaſon doth commit a - - - rape,
And changeth habit with an - - - ape.

The Lover, whoſe devotion - - - Flies,
Up to the ſphere where beauty - - lies,
Makes burning-glaſſes of his - - - eies.

If long he to that Idol - - - - Pray,
His ſight, by Loves inflaming - - ray,
Is loſt for ever and for - - - ay.

An Epitaph in a double Acroſtich composed and fixed on the Stone of Mrs. Joane Ward.

I n this plain piece of humble earth lyes one
W hom no unworthy feet should tread upon,
O ne whoſe chaſte life did very much improve
A daughters duty and a ſiſters love.
A lmighty God was ſtill her contemplation,
R eligion was her daily recreation :
N othing came in her maiden thoughts that cou'd
D efile the fountain of her virgin bloud.
E ternal joyes contain her now : let's then
Mourn all, until we meet with her agen.

ANNAGRAMS.

CHARLES STUART:
Annagram,
As cleer as Truth.
Expoſition.
Charles Stuart makes it out, in age and youth,
His name and nature are as CLEER AS TRUTH.

CHARLES STUART:
Annagr.
Cals tru Hearts.
Expo.
What man who either doth love Arms or Arts,
That goes not when Charles Stuart CALLS TRUE HEARTS.

PARLIAMENT.
Annagr.
I trap al Men.
Expo.
When the Long Parliament was ſitting, then
This Annagram was right, I TRAP AL MEN.

OLIVER CROMWELL.
Annagr.
Rule well or I com.
Expo.
RULE WELL OR I COM cry'd the red nos'd Jew:
'Tis juſt (ſince you trap all men) I trap you.

ROUND HEADS.
Annagr.
Heavens Rod.
Expo.
When Cavaliers by ſin offended God
The bloody Round-heads were made HEAVEN'S ROD.

TEACHERS.
Annagram.
Cheaters.
SAINTS.
An.
Stains.
Ex.
When Hereſie creeps into factions brains
TEACHERS are CHEATERS and ſuch SAINTS are STAINS.

MINISTER.
An.
Mentiris.
Ex.
When Presbyter inflam'd with a falſe fire is,
A man may tell him MINISTER MENTIRIS.

LOSTE
An.
STOLE.
Ex.
This Annagram myſterious ſenſe may boaſt,
For what is STOLE is found in what is LOSTE.

TOAST.
An.
A SOTT.
Ex.

A TOAST is like a SOTT, or what is moſt
Comparative, *A Sott* is like a *Toaſt;*
For when their ſubſtances in liquor ſink,
Both properly are ſaid to be in drink.

End of the Annagrams.

EPIGRAMS.

1 *Epigram.*

A knight and 's man, both being at an inn,
The knight, having well eaten, did begin
To ſay to 's ſervant, John, I have ſupt well:
Have our horſe done ſo too? I cannot tell,
Replied the man, for ought I know they may:
I 'm ſure I ſaw the oaſtler *take away.*

2 *Epigr.*

One ſaid, Pauls Church lookt, with the Steeple on it,
Juſt like a trunk with a hat-caſe upon it:
No, quoth another, 'tis not like 't at all,
Ile tell you what 'tis like, *'tis like to fall.*

3 *Epigr.*

Sim, ſeeing Harry have a broken head,
Aſkt againſt what he broke it? Harry ſaid,
Againſt a thing that often does me ill;
To tell you true, I broke 't *againſt my will.*

4 *Epigr.*

Three ſcholars having barely din'd, and growing
A little wanton after it, were throwing
Their bones at one another: a fourth man,
Who had with plenty dined himſelf, began
To tell them that their ſport was very dull,
Which did declare their bellies were not full;
And in a word his meaning he expreſt,
If they were full, your bones would be at reſt.

5 *Epigram.*

A knave and whore, of modeſty bereft,
Being at that ſport which will n'ere be left
Againſt a gate, in a place very wide,
Was queſtion'd of a friend, by whom they were ſpi'd,
Why he would deal with ſuch a dirty ſlut,
In a wide field againſt a gate too? but
The other made reply, pray do not prate,
The ſlut is good enough to *prop-a-gate.*

6 *Epigram.*

A ſerjeant, ſitting at the Compter-gate,
Fell faſt aſleep, which made another ſtrait
Grow ſomething witty, and to break a jeſt:
This fellow, ſayes he, ſure hath none to arreſt,
And in mere ſpightfulneſs, this envious elf
(The Serjeant) is *arreſting of himſelf.*

7 *Epigram.*

ON MR. GARRAT AND MR. CHAMBERS.

Garrat and his friend Chambers, having done
Their City buſineſs, went to Paddington,

And coming near that fatal place, where men
(I meane offenders) ne're return agen,
Looking on Tyburn in a merriment,
Quoth Chambers, Here's a pretty tenement,
Had it a Garrat. Garrat hearing that
Reply'd, Friend Chambers, I do wonder at
Your ſimple cenſure: you prate like a Parrat,
There muſt be Chambers, e're there be a Garrat.

8 *Epigram.*

On a Lady whose name was Mrs. Brown.

We praiſe the *fair*, and our inventions wrack
In pleaſing Sonnets to applaud the *black;*
We court this Ladies *eye*, that Miſtreſs *hair:*
The fair love black, the black affect the fair:
Yet neither ſort I court: I doat upon
Not fair nor black, but a complexion
More rare than either: ſhe that is the crown
Of my entire affection is *Brown.*
And yet ſhe's fair: 'tis ſtrange; how can it be
That two complexions can in one agree?
Do I love Brown, my love can pleaſe my eye,
And ſate my narroweſt curioſity.
If I like *fair*, ſhe hath ſo ſweet a grace,
A man might leave an Angel for her face.
Let any judge, then, which complexion's rareſt:
In my opinion ſhe is *Brown* that's *faireſt.*

9 *Epigram.*

On a little Gentleman, and Mr. Story, a tall man.

This little Blade (by th' other mans vain glory)
It ſeems was roughly us'd (ſo ſays the *Story*)

But being ſtrongly heated, and high flown,
In rage he flies on Story, pulls him down ;
But when they ris, I know not how it fated,
One got the worſt : the *Story* was tranſlated
From white to red ; but e're the fight was ended,
It ſeems one, whom the little man befriended,
Came in and parted them : the little Blade
There's no man could intreat, nor yet perſwade
But he would fight ſtill, till another came,
And with perſwaſions counſell'd 'gainſt the ſame :
'Twas on this manner : Friend, you ſhall not fight
With one that's ſo unequal to your height :
Story is tall. The other made reply,
I'de pluck him down, were he *three Stories high.*

10 *Epigram.*

On May-poles.

Hypocrites are like thoſe May-poles they mock,
Rootless and fruitleſs, with a *Weathercock.*

11 *Epigram.*

On a red nosed Parson.

A jolly Parſon of a comely grace,
Who partly carried his hot zeal in's face,
Being at's inn, and ſitting by the fire,
A pipe of good tobacco doth require.
The boy ſtraight brings it him, and to his hand
Commits it, with a kindled fire-brand ;
But as he was at lighting on't, ſome ſmall
Sparks from the coal upon his hand did fall :

The witty boy perceiving theſe miſhaps
Cryes, Mr. Parſon, hold, ſir! *your noſe drops.*

12 *Epigram.*

There was a time a difference began
Betwixt a Welchman and an Engliſhman,
Each praiſing of his countrey did expreſs
How much they did abound in fruitfulneſs.
The Engliſhman did tell the Welchman that
There was a piece of ground, he had been at
In Yorkſhire, which ſo fruitful was of graſs,
That when a ſtaff was thrown into 't, it was
In one nights time ſo overgrown they could
Not ſee 't next day. The Welchman cryes out, Hold!
That was not worth the praiſing: in our land,
Quoth Taffie, I would have you underſtand
We have ſuch graſs, that turn your horſe i' th' ground,
And *before morning come he ſha'nt be found.*

End of the Epigrams.

ELEGIES AND EPITAPHS OF TWO SORTS, WOFUL AND WITTY.

An Elegy and Epitaph compoſed acroſtichally on two names, occaſioned by the death of Mrs. Mary Kettle, wife to Mr. Humphrey Kettle of Hollow-way beyond Iſlington: ſhe dyed in childe-bed.

H ang all the rooms with black ; let none appear,
U nleſs he can diſſolve into a tear :
M odeſty, loyalty and love are all
P ut in this coffin ; 'tis their funeral.
H eaven hath took more good then 'twill (I fear)
R eturn the world again theſe hundred year :
E very grace that makes a happy life
Y ou might have found in this dead vertuous Wife.

K nowledge and true humility were met
E xactly in this curious cabinet :
T ruth was her guide, for ſhe (wee 'l boldly ſay)
T ravell'd from *Hollow-way* the *Holy way :*
L et all, therefore, that wiſh their own ſouls ſafe,
E ndeavour to deſerve her Epitaph.

The Epitaph on her Name.

M ourn, good reader : her lies one
A s chaſte in life as this cold ſtone.
R eligion, grace, and ſo much good
Y et ne're dwelt in fleſh and blood.

K inde as Saints, no ſweeter bride
E ver bleſt a husbands ſide,
T hat in childe-bed ſheet was driven
T o be truly church't in Heaven,
L ed by Augels, where the King
E ternal crowns the Goſſipping.

An Elegy and Epitaph on the Death of William Barckley, Esquire, one of the Aldermen of the City of London.

Stay and releaſe my wonder, you that can
Reſolve what may compleat a perfect man,
So abſolute that future times may well
Admire at, but ſhall never parallel:
Let him be wiſe, and learn'd, his better part
Be richly furniſh'd with tranſcendent art:
Let nature be his friend, and in his minde
Let vertues choice endowments be refin'd,
He will come ſhort of him, whoſe body lies
At this time floating in his Mourners eyes;
For in this monument is one in whom
Faith, Hope and Charity took up their room:
One who hath gather'd vertues ſince his birth
Enough to crown a man in Heaven and earth.
When Acts of Equity were in his truſt
He ever was both merciful and juſt:
The poor he pittied, but his ſoul was ne're
To wicked greatneſs an Idolater.
He had indeed a heart which the worſt times
Could never tempt to profitable crimes:
His thoughts were pure, his actions free, his ſtore
Was made a good Exchequer for the poor.
Though envy oft on envy doth attend,
He forced envy's ſelf to be his friend.
Forbear more words (my fant'ſie) thou 'rt too weak:
Great griefs are ſilent when ſmall ſorrows ſpeak.
Although his body ſleep till the day come

That ſhall unite him to his ancient home,
His ſoul is mounted on ſeraphick wings
Unto the Manſion of the King of Kings.

The Epitaph.

Weep, Reader, weep, for if we ſee
Thy fountains dry, no man will be
Perſwaded to relent for thee.

In this monumental clay
Lies pious duſt, till it obey
The ſummons of the latter day.

You that ranſack earth and ſkyes
For all worth which good men prize,
Look no further : *Here it lies.*

But (to ſum up all in brief)
He whoſe eyes are void of grief
Hath a heart without belief.

He whoſe ſoul doth not deſire
To weep before it do retire,
Would laugh were all the world on fire.

An Epitaph on a Childe.

Ladies that are young and wiſe,
Shall I tell you of a prize ?
Here a box of beauty lies.

A jewel hid from vulgar view,
Whoſe excellency if you knew,
Your eyes would drop like morning dew.

Dame Nature's diamond which, when
She ſaw it was too high for men,
Shew'd it, and ſhut it up agen.

AN EPITAPH ſuppoſed to be written by a gentleman on himſelf, who dyed of a diſeaſe called by the name of *a bad Wife.*

Nay tread and ſpare not, Paſſenger,
My ſence is now paſt feeling,
Who to my grave a wound did bear
Within, paſt phyſicks healing.

But do not (if thou mean to wed)
To read my ſtory tarry,
Leſt thou creep into my cold bed
Rather then live to marry.

For a long ſtrife with a leud wife,
Worſt of all ill beſide,
Made me grow weary of my life;
So I fell ſick and dyed.

AN EPITAPH ON MR. JOHN KIRK, MERCHANT.

Reader, within this dormitory lyes
The wet *Memento* of a Widows eyes:
A Kirk, though not of Scotland, one in whom
Loyalty liv'd, and Faction found no room.
No Conventicle-Chriſtian, but he dy'd
A Kirk of England by the mothers ſide:
In brief (to let you know what you have loſt)
Kirk was a Temple of the Holy Ghoſt.

An end of the Elegies and Epitaphs.

A canting Rogue parallel'd with a Phanatick.

Is the worlds running ulcer, an unfix't
Piece of mortality, begot betwixt
A Tinker and his *Doxy* in a den
Of Filchers, which they call the *bowſing ken:*
Nurs'd by a maunding mort, whoſe mother tongue
Directs him firſt the way to *nipp a bung*,
And *mill* the *lower*, from him whoſe gazing eyes
Are fix'd upon London's varieties,
That the ſad Countrey man is forc'd to ſcore
At 's lodging, till he is ſuppli'd with more,
Whilſt the impatient Lawyer makes a pauſe
Pernicious enough to ſpoil his cauſe;
Nor can the ableſt Councel tell him when,
Or by what trick, to gain his purſe agen.
Thus is poor Colter poiſon'd with a drench
Made of Law Latin, and low Pedlers French;
A language which admits no derivation,
But is entire, and had its generation
Without diſpute from Babel Towers concluſion,
For it is us'd in nothing but confuſion;
As *Prigging Prancers, Tipping Nab's*, and ſuch
Phraſes as make the ſlovenly Low Dutch
A polite dialect: he is one whoſe bane
Doth much participate with that of Cain,
The brother-killing preſident, whoſe fate
Gives him the title of a Runnagate.
His body is his land, and every louſe
Upon 't are cattle; the next hedge his houſe.
He pretends Palmeſtry, and as he paſſes

Through villages, the gameſome countrey laſſes
Do get about him, and do much importune
The Rogue with meat to tell them a good fortune;
Or elſe they 'l give him nothing, and (to eaſe 'em
In their deſires) the knave knows how to pleaſe 'em.
He and the Annabaptiſts were in ſeaſon;
One canted Felony, and 'tother Treaſon:
And if his Mort with a French Coltſtaff ſtrike,
'Tis ten to one they ſnuffle both alike.
Both preach in barns, and teach in the ſame tones:
One ſtorms a Henrooſt, tother ſtrikes at Thrones;
Both hate authority, for they 're often croſt,
One with the Nooſe, tother the Whipping-poaſt.
In point of Baptiſme, for ought I know,
The Rogues the better Chriſtian of the two:
The Annabaptiſt in his teaching tone
Defyes God-fathers, he 'l have twelve or none.
In Marriages the Rogue and he accords,
For man and wife take one anothers words,
And very fruitful in their ſpawn they be;
Both deal in liberty and leachery.
To conclude all, they are a brace of men
That are ſo like, they are the worſe agen;
Whoſe diſpoſitions could a limner paint,
You 'd not know which is Rogue, or which is Saint.

On the Ordinance prohibiting Cavaliers to wear Swords. April 1646.

You of the Royalty, attend your ſummons,
'Tis the day order'd by the Lords and Commons,
Aſſembled in that ſacred place, which we

Muſt look upon as Englands deſtiny,
That all ſuch dreadful men, whoſe fame doth ring
For active loyalty to God and King,
Laws and their native liberties, ſhall be
Diſarm'd, and made a ſwordleſs cavalry;
For ſome ſuch cauſe as formerly was given,
When men were levy'd againſt Charles and Heaven,
At that time when the public faith withſtood
The Creed, and Platė was melted into blood;
When ſubjects ſought their Maſter to betray
At the old rate of thirty pence a day;
When Prentices, againſt all rules of reaſon,
Were early Free-men in the trade of Treaſon;
When by the factious Commons wiſe fore-caſting,
Triennial was a word for everlaſting;
When the mad Shires did with petitions run
Humbly deſiring they may be undone,
Not dreaming that our Engliſh Inquiſitions
Did onely ſit to anſwer ſuch petitions;
When States-mens trunks were fill'd up to the brim
In Anno primo Regni Johannis Pym;
With more ſuch reaſons, which are yet unknown,
You are to lay your bloody Bilbos down,
And march disbladed, ſince the Houſe of Lords
Have voted *Honeſt men muſt wear no ſwords.*
And ſhall this daunt your noble ſpirits that
Have gain'd a fame time cannot ruinate:
Your enemies, though with a long pretence,
Have done you right, and put your innocence
In the true garb: when did you ever ſee

Innocence figur'd with artillery ?
What need you weapons, when there is not one
Of worth enough to draw your ſword upon
That's not your Sovereigns friend ? and is 't not pitty
On the ſiniſter ſpawn of a Committee
To vent your valiant wrath ? Calm your high paſſion ;
They dare as well do that deſerves damnation
In ſuch an act that's pardon proof, as ſee
You wear your ſwords : it is their jealouſie
Of you, their King, nay even of their God.
When have you known children delight the rod ?
So cowards when their paler fears increaſe,
Take blows, and ſubtly bind men to the peace.
What need you mutter that your ſwords are gone,
Since you may ſee Juſtice her ſelf hath none ?
Your valour is not queſtion'd ; 'tis for that
You are diſarm'd, nor do they wonder at
Your ſwordleſs ſide, for all that juſtly owe
Allegiance to valour truly know
A bladeleſs Cavalier can more afford
Then he whoſe thigh is branded with a ſword.
Be not diſmaid (and you in time ſhall ſee)
The Kings cauſe hath an occult quality.
Your ſwords are needleſs ; ſing, be merry, and
Pray for the King : 'tis fit you underſtand
Man's ineffectual aid is vain and light
When he that made the hand intends to fight ;
For you will finde, when Rebels race is run,
They ſhall be conquer'd without ſword or gun.

On a view of London and Westminster on tother side the Water. 1658.

This pair of ſinful Cities we, with ſorrow,
May parallel with Sodom and Gomorrah;
Though one crime greater then they durſt do there
(Never to be forgot) was acted here:
Cities ſo pamper'd up with proſp'rous ſins,
That (if they could) they 'd raviſh Cherubins,
Cramp their Creator, and with popular ſtings
Deſtroy him, 'cauſe he is the King of Kings.
A perjur'd pair, who to ſecure their own
Will pimp whilſt fornication tups the Throne,
Proſtitute ſacred places, keep the door
Where each lay-lecher makes the Church a whore.
They ſwallow oaths and wicked proteſtations,
And with their axe cut off (God grant me patience!)
The head of — Peace! therefore they are, be 't known,
A decolated Corporation.
In brief he ne're ſhall be, who ſides with them,
A Citizen of New Hieruſalem.

The Players Petition to the Long Parliament, after being long silenc'd, that they might play again. 1642.

Heroick Sirs, you glorious nine or ten
That can diſpoſe the King, or the Kings men,
Who by ſublimer rhetorick agree
That priſons are the ſubjects liberty,
And though we brought in ſilver at low rates,
Ye plunder to ſecure us our eſtates:

Your ſerious ſubtlety is born ſo grave,
We dare not tell you how much power ye have;
Or elſe you dare not hear us: how ye frown
If we but ſay King Pym wears Charles his Crown:
Such a word's Treaſon, and you muſt not hear it;
Treaſon to ſpeak it, and yet none to wear it.
Oh! wiſe myſterious, what ſhall we
Do for ſuch men as you, e're forty three
Be quite expir'd, and an unlucky ſeaſon
Shall put a period to Triennial Treaſon?
When Maſter Pym, your wiſe judicious ſchollar,
Aſcends his throne and takes his Crown in Collar;
When the field's pitch't, and ſome (for all their ſkill)
Shall fight a fearful battle on Tower-hill;
When Canterbury, coming forth, ſhall wonder
You have ſo long ſecur'd him from the thunder
Of your king-hunting Prentices, and the Major
Shall juſtle zealous Iſaac from his chair.
Then Cheap-ſide Croſs ſhall be new guilt, new painted,
Gregory be made Sheriff, and Tyburn fainted.
Fore-knowing Brooks, thou drew'ſt a happy lot;
Twas a wiſe bolt, although it ſoon was ſhot.
But whilſt you reign our low Petition craves,
That we, the King's true ſubjects, and yoor ſlaves,
May in our comick mirth, and tragick rage
Set ope the Theatre and ſhew the Stage;
The ſhop of Truth and Fancy, where we vow
Not to act any thing you 'l diſallow.
We will not dare at your ſtrange votes to jeer,
Or perſonate King Pym with his ſtate fleire:
Aſpiring Cataline ſhall be forgot,

Bloody Sejanus, or who ere could plot
Confuſion 'gainſt a State ; the war betwixt
The Parliament and juſt Harry the Sixt
Shall have no thought or mention, cauſe their power
Not onely plac'd, but loſt him in the Tower;
Nor will we parallet with leaſt ſuſpicion
Your Synod with the Spaniſh Inquiſition,
Or, like the grave advice of learned Pym,
Make a Malignant, and then plunder him.
All theſe and ſuch like actions that may mar
Your ſoaring plots, or ſhew you what you are,
We ſhall omit, leſt our inventions ſhake 'em :
Why ſhould the men be wiſer then you 'l make 'em ?
Methinks there ſhould not ſuch a difference be
Twixt your profeſſions and our quality :
You meet, plot, act, talk high with minds immenſe ;
The like with us, but onely we ſpeak ſenſe
Inferiour unto yours : we can tell how
To depoſe Kings ; there we know more then you,
Although not more then what ye would, ſo we
Do in our vaſter priv'ledges agree,
But yours are the larger, and controuls
Not onely lives and fortunes, but mens ſouls,
Declaring by an enigmatick ſence
A priviledge on each man's conſcience ;
As if the Trinity could not conſent
To ſave a ſoul but by the Parliament.
We make the people laught at ſome vain ſhow,
And, as they laugh at us, they do at you :
Onely i'th' contrary we diſagree,
For you can make them cry faſter then wee :

Your Tragedies more real are expreſt;
You murther men in earneſt; we in jeaſt;
There we come ſhort, but if you follow 't thus,
Some wiſe men fear you will come ſhort of us.
As humbly as we did begin, we pray,
Dear School-maſters, you 'l give us leave to play,
Quickly, before the King comes, for we wou'd
Be glad to ſay, y' ve done a little good
Since ye have ſat. Your play is almoſt done,
As well as ours: would 't had ne're been begun!
But we ſhall finde, e're the laſt Act be ſpent,
Enter the King, Exit the Parliament,
And hey then up go we, who by the frown
Of guilty Members have been voted down.
Yet you may ſtill remain, and ſit and vote,
And through your own beam ſee your brothers mote,
Until a legal tryal ſhew how
Y'ave us'd the King, *and hey then up go you.*
So pray your humble ſlaves (with all their powers)
That when they have their due, you may have yours.

SONGS.

THE ROYAL VISION.

The Tune of Greece and Troy.

1.

Late, being tir'd out in a tedious march,
I ſtretcht my weary limbs
Under a willow arch
In ſuch a ſhade, by paſſion hurl'd,
Men croſt in love elect,
That fain would leave the world,
At ſuch a ſeaſon, when the ſweet quire of fowls
Had left the neighbouring thickets
To the rule of bats and owls,
Cloſe by the flowry fringed verge of a ſtream,
Sleeping ceizing all my ſenſes
Straight I thus began to dream.

2.

To my afflicted faith appear'd
A princely perſon, that
Was all in blood beſmear'd :
The ruin'd raiments that ſhe wore
Were kingly mourning purple
All beſprinkled with gore.
From her exuberous eyes troops of teares trickled
Her head did wear a Church, [down :

Inveſted with a batter'd Crown.
Many a woful wound her body did bear,
Like one fled from the furious hands
Of ſome ſalt Raviſher.

3.

On her imperial front ſhe wears
E N G L A N D
In golden characters,
But ſo demoliſht now, they ſhow
As monumental letters made
A thouſand years ago:
Then, as a torrent whoſe ſwift courſe was reſtraind,
Her flood-gates all flew open,
And with woe ſhe thus complain'd:
Oh! whither bear you all my bees thus in ſwarms?
What fury ſo afrights ye,
That ye beat theſe loud alarms?

4.

Oh! you whom Peace and Plenty ſway'd,
Why in theſe wicked warlike arms
Are you array'd?
Where is the foe? or having none,
What wonder works this wildneſs,
That you needs will prove your own?
You that, when as you were united, might
Have vanquiſht Turk and Pagan,
Or put Antichriſt to flight:
But from what unredeemed ſpirit did ſpring
The plot of all your plagues,
To quarrel with a peaceful King?

5.

What itch of innovation wrought
Your factious humours, when the clergy
To the block you brought?
Or why my Paſtors do you keep
In priſons, while the wolf abroad
Doth onely guard the ſheep?
But why (in brief) do you ſuch ſtrange crimes commit,
That want a proper name,
Or ever man was damn'd for yet?
Oh, woful Iſland! flow in tears to the Main:
Thy ſheep are loſt ith' paſture,
For their plenty proves their pain.

6.

Why with pretence of righteous cauſe
Do you deſtroy the antient
Liberties and laws?
Or clad in arms, a furious fry,
To fight againſt the guide
Of God like Monarchy?
How can a wilde
Divided power do as much,
As one that is annointed,
Whom it's terrible to touch?
E're ſuch a ſtrange miſguided crew
Granted be,
Reſolve to know the ſad event
Of this ſhort propheſie.

7.

This great and glorious
Liberal land

Seedleſs ſhall lye·
Alas! the plow will want a hand;
And when the field
No fruit affords,
Sickles ſhall be converted
Into life depriving ſwords.
Strangers from far
This fertile ſoil ſhall devour;
Your wives and modeſt matrons
Luſt and rapine ſhall deflower,
Famine and plague
Shall both at once walk the round,
'Then ſwords ſhall be Phyſicians,
And by killing cure the wound.

8.

Churches and towns
With parallelles ſpires
Shall vaniſh in the furious flames
Of unconfined fires:
Such ſhrieks from earth
To heaven ſhall flye,
That death will be leſs torment,
Then to hear each other dye.
Who ever famine 'ſcapes
The ſword ſhall deſtroy,
A ſtory ſad and truer
Then the dreadful tale of Troy.
Frighted I wak'd,
And on my knee did implore
Some mercy for my former crimes,
And vow'd to fight no more.

The Farewell.

Fair Fidelia! leave me now,
I may no more
Thy deity adore,
Nor offer to thy ſhrine:
I ſerve one more divine,
And greater far then you.
Hark! the trumpets call, away
I muſt goe,
Left the foe
Loſe the king and win the day.
Lets march bravely on;
Charge them in the Van,
Our cauſe Gods is,
Though the ods is
Ten times ten to one.

2.

Tempt no more: I may not yield,
Although thy eyes
A kingdom might ſurprize.
Leave off thy wanton tales:
The high-born Prince of Wales
Is mounted in the field,
Where the loyal gentry flock:
Though forlorn,
Nobly born,
Of a near decaying ſtock.
Corniſh boyes, be bold,
Never loſe your hold:
He that loiters

Is by Traytors
Baſely bought and ſold.

3.

One kiſs more, and then farewell.
Nay, now give o're :
I prethee fool no more.
Why cloud'ſt thou ſo thy beams ?
I ſee by theſe extreams
A woman's heaven or hell.
Pray the King may have his own ;
That the Queen
May be ſeen
With her babes on England's Throne.
Rally up your men,
One ſhall vanquiſh ten :
Victory, we
Come to try thy
Favour once agen.

The Resolution. 1642.

1.

Aſk me no more, why there appears
Daily ſuch troops of Dragoneer[s] ?
Since it is requiſite, you know,
They rob *cum privilegio.*

2.

Aſk me not why the gaole confines
Our hierarchy of beſt Divines ?
Since 'twas allow'd, by full conſent,
The Priviledge of Parliament.

3.
Aſk me no more, why from Blackwall
Such tumults come unto White-hall?
Since ſome in Parliament agree,
'Tis for the ſubjects liberty.

4.
Aſk me not, why to London comes
So many muſkets, pikes, and drums,
So that we fear they'l never ceaſe?
'Tis to procure the kingdoms peace.

5.
Aſk me no more, why little Finch
From Parliament began to flinch,
Since ſuch as dare to Hawk and Kings
May eaſily clip a Finches wings?

6.
Aſk me no more, why Straffords dead,
Or why they aim'd ſo at his head?
Faith, all the reaſon I can give,
'Tis thought he was too wiſe to live.

7.
Aſk me no more, where's all the plate
Brought in at ſuch an eaſy rate?
It to the owners back they'l bring,
In caſe it fall not to the King.

8.
Aſk me not, why the Houſe delights
Not in our two wiſe Kentiſh Knights?
Their counſels never were thought good,
Becauſe they were not underſtood.

9.

Aſk me no more, where Liveſey goes
To ceaze all rich men as his foes,
Whilſt countrey farmers ſigh and ſob?
Yeoman may beg when Knights do rob.

10.

Aſk me no more, by what ſtrange ſlight
Londons Lord Major was made a Knight?
Since there's a ſtrength ſprung out of war,
That can at once both make and mar.

11.

Aſk me no more, why in this age
I ſing ſo free without a cage?
My anſwer is, I need not fear;
All England doth the burthen bear.

12.

Aſk me no more, (for I grow dull)
Why Hotham keeps the town of Hull?
I'le anſwer ye one word for all:
All things are thus when Kings do fall.

The Kingly Complaint.

The King imprison'd at Holmby.

The Tune. *In faith, I cannot keep my ſheep.*

1.

I am a poor and patient King,
Though ſome are pleas'd to call me Pope;
But yet I have a holy hope
God will relieve my ſuffering,
By letting Peace and Plenty ſpring,

That every man may have his own,
Then I ſhall ſit agen upon my Throne.

2.

The royal conſort of my age,
That hath ſo oft my cradles crown'd,
With falſe aſperſions they do wound
According to their holy rage:
My ſimple ſubjects they engage,
And arm them with a proud pretence,
To bring me home in beating me from thence.

3.

A Reformation next is fought:
Epiſcopacy muſt go down;
A Tinkers art muſt mend the Crown.
By Weavers we may well be taught,
But now at laſt they have us brought
Or'e many rigid rocks and ſhelves,
They are contending what to be themſelves.

4.

My countreymen I moſt commend,
For they have made the moſt of me:
Alas! it was their poverty.
They did it to no other end,
But they have too much valued me,
And over-priz'd my innocence:
They could demand no more then *thirty pence.*

5.

A rout of Rebels ring me round;
Such is the King of England's Court,
Who but to pleaſe their pride, in ſport
Have brought my Peers unto the ground.

They chafe me like an Infidel,
Or one that Christian blood betray'th,
Although I write *Defender of the Faith.*

Rebels Market. 1646.

1.

Now that the holy Wars are done
Between the Father and the Son,
And that we have, by righteous fate,
Diſtreſt a Monarch and his mate,
Forcing their Heir flye into France,
To weep out his inheritance.

2.

Lets ſet open all our packs,
Which contain ten thousand wracks,
Cast away on the Red Sea,
At Naſeby and at Newberry;
If then you'l come provided with gold,
We dwell
Cloſe by Hell,
Where we ſell
What you will
That is ill,
For Charity there is cold.

3.

If by thee a murther came,
We can give 't another name;
But alwayes provided thus,
That thou haſt been one of us.
Gold is the god ſhall pardon the guilt:

We have
What ſhall ſave
Thee from grave,
For the Law
We can awe,
Thou a Princes blood be ſpilt.

4.

If a Church thou hav'ſt bereft
Of its plate, 'tis holy theft;
Or for zeale-ſake if thou beeſt
Prompted on to ſpoil a Prieſt,
Gold's a prevailing advocate:
Then come,
Bring a ſumme,
Law is dumb
And ſubmits
To our wits,
For policy guides a State.

The Leaguer.

1.

Joyn thy enamel'd cheek to mine,
I'le bring thee where is raſie wine,
And where a loving Leaguers kept,
Where many tankard tears are wept.
For the caſh
That is gone, that is here,
Joy and grief in a tear
We will waſh.
There we ſtudy revenges,
Make plots without hinges,

More black then the fifth of Novembers:
In our pipe and our cup
Our eſtates are rak'd up,
Till our eyes twinkle like to the embers.

2.

There with ſack-incenſed face,
In ſpeckled ſtate and flaming grace,
With dabbled doublet doth appear
The curral front of Cavalier,
With a bowle
Full of ſack, ſuch as can
In the moſt dying man
Raiſe a ſoul;
And forbids any venter
The Leaguer to enter,
Or near it commit ſuch a treſpaſs:
If his cheeks do not ſhine
With the blood of the vine,
And his noſtrils appear like a Reſpaſs.

3.

In Fletcher's Wit, and Johnſon's ſtyle
There will we ſit and fret a while,
Curſing the puddle of their brains,
That pull'd down grapes, and put up grains:
They are foes
Who bagpipes for Shalmes
Deal in ſmall bear and Pſalmes
Through the noſe.
May want of drink grieve 'm,
And no man relieve 'm
Till ſcorching inform them what hell is:

May Houndsditch and Towerditch,
With Moorditch and Shoreditch,
Be emptied to fill up their bellies.

4.

May all the ills that can be thought
Either too heavy or too hot,
Light on his belly and his back,
That envies us the joyes of Sack:
Let him dye;
Or let him live with ſo much ſtrife,
That he may beg to loſe his life,
Till he cry,
Good fellows, forgive me,
If you dare believe me,
By the ſoul and the ſword of a Lay-man,
I'le draw out my whinyard,
And ſet up the vineyard,
In ſpite of the Devil and Drayman.

The Discovery.

A Paſtoral Song in two parts; being a Dialogue betwixt Alexis and Eliza, a Shepheard and Shepherdeſs.

1.

Eliza. Shepherd, I will tell thee news,
That, I fear, will ſcarce delight thee.
Alexis. Let me hear: the worſt enſues
Spoke by thee it cannot fright me:
Angels voices ne're abuſe.

2.

Eliza. Walking late on yonder plain,
A ſhepheard at our meeting grumbled.

Alexis. Tuſh! 'twas but a rural ſwain:
For his pains he ſhall be humbled,
If we ever meet again.

3.

Eliza. 'Tis reported, thou and I
Are intwin'd in love's embraces.
Alexis. 'Tis becauſe that we do flye
From thoſe lads and ſun-burnt laſſes,
Which were once our company.

4.

Alexis. But what ever they ſurmiſe,
Let not your own tongue betray you.
Their ſuſpicions have no eyes:
Do not let your fears bewray you
To the traps which they deviſe.

5.

Eliza. But if they to me ſhould go,
And their true ſuſpicions mutter?
Alexis. Be you wiſe to anſwer, no:
When they imaginations utter,
Do you imagine 'tis not ſo.

6.

Both. Let us keep our loves entire,
Like two turtles of a feather:
In the heat of our deſire
Let us live and dye together
Flaming ſtill in amorous fire.

A Chirping Cup.

1.

Ding, dong, ding!
Let the bells ring,
Leave off your caring:
He is fool'd
That thinks his gold
Is ſafe by ſparing.
Who doth know,
As times go,
Who ſhall have the ſharing?
Then, to prevent all
Let's merrily quaff our wine
To the King and his Conſort divine.
I prethee fill it as much as 'twill hold,
We 'l ſwagger home,
Stagger home
When we are fill'd,
And reel away misfortune.

2.

More joyes bring!
Let the boyes ſing,
And Fidlers rant it:
We 'l drink wine
Though the fine
Presbyters vaunt it.
They that thus
Drink like us
Never can be daunted:
Then, with Canary

Let every mans Goblet be crown'd;
In ſack let our ſorrows be drown'd,
It is the right way our foes to confound.
We 'l bang the rogues,
Hang the rogues
For Charles his glory;
And that will end the ſtory.

The Occasion.

How the Warre began.

1.

I'le tell you how the War began.
The holy ones aſſembled,
For ſo they call'd their party than,
Whoſe conſciences ſo trembled;
They pull'd the Biſhops from their ſeats,
And ſet up every widgeon:
The Scotch were ſent for to do feats
With oat-cakes and religion.

2.

They pluckt Communion-tables down,
And broke our painted glaſſes;
They threw our altars to the ground,
And tumbled down the Croſſes:
They ſet up Cromwell and his heir,
The Lord and Lady Claypole,
Becauſe they hated Common-prayer,
The Organ, and the Maypole.

The Roundheads Revolt.

Tune, Souldiers Life.

1.

Then farewell ſay to a Souldiers life,
And welcome the trowel and ſpade,
For he that doth lye with another man's wife
Shall a Cuckold himſelf be made.

2.

So he that purloyns the Commonweal,
And takes from other men
By plunder, which is in plain Engliſh to ſteal,
Let him look to be plunder'd agen.

3.

Farewell to the trade of muſket and blade,
Which nothing but miſchiefs procures;
For by the endeavours of Coblers and Weavers,
The land hath been govern'd by Brewers.

4.

And now, my comrades, fall cloſe to your trades,
Leave ſcepters to men that are high-born:
Though treachery wins when firſt it begins,
It commonly endeth at Tyburn.

5.

Let every thing conform to the King,
To Englands Church I'le be a true ſon:
The way to be bang'd, and at laſt to be hang'd,
Is to mingle with Baxter and Hewſon.

6.

The ſtars in their courſes have routed our horſes,
And made our King-murtherers martyrs;

They are forc'd to yield the foot and the field,
Whilſt ravens do beat up their quarters.

7.

The zealots that did Baptiſme forbid,
And likewiſe Godfathers deny'd,
Who raiſed a War, in concluſion they are
Themſelves by twelve God-fathers try'd.

8.

Then let the bells ring, and pray for the King:
Let every one practiſe obedience,
And let them all ſtarve who will not obſerve,
And take the good Oath of Allegiance.

A Catch Royal. 1641.

Let the Drawer run down;
We 'l ſit and drink the ſun down.
Here's a jolly health to the King!
Let him be confounded,
And hang'd up for a Roundhead,
That will not pledge me a ſpring.
Next to the Lady Mary
This beer-bowl of Canary,
I'le pledg't a carouſe were it ten.
When Charles his thoughts are eaſed,
And his great heart appeaſed,
We'l drink the ſun up agen.

THE CHANGE.

After the death of Oliver, November 3, 1659.

The air compos'd by Mr. Lock.

1.

To what Idol now
Muſt our hallowed ham-ſtrings bow?
The Devil and we
Can never agree,
We know not to who, or how.
Religion and laws
Are crucified by his paws;
Our liberty
Is routed truly,
And ſo is the good old cauſe.
The rule of right
Hath bid us good night,
'Tis power is the onely prevailer:
We dare not be known
To aſk for our own
For fear of gibbet and goaler.
For King we went
And Parliament,
By gunning to get them together;
But now, well a day!
They are gunn'd quite away,
And we muſt be govern'd by neither.

2.

Old Noll's noddle now,
Were he living, would tell us how

The Camp and Crown,
The Gun and the Gown,
Might quickly make one of two.
King Dick the Third,
Or Harry with his broad ſword,
(Though men amiſs)
Had taught us ere this
To quarrel about a word.
Their launce and laws
Had cudgell'd our cauſe
And made us ſubmit to their empire ;
But Richard the fourth
And Harry the ninth
Are men of genteeler temper ?
The Church and State
Are governed by Fate,
'Tis power hath the peoples applauſes :
Our Courts are too tall,
Our Lawyers muſt fall ;
The ſwords the beſt ſplitter of cauſes.

3.

'Tis not Majeſty
Did make us diſagree ;
'Twas an humble fire
Blown up by deſire
To be but as high as he.
The Prelate and King
Who cauſed our quarrelling,
Were much to blame :
We hated the name
But fain would have the thing.
Our drum, our gun,

Our copper and tun,
Which newly of ſo much renown is,
Can fitly declare
What ſpirits we are,
And what a bright Idol a Crown is.
But now let's caſt
What's left us at laſt
By Presbyter and Independent;
The peoples foreſworn,
The land is forlorn,
And this is the bleſſed end on't.

The Souldiers Last Farewell.

Tune, Hallow my Fancy.

1.

Farewell fife, drum and trumpet,
Fortune is grown
A very lazy ſtrumpet:
She hath left us,
And bereft us
Of a kingdom and a throne.
We that were once
As fat as any mullet,
By picking of the bones
Of plunder'd pig and pullet,
May throw away our guns,
Our powder, match and bullet.
Alas! poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go?

2.

I that did lead up the van-guard,
And with my ſword

Did many a valiant man guard,
Now am routed,
And am flouted,
Never a man will take my word.
Lame Souldiers may
Seek hoſpitals and ſpittles,
And (well a day!)
We muſt throw off our whittles,
Inſtead of taking pay,
We ſhall go beg our victuals.
Alas! &c.

3.

We fought for our religion
Many a bloody day,
And killed many a widgeon.
Law we fought for,
And we fought for
Till we fought it quite away:
We cut down men
As conies crop up mallows;
Our Maſters then
Did call us valiant fellows:
'Twas time to leave them, when
They brought us to the gallows.
Alas! &c.

4.

In red-coat rags attyred
I wander up and down,
Since Fortune ſo conſpired
To array me,
And betray me

To the cenſure of the town.
My buff doth make me boots,
My velvet coat and ſcarlet
Muſt turn to canvas ſuits,
For Fortune is a harlot.
Theſe are the rotten fruits
That attend a fighting varlet.
Alas! &c.

5.

I have been in France and in Holland,
Guided by my ſtars;
I have been in Spain and Poland,
Ireland, Scotland,
And what not land.
Britain you know
Hath felt my deſperate ſlaughter:
I kill'd ten at a blow,
Even in a fit of laughter;
Gone home and made no ſhow,
But kiſt my Landlords daughter.
Alas! poor Souldier, &c.

6.

My valour ſo highly prevailed,
Meeting with my foes,
Who ſtrongly me aſſailed:
Though an hundred
Them I plundred,
And receiv'd not many blows.
This faulcheon by my ſide
Hath kill'd more men, I ſwear it,
Then Guy of Warwick did,

For he could ne're come neare it;
And now I ſhall be chid
In time, if I do wear it.
Alas! poor Souldier, &c.

7.

For the king and the kingdom
I was the man
That did ſtrike every thing dumb.
I made meetings
Zealous greetings,
When the war at firſt began:
Jack Lilburn firſt,
Then holy Nye prevailed,
And I was nurſt
By ſuch as often railed,
And pious preachers curſt,
Who were to priſon haled.
Alas! poor Souldier, &c.

8.

I did about this nation
Hold forth my gifts, and teach
The wayes of tolleration.
In that ſeaſon
I ſpake treaſon
And any thing within my reach:
Then every trade
Was counterfeitly zealous;
Preachers were made
Of ſuch as kept an Alehouſe:
The pulpit fitted them
Who were fitter for the gallows.
Alas! poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go?

9.

Surplice was ſuperſtition
Voted, right or wrong,
By our Inquiſition.
Down went the Croſſes,
Tombs and glaſſes,
The Liturgy we made a ſong.
The Mytre and the Crown
Gave way to private meeters;
The riches and renown
Unto the zealous greeters:
Pauls Church was tumbled down
To ſupply the wants of Peters.
But now, poor Souldier, whither wilt thou go?

10.

I will go to the village
Where I was bred and born,
And deal no more in pillage:
I'le go borrow
Plough and harrow,
And ſow the fruitful fields with corn.
I'le leave off all
My quarterings and billets;
I'le never fall
Into the traps of Zealots;
But with my ſword I ſhall
Defend both Prince and Prelates:
Into my countrey I reſolve to go.

THE DISCONTENTED CAVALIER. JAN. 4, 1661.

In two Airs, an Alman and Seribran.

Compoſed by Mr. Taylor.

I.

Away now with the drum,
For the time is come
A Cavalier
May appear,
And ſhall be
Well rewarded for loyalty,
Becauſe he hath been true to Royalty,
Sinking Sovereignty.
Drink wine freely, my hearts,
For your high deſerts,
So lately drown'd,
Shall be crown'd:
Cloth of gold
Will your wounded bodies infold:
Bags untold
You every day ſhall in your
Treaſuries behold.
All places of profit and renown
In the town,
Sword and gown,
Your ſuff'rings ſhall crown.
Therefore let us laugh
And quaff,
And drink all off,
A merry go down,
The kingdom's all our own.

But hark what ill news abroad is told :
Places ſold
Are for gold,
And I, by my troat,
Have not up to London brought
Above a groat,
For which my throat
Muſt ſing another note.

Tune alter'd to the Seribrand.

2.

I am a Cavalier,
It ſadly doth appear :
My ſhirt's a clout,
My elbow's out,
And never a cloak to wear ;
But I am grown ſo poor,
'Cauſe Fortune is a whore :
She deals her boons
To Pantaloons,
That pimp and keep the door.
In feather and muff
Is merit enough
For geſemine-butter'd Squires :
The lofty affairs
Of plackets and Players
Do keep us ſtill in the bryers :
Yet others I ſee
Of better degree,
Or truth is turn'd a liar,
Whoſe heads though they be

Advanc'd very high,
Deſerve to be ſet up higher.

3.

The Devil's in them ſtill,
Let times be what they will:
When Fortunes in
The minde to ſpin,
The Devil guides the wheel.
Meer Politiques are but
Knaves in a ſeveral cut:
'Tis good or naught,
As they will ha't,
For Conſcience door is ſhut.
Religion and laws
Gild every cauſe,
And make it ſhew reſplendent:
They carry the name
Ith' beginning oth' game,
But nothing to do with the end on't.
We never did doubt
When firſt we went out,
And had no cauſe to fear,
When merit began
To march in the Van,
That ingratitude was in the rear.

4.

'Tis Fortune's purblinde power
That doth us all devour;
She ſets up ſlaves,
She pardons knaves
And Rebels every hour,
Whilſt loyal hearts are fed

With begg'd and borrow'd bread.
They in perfumes
And plunder'd plumes
Are daily worſhipped;
But theſe are the men,
I ſpeak it agen,
Which lately I did tell you on,
Whoſe fancies are fit
With weapons and wit
To raiſe up a new Rebellion:
Yet true loyalty
In my heart ſhall be
An everlaſting lodger:
In my rags I will ſing,
God ſave our good King,
And ſend him no need of a ſouldier.

The Secret.

The Air compoſed by Mr. Taylor.

I.

Would I reveal my minde
I could declare,
And tell you why
That I
Come not nigh
You, where you are:
But muſt conceal my minde
Twixt love and fear.
Dumb melancholly
Nothing more ſtrong,
You and my folly

Have done me wrong,
To give me love and grief, and ne're a tongue.

2.

How my heart lov'd thee
My ſoul ſhall conceal,
And by what ſign
That thine
Then was mine,
Faith, I'le never tell;
Though thou haſt mov'd me
Enough to reveal.
Where ſhall we finde her
That faithful is?
All women kinde are
Like thee in this;
And do as thou haſt done, *kill where they kiſs.*

3.

Now I enjoyned am
To live apart,
Left my deſire
My fire
Do conſpire
To conſume my heart.
I am confined to
Smile when I ſmart.
Unleſs I take her
Within my bounds,
I muſt forſake her
Since Fortune frowns,
As kings are forced to lay down their crowns.

The Repulse: writ by a Lady.

The Air compoſed by Mr. William Lawes, Servant to his late Majeſty.

1.

Your love, if vertuous, will ſhew forth
Some fruits of devotion:
There's no religion can warrant
A diſhoneſt motion.
Would you entice me to give you reſpect,
You would not ſeek then my honour to infect
With poiſoned potions:
If I ever did affect you,
'Twas in honour, but in ill ends
I muſt needs neglect you.

2.

That fort is feeble that words can ſubdue
With their battery:
'Tis better ſtop our ears, then ſet them
Open to flattery.
Shall I count that true which cannot be juſt?
Your ſighs and ſad ſilence I may not truſt,
With eyes ſo watry:
Take a lover from a paſſion,
Like an image out of date
He ſtands quite out of faſhion.

The Reply: by the Authour.

1.

My love's as vertuous as yours is,
Where you frame affection

For ſo inflamed religion
You keep in ſubjection.
I cannot tempt ye to give me reſpect,
'Tis not the crime but the man you reject
With words ſo zealous:
This ſame trifle call'd honour
Is a pretty witty cover
To conceal a lover.

2.

What need a batt'ry be
When as the fort is reſigning?
You will ne're ſtop your ear
At your own ſervants repining:
Where we affect we do never miſtruſt.
If you would ſpell love, and chance to write luſt,
No interlining:
Take the Lady in the humour
When the love-fit is upon her,
She 'l ne're think of honour.

The Courtier.

[1.]

Be not afraid
Thou rareſt,
The faireſt
That ever was Maid,
Deny me not a kiſs:
No man ſhall ſee
The meaſure
Of pleaſure

That I have from thee.
What hurt is there in this?
Then, let's embrace; let all pleaſures be free,
The world ſhall ne're have knowledge
How delightful we be.

2.

I know that ſpyes,
Both creeping and peeping,
In each corner lyes
To hinder all our joy:
Cupid ſhall ſee,
And finde 'em, to blinde 'em
That hinderance be
To the getting of a boy.
Then let's embrace; &c,

3.

Venus invites:
Fair creature, Dame Nature
Made you for delights;
But yet to none but I:
Then I'le embrace,
And rifle a trifle,
Leave a jewel i' th' place,
You 'l keep until you dye.
Then let's embrace; &c.

The Ladies Answer.

1.

Nay piſh! nay fie!
You venter to enter

A treſpaſs ſo high ;
You 'l wiſh it were undone.
Should any ſpy,
They 'd wonder : look yonder.
I ſee you 'l not flye
The chaſe you have begun.
Since, then, y'ave won me,
And all things are free,
I faith, you will undo me,
If a tell-tale you be.

2.

Now y' have enjoy'd
That meaſure of pleaſure,
Indeed, I'm deſtroy'd,
If I hear of it agen :
Women do prove
Neglected, rejected,
When freedom of love
Is told to other men.
Since, then, &c.

3.

Oh, take my heart !
I'le ever endeavour
That we never part
'Till death aſſign the time.
Wer't not to you,
Believe me, 'twould grieve me
To do what I do.
Oh, that love ſhould prove a crime !
Yet 'tis a fault
Of ſo ſweet a degree,

I ſurely am perſwaded,
Court nor countrey goes free.

THE FORFEITURE: A ROMANCE.

Tune, Dear, let me now this evening dye.

1.

You that do look with Chriſtian hue
Attend unto my Sonnet:
I'le tell you of as vilde a Jew
As ever wore a bonnet:
No Jew of Scotland I intend,
My ſtory not ſo mean is,
This Jew in wealth did much transcend
Under the States of Venice.

2.

Where he by uſury and trade
Did much exceed in riches:
His beard was red, his face was made
Not much unlike a Witches;
His habit was a Jewiſh gown,
That would defend all weather:
His chin turn'd up, his noſe hung down,
And both ends met together.

3.

Yet this deformed father had
A daughter and a wife one:
So ſweet a virgin never lad
Did ever ſet his eyes on;
He that could call this lady foul
Muſt be a purblinde noddy,

But yet ſhe had a Chriſtian ſoul
Lodg'd in a Jewiſh body.

4.

Within the City there did live,
If you the truth will ſearch on't,
One whoſe ill fate will make you grieve,
A gallant Chriſtian Merchant,
Who did abound in wealth and wit,
In youth and comely feature,
Whoſe love unto a friend was knit
As ſtrong as bonds of nature.

5.

A gentleman of good renown,
But of a ſinking fortune,
Who, having no eſtate of 's own,
Does thus his friend importune:
Friend, lend me but one thouſand pound,
It ſhall again be paid ye,
For I have very lately found
A fair and wealthy lady.

6.

The Merchant then makes this reply:
Friend, I am out of treaſure,
But I will make my credit flye
To do my friend a pleaſure:
There is a Jew in town (quoth he)
Who though he deadly hate me,
Yet, 'cauſe my wealth is ſtrong at ſea,
This favour will not bate me.

7.

When they were come unto the Jew,
He did demand their pleaſure.

The Merchant anſwers, I of you
Would borrow ſo much treaſure.
The Jew replies, You ſhall not ha't,
If ſuch a ſumme would ſave ye,
Unleſs in three moneths you will pay 't,
Or forfeit what I 'de have you.

8.

If at the three moneths end you do
As you ſhall ſeal and ſign to 't,
Not pay the money which is due,
Where e're I have a minde to 't
Ile cut a pound out of your fleſh.
The Merchant is contented,
Becauſe he knew in half that time
His ſhipping would prevent it.

9.

Ill news by every ſhip comes in,
His ſhips are drown'd and fired:
The Jew his forfeiture doth win,
For three moneths are expired.
He is arreſted for the debt,
The Court muſt now decide it:
The fleſh is due, and now the Jew
Is ready to divide it.

10.

The Merchants friend that had the gold,
Now being richly married,
Offer'd the ſumme down three times told,
To have his friend's life ſpared.
'Twould not be took; but ſtrait ſteps in
One in Doctors apparel,

Who, though but young, doth now begin,
Thus to decide the quarrel.

11.

Jew, we do grant that by the law
A pound of fleſh your due is,
But if one drop of blood you draw,
We 'l ſhew you what a Jew is:
Take but a pound, as 'twas agreed,
Be ſure you cut no further,
And cut no leſs, leſt for the deed
You be arraign'd for murther.

12.

The Jew inrag'd doth tear the bond,
And dares not do the ſlaughter;
He quits the Court, and then 'twas found
The Doctor proves his daughter,
Who, for the love ſhe long time bore
From a true heart derived,
To be his wife, and ſave his life
This ſubtle ſlight contrived.

13.

The Court conſent, and they are wed:
For hatching of this ſlaughter
The Jews eſtate is forfeited,
And given to his daughter.
She is baptiz'd in Chriſtendome,
The Jew cryes out he 's undone.
I wiſh ſuch Jews may never come
To England, nor to London.

Love in Languishment.

Tune, Have I not lov'd thee much and long.

1.

You to whom melting hearts belong,
That Lovers woes bewail,
And would not have true love take wrong,
Attend unto my tale.
The like to this is ſeldom known,
'Twill make your very ſouls to groan,
As if the caſe were all your own.

2.

A great man late a Daughter had,
Which may not now be nam'd:
She had two Suitors, good and bad,
Both by her eyes inflam'd;
But young Philaſter was his name,
A gentleman of noble fame,
That her affections overcame.

3.

The tother was her fathers choice,
Antonio he was call'd,
Who with her feature, youth and voice,
Was very much inthrall'd;
And though her father bid her ſhe
Should to Antonio's ſuit agree,
She cryes, Philaſter is for me.

4.

One day Philaſter having walkt
Cloſe by a rivers ſide,

He found a pretty boy that talkt
Unto himſelf, and cry'd :
Could I but now a maſter view
To give my tender youth its due,
I would appear a ſervant true.

5.

Philaſter entertain'd him ſtraight,
And ſent him to his Love,
That he with her might live and wait,
And 'twixt each other move.
His pretty face did ſo engage,
She lookt upon his tender age,
More like a brother then a Page.

6.

Betwixt them he ſo often went
With letters to and fro,
That it gave cauſe of diſcontent
To young Antonio ;
Who cauſe he could not have his ſwinge,
But all his love was off the hinge,
He ſecretly doth vow revenge.

7.

Phylaſter and the Lady now,
By Cupids great command,
Are by the Prieſt with holy vow
United hand in hand ;
But when the bonds of love were ſeal'd,
And that their fears were quite expell'd,
Their marriage joyes were all reveal'd.

8.

Her father apprehends him ſtrait
For ſtealing of his heir :

He 's hurried to the priſon-gate,
And ſhe left in deſpair.
Antonio makes falſe witneſs ſwear,
That fornication did appear
One day betwixt the boy and her.

9.

For which they both by courſe of law
Are to the priſon ſent.
Her father, which did thither draw
Her love, doth now lament.
Phylaſter hearing this, quoth he,
Muſt I thus loſe my life for ſhe
That's taken in adultery ?

10.

The Ladies tears not guilty prove,
Each eye ſo overflows,
To think her honour and her love
She in one hour ſhould loſe.
Juſtice againſt them doth proceed,
Two muſt be puniſht, tother bleed :
Love lies a bleeding now indeed.

11.

The boy cryes out you do amiſs,
For you do all miſtake :
I am a virgin, and did this
For young Antonio's ſake.
This ſuit which now you ſee me wear,
And all the courſe which I did ſteer,
Was 'cauſe he ſhould not marry her.

12.

Antonio knows her, and doth vow
He'l marry none but ſhe :

Phylaſter takes his Love, and now
The father doth agree:
Their lives were near the puſh of pike,
But now embrace, and ſoft hands ſtrike.
May all true Lovers do the like.

The Revolution: a Love-story.

Tune, No man loves fiery paſſions.

1.

You that are croſt in love, and fain would ſee
Some croſſes like your own, give ear to me;
I have a ſtory which doth plainly tell
That Lovers hearts are toſt 'twixt heaven and hell:
Therefore let him or her this place forbear,
That cannot vent a ſigh, or ſhed a tear.

2.

A vertuous Lady, innocent and fair,
Who to a noble Knight was onely heir,
Was to a gentleman with quick diſpatch
Contracted; but his brother ſcorn'd the match,
And therefore privately did plot to be
An enemy unto their amity.

3.

The costly garments and the wedding cheer
Provided is, for now the day draws near:
The Bride-men and the Bride-maids are made fit
To wait upon their vertue and their wit;
And till the day, long lookt for, doth appear,
Each hour's a day, and every day a year.

4.

The brother that was hatefully inclin'd
Did yet appear to bear a better minde,
And ſeem'd as much to like the match, as they
That every hour did wiſh the wedding day ;
But mark what follows, and you'l quickly be
Aſſur'd 'twas nothing but hypocriſie.

5.

He hires a knave whoſe love was cloſely ty'd
Unto the Chambermaid that ſerv'd the Bride,
And bids him in the evening go unto her,
And in her miſtreſs chamber ſeem to wooe her.
Deſire her, for your humour, to put on
One of her miſtreſs gowns that well was known.

6.

The fellow goes to her, whom he did know
Could not to any thing he crav'd cry no :
The Brother to the Bridegrom quickly hies,
To fill his brother's ſoul with jealouſies.
Quoth he, if you this ſtrumpet Lady marry,
You and our family will all miſcarry.

7.

If you, with two or three, with me will go
At night, I'le ſhew you what you ne're did know :
That Lady which hath lockt your love in charms
I'le ſhew you tumbling in anothers arms ;
For though till now I ne're did tell you on them,
Theſe three nights I have caſt my eyes upon them.

8.

The Bridegroom, though he lov'd her well before,
Hating to be the husband of a whore,

Doth with his brother go (who was his guide)
To ſee, as he ſuppos'd his wanton bride,
Where in her miſtreſs night-gown ſhe was toying,
And with her plotting ſweet-heart cloſely playing.

9.

The marriage day is come, and now they go,
As ſome ſurmiſe, to make but one of two ;
But when the Bridegroom took her by the hand,
He gave the people all to underſtand,
That ſhe was known a moſt notorious whore,
And vow'd from that time ne're to ſee her more.

10.

The Bride fell in a ſwound, the father cry'd,
Alack for me! I would my childe had dy'd
Before this time had come, for much I fear
My ſorrow will become my murtherer.
He caus'd her in this fit to be convey'd
Home to his houſe, and in her chamber laid.

11.

The Chamber-maid, much fearing ſome miſtake,
Deſir'd her ſweet-heart that for her dear ſake
He would diſcloſe, or him ſhe'd never own,
Why he would have her wear her miſtreſs gown ;
And after many ſubtle tricks of youth,
He did confeſs, and tell the naked truth.

12.

She tells her maſter how they had been us'd,
And by the Bridegrooms brother thus abus'd ;
Which when the Bride and Bridegroom knew, they then
With joynt conſent go to the Church agen :
Where they did knit a knot until they dye,
Which men and Angels never ſhall untye.

The jealous Duke, and the injur'd Dutchess ; A story.

Tune, The Dream.

1.

Of all the wedlock plagues that be
None are ſo fierce
As jealouſie ;
As you ſhall ſee drawn to the life
Between a Duke
And's vertuous wife.
He was a Duke of Parma in Italy :
His Lady, greate with childe,
Was wronged by his jealouſie :
He ſends her unto priſon guiltleſs of crime,
And in that ſickly ſeaſon
When ſhe was near her time.

2.

Where afterward it came to paſs,
She of a childe
Delivered was,
A lovely daughter, which they took
And brought it to
The jealous Duke ;
Who in a fury did proteſt as before,
The infant was a baſtard,
And its mother a whore.
The noble Lady that did bring it did cry
The vertuous Dutcheſs ſuffer'd
Onely for his jealouſie.

3.

The Lady being much revil'd,
She goes away
And leaves the childe:
He ſtraight by oath enjoyns a Lord
Who made a conſcience
Of his word.
Then quoth the Duke, you muſt perform my command:
Take ſhipping ſtrait,
And bear this brat into a forreign land:
Leave it in any wilderneſs you can finde,
And let it there be nouriſhed
Onely by the rain and winde.

4.

The Nobleman is griev'd to do 't,
But that his oath
Enjoyns him to 't.
The Dutcheſs, hearing that her childe
Was ſent away
To countreys wilde,
Falls in a ſwound (her ſpirits all being fled):
The word was brought unto the Duke
His wife was newly dead,
And that her laſt words were (her eyes waxing dim)
Commend me to the Duke,
I ne're knew any man but him.

5.

Her dying words the Duke believes,
And now, alack!
Too late he grieves;
For now the Lord (by his command)
Is in the Duke

Of Paduas land;
Where he the pretty infant layes down (as he
Had ſworn to the Duke)
And now returns agen to ſea:
But (by good fate) a ſhepherd, that loſt a ſheep,
Was ſearching up and down that way,
And heard the infant weep.

6.

The mantle which the childe did hold
Was rich embroidered
Cloth of gold;
But when it was undreſt, he found
The value of
Two thouſand pound,
Beſides a paper where was writ down the name.
This treaſure made the ſhepherd ſtraight
To grow in wealth and fame:
He bred the childe as decently as he cou'd,
But in its diſpoſition one
Might finde the parents blood.

7.

At ſixteen years of age ſhe was
The prettieſt Nimph
That trod on graſs.
Once on a day when ſhe did keep
(As ſhe ſuppos'd) her father's ſheep,
A gentleman which her fair face lookt upon
Was ſtrucken ſtraight in love;
And 'twas the Duke of Paduas ſon
Who from that hour would every day come to ſee
His miſtreſs, whom he lov'd like life,
Though of a low degree.

8.

Much love there was betwixt them both,
Till they contracted were by oath;
Which when his father came to know,
Then did begin
The lovers woe;
For with extream outragious words he begun
To bid him leave her,
Or he 'd never own him as a ſon.
The Prince did vow his love he ne're would withdraw,
Although he loſt his father,
And the Crown of Padua.

9.

But having got much treaſure, he
Doth with this virgin
Put to ſea.
After a while there was report
They 're in the Duke
Of Parma's Court:
The Duke of Padua then, for fear they ſhould wed,
Will follow: if he finde it true,
His ſon ſhall loſe his head.
But the old ſhepherd, fearing wrong ſhould befall
His pretty witty daughter,
Doth reſolve to finde them all.

10.

The Bride and Bridegroom now in ſtate
Are going to
The Temple-gate:
The Duke of Padua with his trains
Doth ſtop them,

And forbids the banes;
And to the Duke of Parma plainly ſayes, that
His ſon did flye from him
To marry with a ſhepherds brat.
The Bride and Bridegroom, by both Dukes in a breath,
Commanded are to ſeparate,
Or they ſhall meet in death.

11.

Both are content, and are led on
Unto their
Execution.
They were to ſuffer both alike:
The Headſmans axe
Was up to ſtrike.
Hold! quoth the ſhepherd: I bring ſtrange news to town.
The Dukes were both amazed,
And the axe was ſtraight laid down.
This Lady ſixteen years ago did I finde,
This paper and theſe jewels;
For the childe is none of mine.

12.

The Lord that bore the childe away
Seeing the name,
Did boldly ſay,
Great Duke of Parma, this is ſhe
Which you did ſend away by me:
'Tis your own Daughter. Then, the Duke[s] full of tears,
Embrace them both, and now
Another marriage day appears:
Bonefires and Bells, the conduits all run with wine.
By this we ſee, there's nothing can
Prevent the Powers divine.

THE DOUBLE MARRIAGE. A SAD STORY.

Tune, Amidſt the mirtles as I walkt.

1.

Amongſt all woes that ever we
Have felt or elſe in ſtory read,
There is no greater miſery
Then an inforced marriage-bed.

2.

As I will ſadly make appear,
When I my ſtory ſhall unfold;
You will confeſs that you do hear
The ſaddeſt tale that e're was told.

3.

A gentleman of good renown
Did dye, and left his heir in ward
Unto the mercy, or the frown,
Of a moſt proud imperious Lord.

4.

This gallant was a youth of worth,
His feature might affection move,
Who travelling into the North,
It was his fate to fall in love

5.

With a fair Lady of good fame,
And being on both ſides agreed,
They in one contract mix their flame,
And ſeal it as their act and deed.

6.

No ſooner did their ſouls accord
In tears and kiſſes, oaths and vows,

But he is ſent for by his Lord
To London: now comes all the woes.

7.

The Lord his guardian doth prefer
Him to a Lady of his kin:
The gallant cryes, ſhould I take her,
I might commit a grievous ſin.

8.

I am contracted, Sir, quoth he,
To one I love no leſs then life;
And you know, Sir, that contracts be
The greateſt bonds twixt man and wife.

9.

The guardian by his power compells
The woful ward to break his oath,
And (which all miſery excells)
Unto another plight his troth.

10.

He ſends into the North with ſpeed
To her whom he by right ſhould wed,
Onely one line, which ſhe doth read,
Forgive me: I am married.

11.

This broke her heart, but ſhe indites
An anſwer which much ſorrow bred;
For in one fatal line ſhe writes,
My dear, forgive me: I am dead.

12.

Then with her knife ſhe made it good,
And by a deſperate ſtroke did prove,
Sealing it with her flowing blood,
That life is nothing without love.

13.

The gentleman forſakes his wife,
Such miſery this marriage bred:
Quoth he, I'le never lead a life
With thee in an adulterous bed.

14.

I' th' wicked wayes he now begins
To riot all his vaſte eſtate:
His wife was brought to bed of twins,
The mothers grief, the fathers hate.

15.

His wife and children, full of woe
And want, unto their father come,
Who now in England doth not know
A place that he can call his home.

16.

His breach of contract in his thought
Doth now (at laſt) ſo fiercely fall,
That by the devil he is wrought
To kill his wife and children ſmall.

17.

He draws his ſword; but by good fate
A meſſenger comes running in,
And bids him read a letter ſtraight:
Which done, my gallant doth begin

18.

To be more temperate in his minde,
For thus it ſeems the letter ſaid:
Your guardian that was ſo unkinde,
Much griev'd for you, is lately dead.

19.

He hath bequeath'd his whole eſtate
To be onely at your diſpoſe,
And doth confeſs, though now too late,
He was the cauſe of all your woes.

20.

He bids you likewiſe, ſince you are
The husband of another wife,
That you will take her to your care,
And lead a loving peaceful life.

21.

This counſel he reſolves to take,
And loving to his wife appears,
Though often, for his contracts ſake,
He venteth penitential tears.

22.

Thus have you ſeen the miſery
Which inforc'd marriage doth procure,
Therefore, let all forewarned be
Never to break that are made ſure.

The Broken Contract.

Tune, Cloris farewell, I needs muſt go.

1.

You that are ſafe and found in ſoul,
Whoſe mindes are well, and hearts are whole,
Attend my tale, for I impart
The ſorrows of a broken heart.
So ſad it is, that much I fear
'Twill break your very hearts to hear.

2.

A Lady (as my ſtory ſaith)
Was bound within the bonds of faith,
As faſt as contract could unite,
Unto a youthful noble Knight;
But by her powerful brother ſhe
Was forc'd to break this unity.

3.

She now is married to a rich
And very jealous old man, which
Doth in her love take much delight,
But ſhe muſt ne're ſtir out of ſight:
By all that look upon her, he
Doth fear he ſhall cornuted be.

4.

The old man breaks his heart with fears,
The Knight doth waſte his ſoul with cares;
The Lady ſpends her time in tears:
Her brother courts a friend of hers,
And being now a lover ſtrong,
Repents he did his ſiſter wrong.

5.

Her brother and his love are now
United by a laſting vow:
The gallant Bridegroom and his Bride
Do for the nuptial day provide:
The Knights revenge was grown ſo great,
He could not make it to retreat.

6.

But ſhe that ſhould have been his wife
Doth grow ſo weary of her life,

That ſhe reſolves to eat no food,
Or ſuſtenance to do her good,
Till famine ceiſe on all her parts :
Thus broken vows make broken hearts.

7.

The Knight a challenge ſends to him,
Who now in ſeas of joyes do[th] ſwim,
And bids him meet without delay
The morning of his wedding day,
Or elſe he vowd, for all his harms,
To kill him in his Ladies arms.

8.

The Bridegroom meets him and they fight,
But the undaunted daring Knight
Fill'd with revenge doth charge him ſo,
That he in his own blood doth flow :
Thus in a moment here you have
A bride-bed turn'd into a grave.

9.

When this report abroad was blaz'd,
The woful Bride being much amaz'd,
Tears off the wedding garment, which
Her body lately did enrich :
Her heart o'recharg'd with grief, ſhe cry'd,
We 'l meet above, and ſo ſhe dy'd.

10.

The Bridegrooms ſiſter, which before
Had made a vow to feed no more,
Being in ſeas of ſorrow drown'd,
She throws her ſelf upon the ground,
Saying, it cannot be withſtood,
But broken vows muſt end in blood.

11.

Theſe words ſhe had no ſooner ſpoke,
But inſtantly her heart was broke:
The Knight, with hands in blood imbrued,
Is now by officers purſued,
And in his chamber they at laſt
Do finde him with his door lockt faſt.

12.

They break it open, and there finde
The ſaddeſt ſight is left behinde;
For when they in the chamber come,
They finde him naked in the room,
Where every vein from head to foot
He with his knife had newly cut.

13.

Much like a fountain there he ſtood,
For all his limbs were ſpouts of blood;
But when his veins did ceaſe to ſwell
He dyed, and down the fountain fell:
Thus doth one broken vow devour
The lives and precious blood of four.

14.

May this a warning prove to all
Whoſe vows are matrimoniall:
Look e're you leap, for having vow'd,
The breach can never be allow'd;
For you may well diſcern by this,
A contract broke like murther is.

A MERRY MARRIAGE: A STRATAGEM.

Tune, Do but view this glaſs of Claret.

1.

This new ſong that I would ſell you,
Some ſuppoſe is very true:
Where 'twas done I may not tell you,
Time will bring it to your view.
What I mean now to reveal you
Is both witty, queint, and new.

2.

In a place as yet unplunder'd,
An old Uſurer did dwell,
Who took fifty in the hunderd,
Some can by experience tell;
But his ſon in taverns thunder'd,
And did ſtrow't abroad as well.

3.

Young and handſome, bred a ſcholar,
Never free from tavern ſcores,
But his father full of dolor
Turns my gallant out of doors,
Swearing in a cruel choller,
That he ſpent his means on whores.

4.

He, beſides him, had a daughter,
Young and lovely, fair and bright:
She was worth the looking after,
For her portion was not light.
But the trick that's worth your laughter
Will appear anon, at night.

5.

Not far off a widow dwelt that
Was both pretty, young and wiſe:
This old fellow quickly ſmelt that
She would prove a golden prize.
In his clean ruff, and his felt hat,
He to her a wooing hyes.

6.

Such good entertainment ſhe made,
That he thought ſhe was his own;
But the wanton ſon that he had
Came as ſoon as he was gone,
Told her plainly he ſhould be mad,
If ſhe would not hear his moan.

7.

When ſhe ſaw his youth and feature
To be confident and kinde,
She did covet much the creature,
But his wildneſs chang'd her minde;
And, contrary to her nature,
Said he ſhould no favour finde.

8.

This did quite confound the lover,
But her kinſman was his friend,
Who unto him did diſcover
What a plot he did intend.
I know what (quoth he) ſhall move her,
And ſhall gain her in the end.

9,

Soon at night do you come hither,
If you will the widdow wed:

You ſhall all night lye beneath her,
Cloſe conveigh'd under her bed :
When you are ſo near together,
Ten to one you will be ſped.

10.

But before you come I'le ſwear you,
Though you lye upon the lurch,
That you honeſtly will bear you
Till you both have been at Church;
Elſe revenge, I vow, ſhall tear you
Ten times more then brine or birch.

11.

To this plot they both conſented ;
But another plots in hand :
A poor Knight is diſcontented
For the morgage of his land;
For it ſeems the devil ſent it
Unto this old miſer's hand.

12.

This Knight with money doth deſire it,
But becauſe the day is paſt,
This curmudgeon doth require it
As a forfeiture at laſt ;
But his daughter doth admire [at]
The patience of the Knight ſo croſt.

13.

She 's in love and dares not ſhew it,
By her brother ſhe was betray'd,
For by him the Knight doth know it,
Who with love ſalutes the maid :

She doth well conſent unto it,
The Match at Midnight muſt be made.

14.

Therefore he doth thus adviſe her,
To the Widows you ſhall go,
For your brother will ſurprize her
Ere the morning comes, I know:
Bring my morgage, left your wiſer
Father plot our overthrow.

15.

All is done; and now the morning
Through the widdows window peeps,
He, provided 'gainſt all ſcorning,
Out into her chamber creeps:
She cryes out, whilſt he is turning
To her to ſecure her lips.

16.

There he vows, if ſhe will marry,
He 'l become a civil man,
But if not, ſhe ſhall miſcarry
In her reputation;
For he ſwears he there will tarry
Till her credit's quite undone.

17.

He calls up his friend and ſiſter
To be witneſs to the match,
Who but for this trick had miſt her,
For he caught her on the catch:
There, before them all, he kiſt her;
To the Church they all diſpatch.

18.

When the Uſurer did hear that
He was cheated of his wife,
And his daughter, he did ſwear that
He would ſtrait reform his life:
Then he bids them joy, and prayes that
Their Midnight Match may know no ſtrife.

The Happy Adventure, or the Witty Lady: a Story.

Tune, Wert thou much fairer then thou art.

1.

All you that wit and beauty know,
Give ear to me, and I will ſhew
A Witty Fair-one that can fit
Your mindes with beauty and with wit:
She was a virgin not inthrall'd,
And commonly Maria call'd.

2.

Fair Iſabel was one that ſhe
Had lov'd even from her infancy,
Which was betroathed to a quick
And nimble youth call'd Frederick,
Who for a chance, which often doth
Befall, refus'd to keep his oath.

3.

Her brother was a merchant, and
Had all her portion in his hand,
A man of judgement, wealth and wit,
And went himſelf to ſea with it;

But certain news came in a day,
He and his ſhip were caſt away.

4.

Her portion by miſchance thus gone,
She muſt no more be lookt upon;
For Frederick will make 't appear
He lov'd her money more then her:
Thus in one day ſhe muſt forego
A brother and a husband too.

5.

He doth begin to love each grace
That dwells in fair Maria's face,
Her wit and beauty (both combin'd)
So ſtrangely captivate his minde,
That he ſollicites night and day
The Lady in a luſtfull way.

6.

His laſt requeſt ſhe anſwers thus:
Sir, what will people ſpeak of us,
If 't ſhould be known, as 'twill (quoth ſhe)
If I at laſt with childe ſhould be?
He anſwers ſtraight (to quit all fear)
E're that be known he 'l marry her.

7.

She bids him come at night, and ſhe
Will entertain him ſecretly:
Quoth ſhe, if juſt at ten you 'l wait,
You ſhall come through the garden gate:
One pair of ſtairs you cannot miſs,
Next to the Bower my chamber is.

8.

There we in darkneſs both muſt lye,
You 'l finde no other light but I ;
And in the morning, when the day
Appears, you muſt make haſte away,
Leſt viſitants do come to me,
And make a ſad diſcovery.

9.

He takes his leave of her, but then
Each hour is twenty until ten :
No other thoughts come in his head
But fair Maria and the bed,
And ſhe as buſie is in thought
How this to paſs may well be brought.

10.

Her pureſt linnen ſhe does ſpread,
Perfum'd and pleaſant for the bed :
The night grows dark that none can ſee,
The hour is come, and ſo is he :
Now, what they do I dare not tell ;
I fear you all can gueſs too well.

11.

In ſilence all the night was paſt,
And both do fall aſleep at laſt :
The mornings come, the ſun doth riſe,
And now he views his miſtreſs eyes ;
But when he had ſurvey'd her well,
'Twas his contracted Iſabel.

12.

This was the witty fair ones plot,
He ſwore and curſt, and up he got.

Maria doth the muſick guide
To bid good morrow to the Bride,
And every part of the town doth tell
That he hath married Izabel.

13.

He findes himſelf thus catcht, and he
In ſilence ſuffers it to be;
Maria with good news doth come:
Her brother is come richly home,
And that the rumour of the wrack
(As it appears) was a miſtake.

14.

This proves great joy to Izabel;
Maria likes the news as well;
For 'twas well known that he and ſhe
Were lovers e're he went to ſea:
His coming home hath rais'd them all,
Who did in deſperation fall.

15.

They meet, kiſs, and ſalute their loves,
One's ſoul in t'others body moves.
The joyes they have no tongue can tell,
But onely they that love as well:
The marriage-day appointed is,
The firſt ſtep to a lovers bliſs.

16.

You willy fair ones that are here,
Is not the project chaſte and clear?
And was it not a noble end
To pleaſure a contracted friend?
Of all that Poets e're expreſt
The Witty Fair One is the beſt.

The Royal Rant.

A Medley in Oliver's time.

[1.]

Barre-boy! ceaſe to roar,
We ſhall quaff no more ·
When we think upon the dayes
Of Love and Muſick, Loyalty and Playes:
When Law and Reaſon
Were not high treaſon,
Twas a good ſeaſon than;
E're Parliaments
Brought theſe events,
'Twas fame enough to be an Engliſhman:
But Legiſlators,
And Regis-haters
Have brought ſuch ſlaughters ſince
The Gentry
In priſons lye,
And finde it crime enough to be a Prince.

2.

In a dungeon deep we lye,
Crampt with cold captivity,
Where the bedleſs bottom owns
Nothing to relieve our bones;
Yet ſuch is the ſacred ſcope of the ſoul
That we never think
Of the ſtink
When cold water we drink,
For Conſcience crowns the bowl.

3.

Thus the ſhip of Reformation,
That was lately lancht in blood,
Floats in flouds of lamentation:
Let us now behold the wood,
Where the Royal Oak once growing
Made it a perpetual ſpring:
There ſedition now is ſowing;
Hark what Philomel doth ſing.

4.

The Nightingale ſo quick
Is now grown ſick, ſick, ſick,
To ſee the Royal vocal wood,
So bonny and good, good, good,
Where each bonny bird did meet
With concord ſweet, ſweet, ſweet,
Is defil'd by Rebels, where they hug
Their Leaguer Lady
Jug, jug, jug, jug, jug, jug, jug, jug, jug.

5.

Thus you ſee how tydes are turning,
No condition's laſting,
In a moment mirth and mourning,
Blowing buds are blaſting.
Fortune is
A coy miſtris,
No man ever kept her,
She 'l (by power)
In an hour
Make a ſword a ſcepter.

6.

Yet let us wait upon her wheel,
And not with fury fret her,
For ſhe that turn'd from well to ill,
May turn from bad to better.

7.

Therefore, Barre-boy, roar agen!
We will drink like Engliſhmen,
For every pottle bring up ten.
I hope this is no treaſon:
He that is
In a land like this
Muſt lay aſide his reaſon.

8.

Then, let us drink a health to his fame,
Who for our tongues we dare not name,
Who for a throne we dare not own;
But wee 'll deviſe a curſe likewiſe
Upon the State Hector, the people's Pro-jector.
May all they have done come home to their own!
Drawer! Bring up your wine, and fill up your pots,
For we are the men that have no plots.

The Frollick.

A Medley of three Airs.

1.

A qualm comes over me: Drawer bring
Up a quart of Canary.
We will drink till our eyes
Out-ſparkle the ſkies,

And make the full moon miſcarry.
For ſince Canary will be a king,
This room ſhall be a Star-Chamber,
'Cauſe the glaſs, in the cloſe,
At every mans noſe
Reflects on his brow like amber.
But where are the moon and ſtars?
Alas! they have loſt their light.
We 'l drink them up.
T' other cup!
Canary can fix 'em right.
Canary can conquer Mars,
And tumble his target down:
What he can do
Who doth know
'Till he gets in the Crown.

2.

Why ſhould we heartleſs be,
But look unto
Wine and the wonders Canary can do?
Let us dance after chance
Like Fairy Elves
Drink down misfortune, and drink up our ſelves.
Drink till the hogſheads reel
One againſt t' other;
Then like right Stateſmen we 'l
Drink one another.
All the chink
That we drink
Springs in our meadows:
We ne're quaff

The tears of
Orphans and Widdows.

3.

'Tis but folly
To be formal holy :
Let's be jolly ;
Hang up melancholy.
They that reprove us
Did never love us,
But would remove us
That they might be above us.
Then let us tarry
Leſt we miſcarry,
If we but vary
Our principle Canary.
Although they ſcant us,
This ſhall not daunt vs ;
Though they out-vaunt us,
They never ſhall out-rant us.

The Jubilee on the Coronation Day.

Tune, The King enjoyes his own again.

1.

Let every man with tongue and pen
Rejoyce that Charles is come agen,
To gain his Scepter and his Throne,
And give to every man his own.
Let all men that be
Together agree,
And freely now expreſs their joy :

Let your ſweeteſt voices bring
Pleaſant ſongs unto the King,
To crown his Coronation Day.

2.

All that do tread on Engliſh earth
Shall live in freedom, peace and mirth:
The golden times are come that we
Did one day think we ne're ſhould ſee.
Protector and Rump
Did put us in a dump,
When they their Colours did diſplay;
But the time is come about,
We are in, and they are out,
By King Charles his Coronation Day.

FINIS.

INTRODUCTION.

The first of the following original papers presents Thomas Norton, the author of three Acts of "Ferrex and Porrex", our earliest English blank-verse tragedy, in several new points of view. First it shows, that he was not, as has generally been believed, born at Sharpenhoe (he spells it Sharpenham) in Bedfordshire, but in London; next, that he filled the office of Remembrancer to the City; and, thirdly, that it was he, and not his father, who, in 1574-5, was one of its members in Parliament. In the Index to the 4to. Manuscript (formerly the property of Sir Christopher Hatton, as testified by his signature on the parchment cover, and copied for him by Thomas Mynatts, one of his secretaries) the first of the ensuing documents is thus described: "An Exhortation, or Rule, sett downe by one Mr. Norton, sometyme Remembrauncer of London, wherebie the L. Maior of Lo. is to order himselfe and the Cittie."

It is curiously and somewhat amusingly illustrative of the state of the Capital and its Corporation near the middle of the reign of Elizabeth: why it had become necessary for government to call upon the Remembrancer to lecture his superiors, the Lord Mayor James Hawes, and others, upon the nature and discharge of their duties, we know not; but Norton, with due apologies, goes over many important topics, including, more especially, the care of

Orphans by the Corporation. Some of the details are remarkable, and, perhaps, hardly at this time of day intelligible, as where Norton speaks of the stealing of children, even those of aldermen and rich citizens, apparently for the sake of the reward on their restoration. The mention also of Italian women, who outraged decency by exhibitions of tumbling, is not the least singular part of the document. Other points, that will strike the reader on perusal, we have not room here to particularise; but we must not pass over without remark the information respecting the recent introduction of prayers before the commencement of public business, both in the Parliaments of the kingdom, and of the City of London. This point is historical.

The second paper supplied by our MS. is of more general importance, though of less peculiar interest. It relates to the intentions and proceedings of Sir Francis Walsingham, in the autumn of 1577, to control, if not to put an end to, the evil of Informers, or, as they were then also called, Promoters. Walsingham asked advice on the difficult question from the learning and experience of Norton, who was then at his country residence in consequence of the prevalence of the plague, of which one of his servants in London had recently died. Norton recommended the appointment of Commissioners; but his caution lest some, even of those Commissioners, should be corrupt, and thereby favour particular parties, is very noticeable.

J. P. C.

INSTRUCTIONS

TO THE

LORD MAYOR OF LONDON,

1574-5:

Whereby he is to govern himself and the City.

By Thomas Norton,

REMBRANCER, AND ONE OF THE MEMBERS IN PARLIAMENT FOR LONDON.

Together with a Letter from him to Sir Francis Walsingham, respecting the disorderly dealings of Promoters.

From the original Manuscripts, formerly the property of Sir Christopher Hatton.

LONDON.
PRIVATELY PRINTED.
1866.

An Exhortation or Rule wherbie the L. Maior of London is to order him ſelfe and the Citty.

THER be manye reaſons, which I ought not to doubte, that yowe do dailie call to mynde the waight of your chardge in the office of the L. Maior of London. Yowe are to remember howe great a thinge is the L. Maior, and of London ſo great a citie, the imperiall Chamber of ſo great a Prince, of our Soveraigne Ladie, the ymediate leeftenaunte of the moſte great and mightie God. Yowe are to thincke what truſte her Majeſtie and her Progenitors have, and repoſe, in the corporate and politique bodie of her Citie of London, as to committ to our ſelves the naminge and choiſe of her deputed Chiefe Magiſtrate here, and of our owne governour. And howe upon hir Highenes pleaſure well knowen, yowe have bene in one and honorable fourme receaved and allowed, and your care and fidelitie is from and for her Majeſtie committed to the kepinge of the place, the preſervation of the eſtate, and the governmente of her people of London, a moſte deere pretious jewell of the Crowne of England. Yowe are to have in mynde what ſtrengthe of the Prince ys here kepte for her ſervyce, and for the realmes defence, what pollitie, what wealthe, what order to be mainteined for her uſe and honour for the common good, what multitudes of ſubjectes, aswell inhabitinge as repairinge, are to be provided for: yowe are not to forgett what care her Majeſtie and her counſell have now ſhewed them ſelves to have, that

London be in the chargde of a truſtie man, and what perticuler proceedinges have browght yowe and lefte yowe in your good acceptation and confidence, for which yowe are highelie to thanke God and his miniſters: yowe muſt therof gather what neceſſitie is laied unto you to anſwer good expectation. And there with all your wakefulnes muſte needes be a little increaſed by remembraunce whome yowe ſucceede, I meane a predeceſſor who enteringe with ſome hardnes of time, both for ſeaſon and matter, hath yet by Gods bleſſinge and his good diligence, departed to the good contentation of her Majeſtie, as by her pleaſure declared to yowe bothe at the Barr of the honorable Court of Exchequer hathe appeared, and to the good likinge of the people, ſpeciallie the poore, whoſe often cauſes and dailie needes aſke moſt helpe. And moſte thankfull voices have commended hym to God, and teſtified him to men. If yowe finde his verie good doinges, yowe ſhall finde the more hardnes to matche and followe them: yf yowe finde ſlacke doinges, yowe ſhall finde the more hardnes to ſupplie and amend them.

My Lorde, theis thinges are all ſpoken to this ende; to ſhewe yowr difficulties and to ſharpen your care. Nowe, ſir, to your comforte, that yowe maie with the bolder courage not fainte under your charge, althowghe your ſelfe remember them well ynoughe, yet gyve me leave, I praye yowe of your good will, to put yowe in mynde of ſuche thinges as owght to raiſe yowe to cherefulnes, and to a gladſome and hopefull proceedinge with your heavie, but yet noble burthen. God is your gratious God and true, and that will not faile to performe his promiſes of aſſiſtaunce and bleſſinges to thoſe that ſincerlie indevour them-

ſelves to their beſt to ſerve hym in their chardge, that humblie crave his aide, and aſſuredlie truſt in his goodnes.

Our Soveraigne Ladie whome yowe ſhall ſerve is the moſte noblie natured Prince in the worlde; and their with bothe ſo wiſe, as ſhe wolde not have ſo farr truſted yowe yf ſhe had not bene reſolved well to truſte yowe, and ſo gratious, as ſhe will well allowe of all true, plaine and honeſt meanynge as in all your predeceſſors, and moſt expreſſelie in your woorſhipfull Brother and frend Sr. Alexander Avenon, hathe appeared; and above other thinges her Highnes is ſo tenderlie mynded to her Citie of London as the well guidinge therof cannot but be in her conſideration a moſt allowed and pleaſaunte ſervice.

Her moſt honorable Counſaile, as yowr ſelfe hath ſeene by dailie proofe, not onelie have been continuall interceſſors and meanes, by their good and loving reportes, for her Majeſties good and favowrable inclination towardes London, but alſo you knowe they have beene continuall adviſers in dowbtes and ordinary releevers of your burthen by their counſailes and directions, and ſpeciallie readie helpers with their aucthoritie to ſupplie throughe oute the realme and elſe where ſuche matters as beinge needefull for London, yowe be uſuallie dryven to ſue for, as thinges that by your ſelves, withowte their helpps, cannot be attained.

Your ſelfe is bleſſed of God with ſufficiencie for that experience which the honor of the place requirethe; by reaſon whereof yowe are not ſubject to ſuche neede as might make a manne apt to corruption, or to contempt: yowe bringe, I doubte not, an upright mynde to ſerve God and the Queene ſincerelie: yowe have bene noted a man

of good charitable diſpoſition, and a tender hart to yowr poore: yowe are not yonge; yow have not lyved obſcurelie; you have had long experience, and bene in place of knowledge, and of bothe politique and judiciall underſtanding: yowe are joined with a ſufficient nombre of wiſe and grave brethren and commons, beinge companions of a great parte of yowr chardge; ſome of them have paſſed the waie before yowe, and the reſt have ſaied the paſſage of others, and alltogither ſhall ſit with yowe, ſhall adviſe yowe, ſhall ſtrengthen yowe, ſhall eaſe your travells, ſhall ſupplie your lackes, ſhall defend yowr doinges, ſhall to yow, with yow and for yow, gyve, eſtabliſhe and maintaine direction, power, and countenaunce. Some of them have alreadie gyven yowe a good taſte of their care for yowe, their good will to yowe, and their readines to travell with yowe, and have made it ſtande upon their owne worſhipp and credit to aſſiſte yowe.—Yowe have laſt a predeceſſor that hath bothe troden yow the waie by example, and ſo donne as ſome fruite, I hope, yow shall finde of his and former proviſions, and at his removinge to yelde the cure unto yow. Yowe knowe what goodnes of love and concorde he promiſed yowe.

Yowe have a Recorder learned and painefull, and to her Majeſties ſervice dutifullie, to the Citie faithefullie, and to your ſelfe lovinglie affected: the comforte of ſeing you do well ſhall joie hym more then all the travells that yowe ſhall put hym to in adviſinge yowe, or in labouring for yowe ſhall troble hym: beſides this pryvate dealinge for you, knowne to yowr ſelfe and ſome others, yowe cannot but remember howe lardgelie and howe fraunklie, and for what great thinges, and in what preſence at the Exchequer

barr, in the rule and politique ſight of our Soveraigne Ladie, and in the reall and actuall hearing of her moſt honorable counſaile, he undertoke in his owne perſonne, and publiſhed that the Citie of London which chooſe yowe, undertakethe for yowe that yowe ſhall performe the office of a good Maior of London, bothe in advauncinge of godlie religion and fidelitie to her Majeſtie and in good governaunce of her people, and that in all theis, beſides yowr own induſtrie, yee woolde proceede by good and loiall counſaile. This was a liberall and thancke worthie aſſumption, and ſuche as yowe maie be ſuer, for his owne creditts ſake will enforce hym in all diligence, that yowe maie well and worſhipfullie diſchardge hym. Yowe have a painefull, carefull, and zealous Chamberlaine: yowe have an olde, diligent, experienced Common Sergeant: yowe have a readie and hable Towneclerke: yowe have a wiſe and well eſteemed Solicitour: yowe have other Counſaillours, Clerkes, and Myniſters in matters of juſtice, equitie, and ſervice, to informe yowe and intende yowe, in whome I thincke ſhalbe found no lacke.

Yowe have the generall forme of the ſetled and true pollitie of the Citie of London ſo diſtributed and marſhalled in ordre by the wysdome of oure forefathers as, lyke a heavye burthen parted and laied upon manie ſhoulders, or lyke a great woorke ſorted into manie handes, the officers of wardes, pariſhes, and precincts, the companies with their Maſters, Wardenns, and Governors, moſte prudentlie aſſigned to everie woorcke and place, togither with the orderlie formes, times, limitations, and circumſtances, delivered by knowen and uſuall preſidentes, ſhall beare the waight with yowe, and make yowe to beare lighter.

And, ſir, he canne be no good Citizen, muche leſſe a good Brother of your Court, or a good officer, or partaker of your Counſailes, that ſhall for anie reſpect withdrawe his aid from you, or ſhall therein make anie unkinde accompte of your pryvate perſon, and not joine his beſte indevour for the common good of London, yowr caſe is ſuche as all wiſe men ſee howe yow cannot take hurte or lacke alone.

Yowe have [in] the auntient and late booke of this Citie the doinges of your predeceſſors recorded, their ſtepps traced owte and ſett before yow, ſo as yowe ſhall have no cauſe of diſpaire, but great cauſe of comfort and hope that yow ſhall paſſe yowr time with good diſchardge of dutie, ſatisfaction of conſcience, over comming of expectations, and increaſe of w[orship]. Amonge yowr other helpes, for my parte being thereto admonished by your requeaſtes and yowr Bretherens, and, namely, by the good and wiſe motion of your woorſhippfull and lovinge Brother, Sr. Roweland Hewarde, I have peruſed over the repertories of certen Maiors times ; and, amongſt the reſt, I have gone throughe the bookes of his time : owte of thoſe, for your eaſe and remembraunce, I have gathered this treatiſe following, which I have ſorted into two partes ; the one conteyninge certen thinges neceſſarie for yowr chardge that are not limited to any ſpeciall time, but are ſuche as are not lyke a hande or foote or other inſtrumentall lymme placed in ſome certenn lymitte or parte of the bodie, but rather, lyke bloode, or fleſhe are diſpearſed throughe owte the whole ; and therefore muſt, from yowr begynninge forwarde, be had in conſideration and daile peruſed, untill they be fullie performed or furniſhed. The other parte ſettethe forthe certaine doinges that are lymited to ordinarie

or preſcribed times, either by ſtatutes of the realme, or upon paine, or by the ſpeciall lawes and uſages of London; and thoſe be diſtincte into monethes accordinge to ſuche times as they have bene donne heretofore.

Now, my L., when yowe finde by theis matters that I have laied before yowe two thinges, the one what neceſſities lye upon yow to make yowe diligent and carefull; the other what helpps yow have to make yowe cheerefull and hopefull; the thirde thinge reſtithe. I gyve yow my poore adviſe what courſe is to be taken, and what meanes are to be uſed that with yowr diligence and care neceſſities maye be anſwered, and with yowr cherefull courage, and the fruites of yowr hopefull ſervyce, yowr harte, beinge good and true, maie be comforted.

Sr., yow are firſte to have care of God. It is he that miniſtreth and proſperouſelie governethe all good meaninges: yt is he that guidethe all well doinges: it is he that gyvethe all good ſucceſſe: it is he that hathe in his hande the hartes, the favors, and disfavors of Kinges and Princes: yt is he to whoſe pleaſinge, beſides the reſpecte of fruite, all thinges and doinges are in mere dutie and conſcience to be directed. Some particulars of your ſervyce to hym properlie are theis: that yow advaunce his religion, the true underſtandinge whereof he hathe revealed in his owne worde; and, thankes be to his grace, yt is with his worde publikelie and ſincerely delivered by his moſte excellent miniſters, owr moſte gratious Soveraigne Ladies aucthoritie, that yowe give good countenaunce to the ſupportation of favour, helpp, and credit to the preachers that ſhall come warranted to diſtribute ſo great a benefitt, whereby the people of yowr charge ſhall learne the right

waie of honoringe God, ſalvation of their ſowles, guidinge of their lyves, and yeeldinge of their obedience and duties. That yow do what in yow liethe to ſuppreſſe the boldnes and growing of daungerous ſectes, and eſpeciallie the hereſie of Papiſtrie, which hathe, and is not onelie the damnable ſubverter of ſowles, but alſo the univerſall enemye and ſupplanter of all juſt crownes and kingedomes, and of all lawfull, civill, politics, ſtates, and juriſdictions; and to this daie hathe donne, and at this daie dothe moſte lamentablie and manifeſtlie ſhewe yt ſelfe in imploying Chriſtians againſt Chriſtians in the ſervyce of the Papacy to have bynne, and to be the verie meanes of betrayinge Chriſtians to the tyrannie of the Turke. Yowe muſt remember (as Auguſtus ſaied) the houſe of Cæſar muſte be free, not onelie from cryme, but alſo from ſuſpicion of crime; even ſo it behovethe that James Hawes, L. Maior of London, both for his name in perſonne, and place in office, be not onely cleere from infection, but alſo, in all reaſonable underſtandinge, free from ſuſpicion of favouringe the howſe of Papistrie; which in deede cannot ſtande neither with true Christian conſcience, nor with true Engliſhe alleadgeaunce: *He that will none evill do, muſt do nothinge that longeth thereto.* The verie companie or contraction of ſutche (for it is a ghoſtlie leproſie, and therefore infectious) muſte be carefully ſhonned. When complaintes are brought againſte them, they muſt be well examyned and poniſhed, or referred here for us: the caſe ſtandethe nowe that ſtate is conjoined with civill treaſon; for, althoughe it may be true that ſome Papiſtes are not Traytours, becauſe ſome men are ſeduced of ſimplicitie or conſtrainte, yet it is alſo true that there is no Traitor to our Queene, but it is a Papiſte,

yf he be of anie religion at all: for yow maie well knowe that no Chriſtian (ſo call I a Goſpellour) wilbe enimy to this eſtate. Yowe muſt thinke that yt maye happ yow to be tempted by ſome perſons or caſes that maye come before yow, wherein there is reaſonne for yowr good frindes to hope that no inclination to ſo evill a ſide ſhalbe ſeene in yow. Yowe muſt frequent publike hearinges of the worde of God, common prayer, and ofte receivinge of the Communion, and the ſame yf yt maye be with your bretherne. O! what a ſweete thing it is to feede on Chriſt, and by feeding on hym to have hym ſo made one with us, as by good digeſtion owr meate and drinke is made one with our fleaſhe and blood! What a thing is the Communyon and incorporatinge of Chriſt into yow to the ſtrengtheninge of your owne conſcience! What a thinge ys it to the unitinge of yowr bretherne the Aldermens harts to joine with yowe, to aſſiſte yowe, and to quenche all ſtormes that maye ſever the knot of yowr concord and godlie confederacy together! The Queenes Majeſties moſt honorable Counſellors, to the notable example of all godlie rulers, uſe yt monethlie, the firſte Sondaie of every monethe.

You muſte, next God, have a care to ſerve her Majeſtie and content her. Remember that London ys the Queenes [Chambre], that owr Queene hath committed London to you, and to London yt ſelfe: when I name London, I name no ſmall thinge: ſo great confidence aſkethe great correſpondence: thus great truſte beſide the charge, and beſide the paine of not well anſweringe, dothe increaſe the burthen with the verie dutie of thanckfulnes and kindnes to ſo good a Prince, that lovethe ſo well, and truſtethe ſo muche. For diſcharge hereof in governaunce herken ever

upwarde, and take your light from above: there is no candle comparable to the Sonne. What directions to me from her Majeſtie or the Counſell, their intent muſt be noted, that their ſatisfaction maye be procured: their wordes muſte be well wayghed that their commiſſion be not exceeded, the meaninge not myſunderſtood, the purpoſe not failed: diligence muſt be uſed that there be no lacke of retorne of anſwere.

Yowe muſte retaine a mynde to doe right to everie perſonne; heare bothe ſides, that you maie underſtande aright. Remembre that yowe are by expreſſe mention ſworne to defende the wyddowes and orphanes: your Courtes are called the Courtes of Orphanes: yowe knowe howe acceptable their cauſes are to God; what a noble flower in the garlande of London is the cuſtodie of orphanes and their portions; howe Citizens children be thereby provided for, and many good young occupiers be releeved and advaunced. Yowe ſee what long attendaunce manie verie good Citizens be dryven to ſuffre before they canne be let in, whereby, beſides the hardnes of the bondes, may growe diſcouragement to the better ſorte to become recognitours. Wherefore you ſhall do well, whatſoever cauſes you have, being not ſpeciall ſervyce of her Majeſtie, to take ordre that, at ſome convenient time of every Court, Orphanes matters be harde, and not delaied. And ſhe gave me leave to ſaie a little in a great matter that ſhalbe to yowr comforte and honor: yt ſhall comforte yowr conſcience hereafter, your childrens children ſhall feele the fruite of yt hereafter, yf that yowe wilbe a meane that, as childrens portions be well looked unto, ſo their perſonnes hereafter maye be better cared for. Yow ſee the dailie ſtealinge,

ſellinge and inveiglinge of them at tender yeares by raſcalls, and men of the worſte ſorte bothe for value and honeſtie, to the ſlaunder of good governaunce, and to the great griefe of worſhipfull and honeſt parentes, and to the utter diſſolvinge to the chaſte, vertuous and ſevere bringinge up of yowthe in awe of auctoritie. Let no ſuch offence be lightlie diſpenſed with: yf anie of your bretherne ſhalbe a meane for eaſie pardonne in ſuche caſes, let hym be put in mynde of his oathe, and ymagine the caſe to be of his owne childe, for generall fathers be you all in offyce. It ys good cheape yf the price of ſtealinge an Aldermans or Citizens childe be but xij*d.* in the pounde: ſo, manie times xx*s.* is a great rewarde for hym for whome a Rape is to[o] lyttle: children be deere poſſeſſions.

Good my Lorde, in the reverent reſpect of God, her Majeſtie and this Citie, to whome yowe are bounde by oathe, with renouncing of Gods helpe yf yow faile, and for the peril to be avoided, and for the fruite to enſue to yowr owne poſteritie, be ſevere in this caſe: preſerve the fame of your auctoritie that, beſides all other inconveniences, the Cities cuſtodie and governement of the bodies of Orphanes become not ſaleable by lewde practizes, grevous to good Citizens and ſlaunderous to the worlde. And thowgh the matches be otherwiſe good and convenable ynowghe, yet thinges wolde have ordre, parentes wolde not have griefe, and the mutuall proviſion for the Orphanes wolde not by prevention be deſtitute of the frendes foreſight. Evell examples abounde in this behalfe of late, and eſpeciallie ſince a father of the Court joyned with a forren jurisdiction againſt the Court in the defence of a ſtolen covennte.

Yowe muſte be carefull for proviſion of victuall, fewell,

and all thinges neceſſarie; and that of all thinges there be true and holſome ſtuffe, good aſſize, juſte weight and meaſure, and prices reaſonable: wherein yowr beſt pollities ſhalbe by encouragement to permit, and by good foreſight not to let ſlipp the beſt times of providinge or bringinge.

Amonge all your cares do juſtice with diſcretion, execute lawes uprightlie and kepe order: have ever ſtill a pitifull eye to the poore, and whenſoever you ſee the poore, cravinge, needinge, yowe aide them in anie thing, ſavinge to do wronge. Ymagine that yowe ſee Chriſte begginge in the poore bodies perſonns. To this good affection yow have bynne ever thowght well diſpoſed, and therefore I make fewe wordes abowte yt, onely for yowr owne ſoules ſake I wolde admoniſhe that yow doe almes as dutie, and not accompt them as meritt: the one is acceptable to humilitie, the other is arrogant in ſuperſtition. In the generall courſe of governynge the Citie, of miniſtring juſtice, of endinge cauſes, of conſidering ſuites, of poniſhing faultes, of diſtributinge offices, and chardges of makinge or executinge lawes or commaundementes, and alſo in particuler performinge of thinges enjoyned from above, and generallie in all thinges when the ſecret commaunde doth permitte yowe, yt is good that all be donne with your Brethernes advice and aſſent: yf they deviſe the beſt waie, let them allowe yt: this waie ys ſureſt for wyſedome and ſtrongeſt concorde: ſuche warrant of agreement ſhall bothe direct yowe to do, and defende yowe when yowe have donne. Yowe ſhall finde great eaſe yf yowe wilbe a meane that in yowr Courtes and conſultations be kept ſage and comely ordre, ſuche as beſemeethe ſo grave perſonages, that men lovinglie and freelie delyver their opynions, that they be quietlie

and orderlie harde, that Counſell be ſecretelie kept, that confeſſion be avoided, that conſtancie and ſilence be obſerved, that no man for affection contend to preſerve any pryvate cauſe before dutie, juſtice, and the common good of the Citie; that there be no ſodaine leapinge from one thinge to an other before the former matter be ended; for otherwyſe yt looſethe time and labour, yt darkenethe underſtandinge, yt hinderethe expedition, yt wearyethe attendaunts, yt makethe in manie doinges nothinge to be donne, and it defames yowr good diſcretions.

Speciall orders wolde be obteined amonge yowe, that yowe that rule us all by auĉthoritie may rule your ſelves by reaſon; wherin ys to be noted that the firſt begynnynge of good rule ys to rule your hartes, that they be ſincere and uncorrupted, and according to the abundance thereof yowr mouthes ſhall ſpeake. And ſuerly, ſir, I have ſet in your preſence and noted that which I have ells where ſeene in greatter places, the wiſeſt man is the moſte yeldinge to an other better reaſon.

In counſell takeing yt ſhalbe good to uſe men accordinge to their ſkill. For lawe Mr. Recorder, and thoſe whoſe profeſſion it is are to be called and harkened unto: for matters of experience thoſe that have longeſt knowen them: for matters of Arts thoſe that be moſt ſkilfull in them; and, amonge all other, for orders and thinges before paſſed, the preſidents of our fathers are to be uſed. In matters ſpeciallie publique, let raſhnes be avoided, and good time of conſideration taken: in matters ſpeciallie pryvate, you ſhall muche eaſe your ſelfe, and beſt finde the beſt waye, and ſureſt to do leſt wrong, by committinge manie thinges to choſen men to examyne and reporte. And ever in poniſh-

ments have your reſpect to tyme to come, for example, and not to time paſte: for revenge, love thoſe paines that will moſte enforce the parties to amend; that ys to poniſhe the poore by money that careth lytle for ſhame, and the ryche manne by ſhame who is little reformed by a lyttle loſſe of money.

And one note out of place, that ſhowld before have bene ſpoken: the preſente time requirithe yowe to have good care and uſe good meanes towchinge the contagion of ſickenes, that the ſicke be kept from the whole, that the places of perſons infected be made plaine to be knowen and the more releeved; that ſweetenes and holſomnes of publique places be provided for; that unneceſſarie and ſcarſlie honeſte reſorts to plaies, to ſhewes to thoccaſion of thronges and preſſe, except to the ſervyce of God; and eſpeciallie the aſſemblies to the unchaſte, ſhameleſſe and unnaturall tomblinge of the Italion Weomen maye be avoided: to offend God and honeſtie is not to ceaſe a plague.

As towchinge the uſe of this booke, which is drawen owte of our preſidentes, yt is thend to be ordered.

The generall thinges, not lymited to times, are from the begynnynge of yowr courſe dailie, or often, to be peruſed untill they be performed; and ſuche wherein, yf yow ſhall have once proceeded to effect, yt were good to note with a marke in the margin as thinges paſſed yf they require a contynuaunce, or a ſecond, or after doinge or newinge, an other marke maye be added for remembraunce. So ſhall it ever fall readie to the eye, what ys donne, or what ys to be undone; for thinges that have their preſcribed times, and ſo be ſet under the titles of everie ſeverall monethe, yt is good dutie to reade over the thinges of the monethes

wherein you then be, ſtill notinge in the margin what thinges are performed: yt is good alſo dailie to peruſe over thoſe monethes that are paſſed, to conſider what thinges be left undonne in the former monethes, and remaine to be expedited in the time followinge, for lacke of leaſure or oportunytie before. It is good alſo to reade over the monethes that ſhall next followe, to ſee yf anie thinge in the moneth followinge do require preparation or warnynge in the monethe preſente.

It maye alſo be that, beſides matters whereof be former preſidentes alreadie, ſome newe thinges maie be decreed to be done hereafter. Thoſe, when they be decreed, yt were good to enter into yowr booke under that monethe or time wherein they are to be donne, for which cauſe there ys voide paper left for every monethe. Yowe muſt not looke to finde a large diſcription howe and in whate forme every thinge ys to be donne that ys heare mentioned; for ſo ſhowlde the booke have bene to large for yowr uſe, and yet impoſſible to have the whole therein fullie conteyned: for beſides the orders appearinge in your bookes, and knowne uſages, the moſte thinges for the manner are from time to time, as cauſes and circumſtances ſhall fall owte to be directed by yowr brothers adviſes, which yt were not poſſible for me to ſett downe aforehande. This booke holdethe onelie titlings of thinges to be donne, without tellinge howe to avoide forgettinge and negligence, and to eſcape the penalties of omittinge in due time.

It maye be alſo that in time to come the booke maye be made perfect, both with increase of matter and fuller pretenſions of ordre; but this in the whole, I doubt not, will ſerve your torne to verie good purpoſe.

Nowe, laſtlie, my L., yowe muſte not forget that God is the gyver of all good thinges: yowe muſte reſorte to hym dailie by praier, and to pray with harte; not ſuffred to ſay over *Our Father*, but to weighe everie petition, and joine thereto a moſte affectuous deſire to obteine yt accordinge to his will. In that the Lordes praier, ſo ofte as you ſaie yt, when yowe come to this place, *our dailie bread*, yowe muſt remember, that there ys not compriſed bread onelie, but therein is ment all thinges that are neceſſarie for this preſent lyfe; and amonge other thinges his bleſſinge, that yowe maie anſwere yowr charge in governaunce. And, according to that warrant of Chriſte who, in the generall worde *bread*, hath conteined the furtheraunce of yowr ſucceſſe in yowr dutie, I have drawen for yowe a ſhorte forme of ſpeciall prayer applied to yowr office, which I have written before the notes of the booke yt ſelfe. I have not drawen yt as preſcribinge yowe a patterne of wordes, but admoniſhing yowe of directing yowr affection as the ſpirit of God ſhall guide yowe. They be good partes, and good notes, of a perfect religion to ſtabliſhe devotion and charitie: yowe muſte of devotion praye hartelie that yowe maye obteine effectuallie: yowe muſt of compaſſion do charitablie, that manie maye praye for and with yowe. I cowlde gladlie wyſhe that ſome lyke forme of prayer might dailie be uſed in yowr Court and Counſell Chamber by yowe and all yowr bretherne before yow enter into cauſes. It is ſo uſed in the Parliament, and he praiethe to the [blank in MS.] that comethe to late to be preſente; and, thowghe ſuche uſe be but of late, I truſte it ſhalbe contynued and growe to be olde; and, ſuerlie, I ſpeake yt of good harte to yowr ſelfe, I hertelie wyſhe to yowe

the honor and bleſſing to have it begonne in yower tyme.

Sir, I am bothe a Citizen and here brought upp: accordinge to my right, I have accepted my fredome, and bounde my ſelfe to this Citie by the oathe of a free manne. I have ſerved, and do remaine at this preſente, in truſte and in chardge to ſerve the Citie in Parliament: I have placed my dwelling here and do take my parte of the Cities good proviſion: I am the Cities officer and called to their Counſailles: I have the Cities fee, and owe myne attendaunce. Thus, manie thinges beſide the love of my country and the ſpeciall requeſte made for this matter, and ſome perticular good will, which, I thinke you make accompte that I do beare yowe, have moved me not onelie to drawe thes bookes, but alſo to add theis deviſes. I praie yowe to take them in good parte, and therewith my readines to do the Citie and yowe in your place the beſt ſervyce I canne: and I ſhall count my labours beſt accepted, when I ſhall ſee and be wytnes of yowr good endevours accordinglie: of the which, as of the doinges of a manne well and ſincerely mynded, diſcreete, and conformable to all good adviſes for ſatisfaction of yowr duties to God and to her Majeſtie, and to the place that they have called yow, I do conceave hopefullie, and praye for yt hartilie.

T. NORTON.

HEADED IN THE INDEX TO THE MS. THUS:

"*A Letter written by Mr. Secretarie to one Mr. Norton, before mentioned, for his advice touchinge the reformation of diſorderly dealinges in Promoters.*"

AFTER my hartie commendations. Whereas her Majeſtie is given to underſtande, that her good ſubjects within this realme doe fynde them ſelfes verie muche agrived with the diſorderlie dealinge againſt them of Promoters; and meanethe for the redreſſe hereof to take ſome good courſes, as well for the takinge awaie of the ſaid diſorders and abuſes, as the reſtrayninge of the ſaid Promoters. Forſomuch as I knowe yow have had ſome experience and knowledge of their ſaid diſorders, as allſo had ſome care in tymes of Parlyament to provide ſome good lawes for the reſtrayninge of them, I ſhall therefore deſire yow to ſende mee a note in writinge, or diſcourſe, what abuſes yow have chieflie noted in them, as allſo what courſe you thincke fitteſt to be taken for the removinge of the ſame. And ſo I byd yow right hartilie well to fare. From Windſor Caſtell, the vjth of October. 1577.

Yowr verie lovinge Frend,

FRANCIS WALSINGHAM.

IT maie pleaſe yowr Honor. In her Majeſties purpoſe, for redreſs of the diſorderlie dealinges of Promoters, is to be acknowledged her Highnes moſt noble tendernes to her ſubjectes. God make us all thanckfull, and to growe

honeſte that we haſten not our loſſe of her. For the matter yt ſelfe, ſuerlie, ſir, I have not noted of late tyme anie ſuche exceſſe of abuſes. The late Act of Parliament for reducing them to orderlie forme, which was deviſed principally by the travell of Mr. Chauncellor of the Exchequor, with the adviſe of men of good ſkill and zeale, hath donne great good. Howbeit, I ſuppoſe, there is a kynde of men that miſlike of all Informours, doe they never ſo honeſtlie, bicauſe they like better of another courſe, which is to have thexecution of lawe with the beneffit of penalties to be granted to the ſubjectes, that ſuch Patentees might have the ranſominge of her Majeſties people. Never was there any Promoter ſo grivous to the ſubject, nor ſo ſlaunderous to the Prince. But, ſir, if there be courſe conceyved to miſlike of both ſorts, and that her Majeſtie hath bin adviſed by her moſt honorable Councell, and drawen by her moſt clement and gracious nature from hencefourth neither to ſuffer the common Informer to have anie power to doe harme, nor to deliver the lawe to be Courtiers merchandiſe, I ſhallbe bolde to ſignefye to yowr Honor my ſimple opynion, with truſt of yowr goodnes that I ſhall not be made diſpleaſant to ſuch gentlemen as make proffit of the other courſe. Such papers as I had of remembraunces, touchinge the dealinge with this matter in Parlyament, I ſent yow long ſince, and thereof I thincke yow have copies. The bookes themſelves and all the notes thereof be at my howſe in London, where I dare not come within xiiij^{ten} daies after my beinge in London. In the begynnynge of Auguſt my ſervaunte, that kept my howſe there, dyed in my abſence of the Plague, whereof I beeinge heere, and hearinge, have forborne to come to my howſe to this ende, that if there be anye cauſe

for the Cittie to uſe my ſervice, in repayring to the Court or to any of her Majeſties Councell, I may ſo doe from hence without offendinge.

For myne opynion in this caſe, which I muſt nowe deliver without booke—firſt, I thincke beſt that thorder continue, for the Lo. Treſorer, Chauncellor of the Exchequor to taxe and moderate the fynes and profitures of thoffendors that ſhall putt themſelfes in the mercie of the Court. And therto I wiſhe to be added, that they maie have auctoritie allſo to note and governe thinformers parte as well as the Queenes.

Secondlie, I wiſhe that thorderlie proceedinge by waie of information, accordinge to the forme preſcribed in the laſt Statute, be well cherriſhed; but becauſe the Statute, by the redreſſinge of thextreame miſchief of diſorderly dealinge by Informers, was ſo harde to the Informer, as perhapps thexecution of the lawe is thereby growen the ſlacker, and conſequently offences rife, it may perhappes be good to deviſe ſome way whereby lawe may be better putt in ure, and the common welth delivered from ſuch harmes as lacke of execution may breed. This is my conceipt, viz.:—

Thirdlie, I ſaie I never ſawe nor thought of anie courſe that better pleaſed mee, then that whereof the Lo. Keeper, with great wiſdome, hath ſett downe the plott and foundation. Whereunto, I beſeeche yow, lett mee be free from note of arrogancye, if I add any thinge. But thus I might wiſhe itt.

Firſt, that there be ſett downe a note of ſuche Statutes as her Majeſtie thinketh meet to be put in execution, with

ſuche notes of tolleration, in ſome pointes of the particuler formes of anie of them, as her Majeſtie ſhall ſee beſt.

Item, that for thenquirie of offences againſt thoſe Statutes as her Majeſtie thinkethe meet, or at leſt againſt ſuche branches as her Majeſtie ſhall will to be executed, there be Commiſſions to be directed to men of the beſt creditt and note of uprightnes in everie ſhire, but not to an over great nomber; for an offendor ſhall lightlie have a frend among many.

That theſe Commiſſioners have charge to enquire of ſuche offences by all lawfull meanes.

That they have power to examine the qualitie of every ſuch offence, with all circumſtances bothe of the facte and of the ſtate, and manner of the offendor.

That they have power to call the offendors and to examine them, and to underſtande the manner of theire defence, extremitie of the fault, or ſubmiſſion.

That they have power to take bondes of ſuche offendors, to her Majeſties uſe, not to offend again in the like.

That they have power and charge to ſett downe what they thincke a convenient burden for the offendor to beare, by the waie of fyne to her Majeſtie, for his offence, and of rewarde to anie perſon by whoſe means the offence ſhallbe detected and proved.

That they have power to appointe mynifters for ſerchers and informing them, and to give them a reaſonable allowance.

That they be commaunded fower tymes, or twice everie yeere, to ſend a booke to the Lordes, or ſuche other of the moſt honorable Counſell as her Majeſtie ſhall appoint, expreſſinge certenlie everie offence proved afore them, the

offendors name and qualitye, and what they aſſeſſe and thinke meete he paie to the uſe aboveſaid ; and for what reſpect of cauſe, circumſtance or conſideration they ſo aſſeſſe ; to thintent there uppon ſuch of her Majeſties Counſell maie allowe or alter the ſame aſſeſſment. And that then ſuch order as ſhallbe ſo allowed or ſett by the Councell, and retorned to the Commiſſioners, to ſtand for the parties full ende and diſcharge.

That this courſe be kept aswell for forfitures of money, or of the value of goods where the Statutes ſo appointe, as alſo for alteringe of corporal paynes into pecuniary payments.

Provided alwaie, that noe payment be lymitted but either to her Majeſties owne uſe, or for reward of the diſcloſer, or for reliefe of the poore, or other where the Statutes ſo appoint.

That there be reaſonable allowance out of the forfitures for the charge of the Commiſſioners.

That the Commiſſioners be donne to underſtande that anie partialitie, and eſpecially corruption in themſelves, be ſeverallie [ſeverelie ?] puniſhed. And that her Majeſties Councell hath meanes to underſtand itt. And amonge other, that anie offendor diſcloſinge a Commiſſioners corrupt dealinge ſhall have for his rewarde, and ſuch Commiſſioner her Majeſties indignation, and ſome grivous note of diſcredditt. And bicauſe it may happen, that ſome one honeſt Commiſſioner maie have ſome doubt that the reſt willbe ſlacke, or may himſelfe feare ſome diſpleaſure

It may pleaſe her Majeſties Councell that anie of them will accept, or keepe ſecret, and ſecrete information from anie Commiſſioners. And thereuppon by lettre ſignifie to

all the Commiſſioners, that there is complaint of ſuch a ſpeciall offence donne by ſuch a ſpeciall perſon, and ſo to will them to have ſpeciall care of itt.

That order be taken that, uppon any matter ſoe determyned, the partie may be diſcharged againſt all ſuites.

By this meane ſhalbe an execution of lawe, for offences paſt there ſhallbe boundes for tyme to come. The perſons of ſuch as deale in this cauſe ſhall not be infamous; the ſubjectes ſhall beare peyne of their faultes, but they ſhall neither be undonne by extremitie, nor ſhall purchaſe licence to contynewe offendinge. And in everye puniſhment ſhall ſhine owt her Majeſties grace and mercy to encreaſe the peoples love.

Eſpeciallie this is to be doune; that in no wiſe anie ſubject have the penaltie of the lawe given, nor power to pardon for any fine whereof him ſelfe ſhall have parte. Theſe pattentes of lawes are not advantagable to juſtice, nor to amendment of lief; and leaſt of all to that whereof her Majeſtie, of her moſt noble nature, is moſt jelous and carefull, I meane the bond of her people.

Sir, I beſeeche you pardon mee. And if I have offended herein, the fault may be myne that have donne itt, but the blame muſt be yours, whom to ſerve and ſatisfie I have ſo farr preſumed. And ſo I committ your honor to thallmightie God. At Sharpenham in Bedford Shire, the ixth of October. 1577.

Your Honours humble at Comaund,

T. NORTON.

Old English Literature.

Old English Literature.

Old English Literature.

F. B. Otis

Old English Literature.

Old English Literature.

L. J. Gibbs

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Old English Literature.

Old English Literature.

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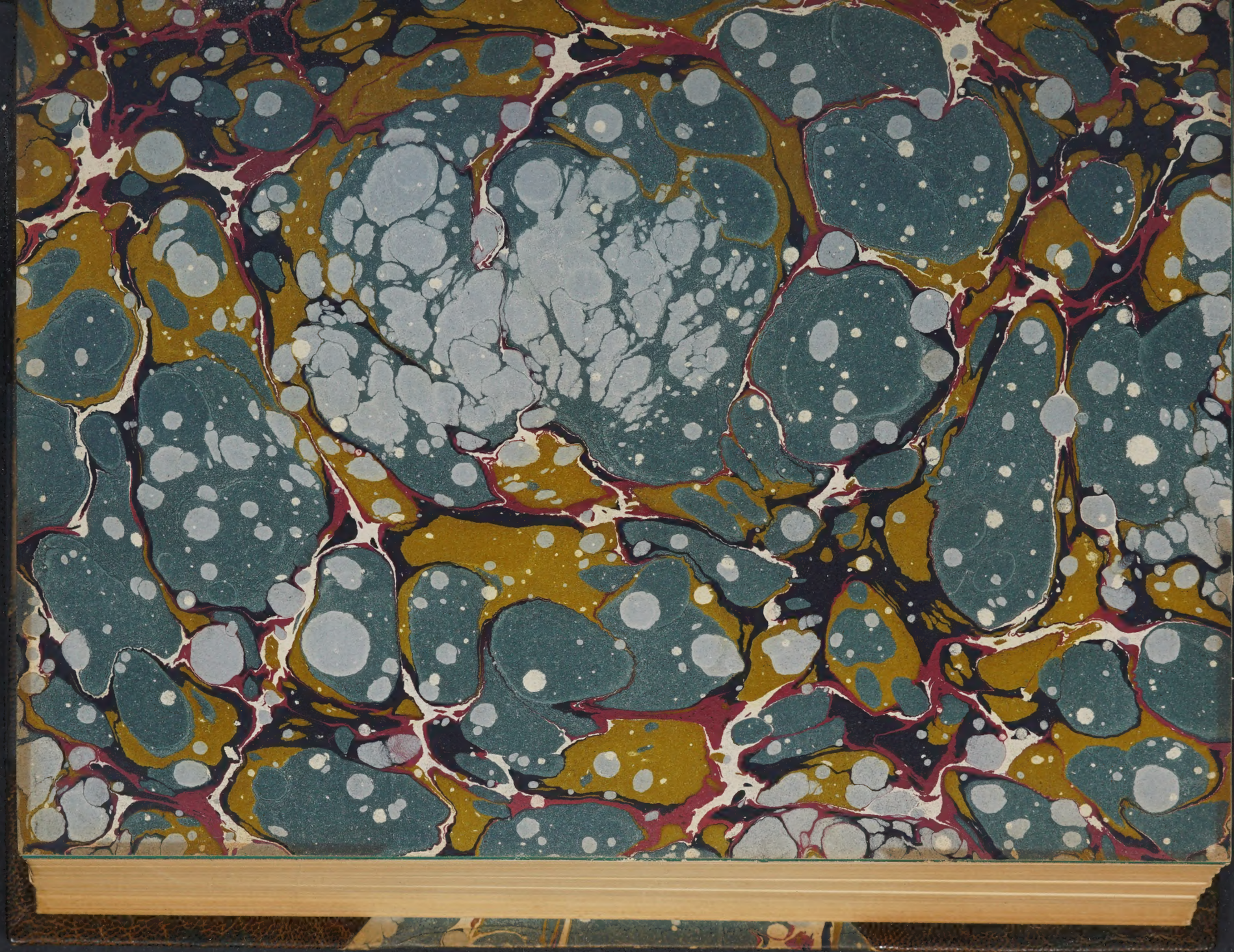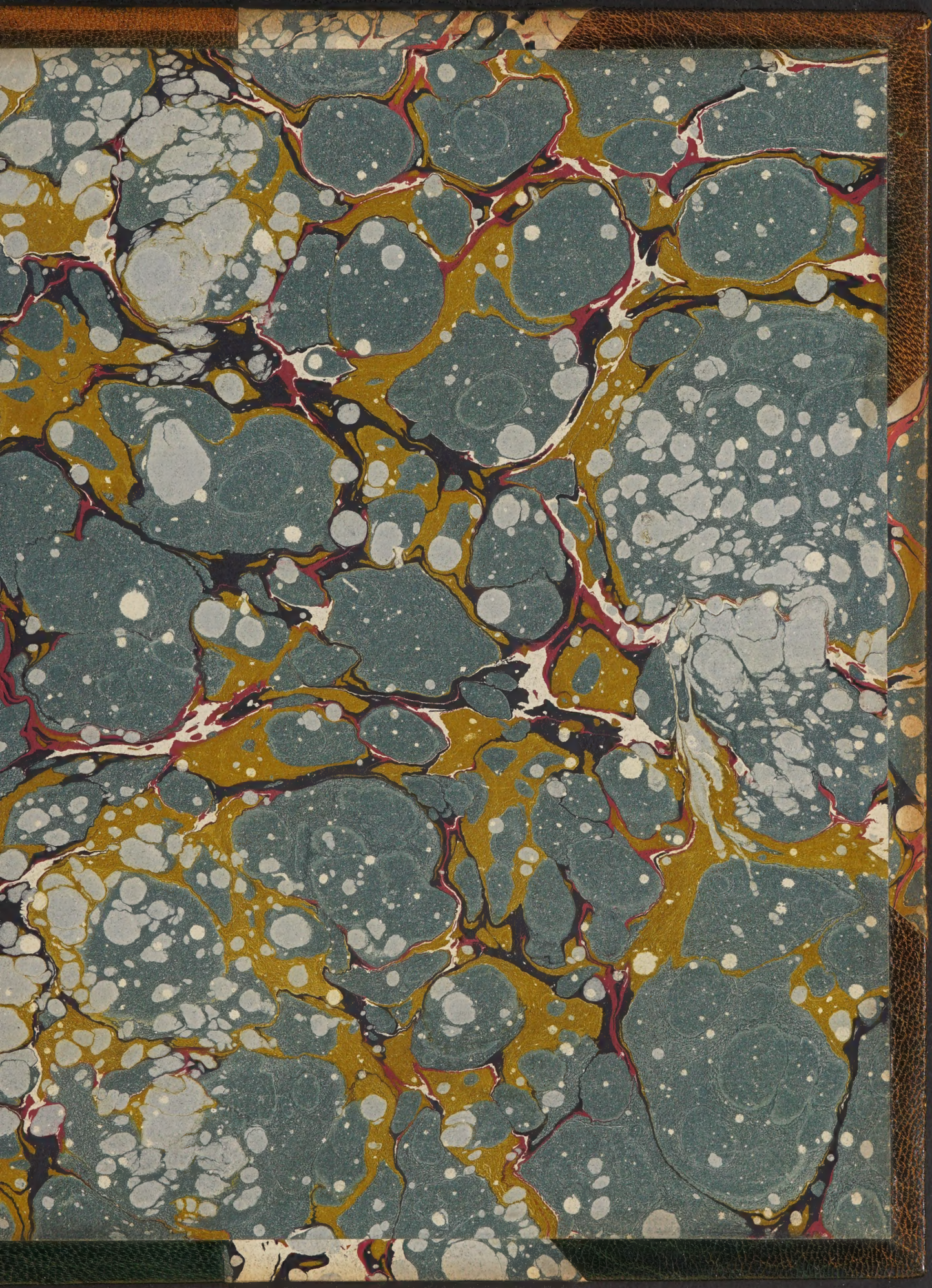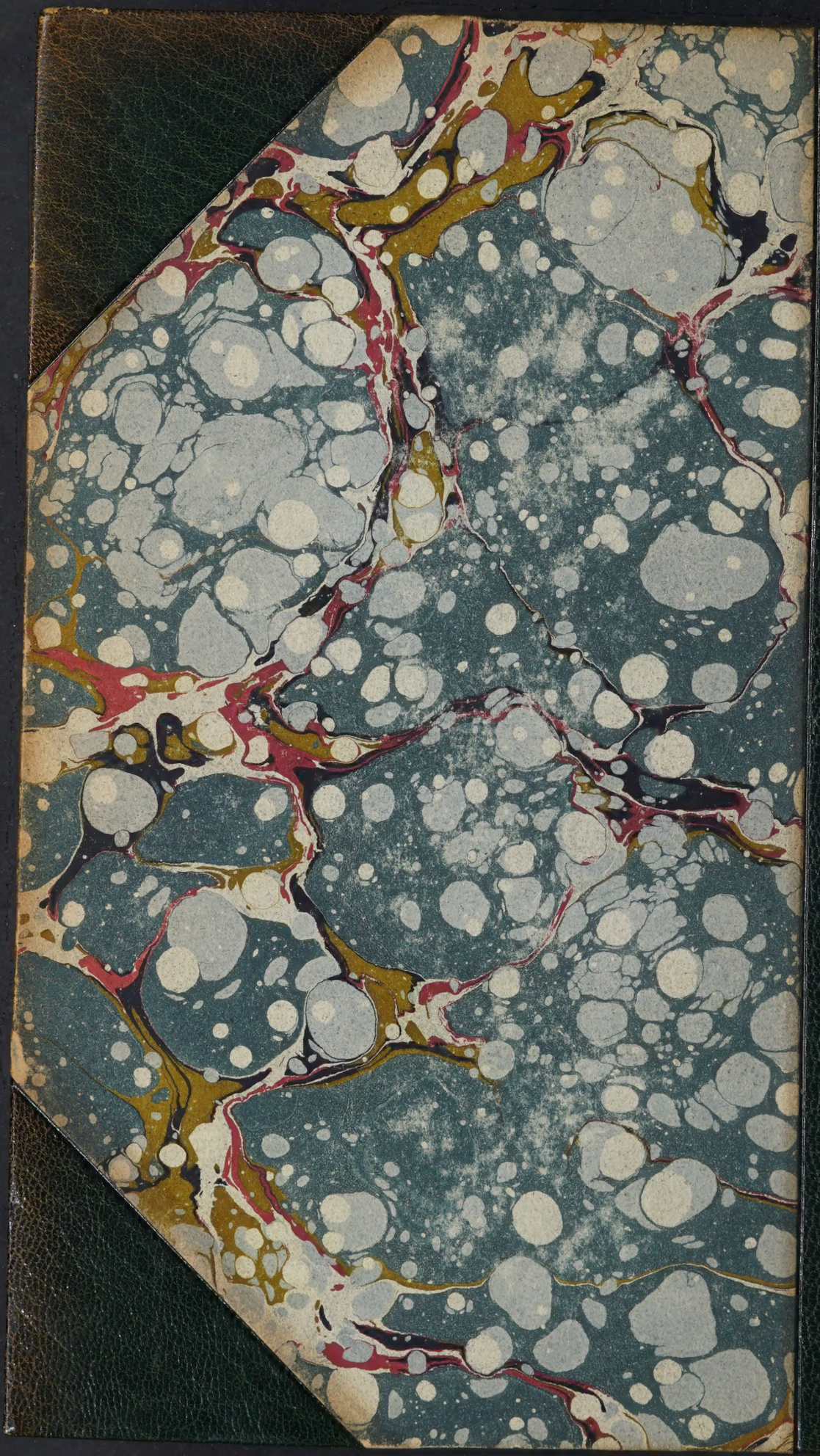
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